SEPTEMBER
1936

Esquire

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• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS

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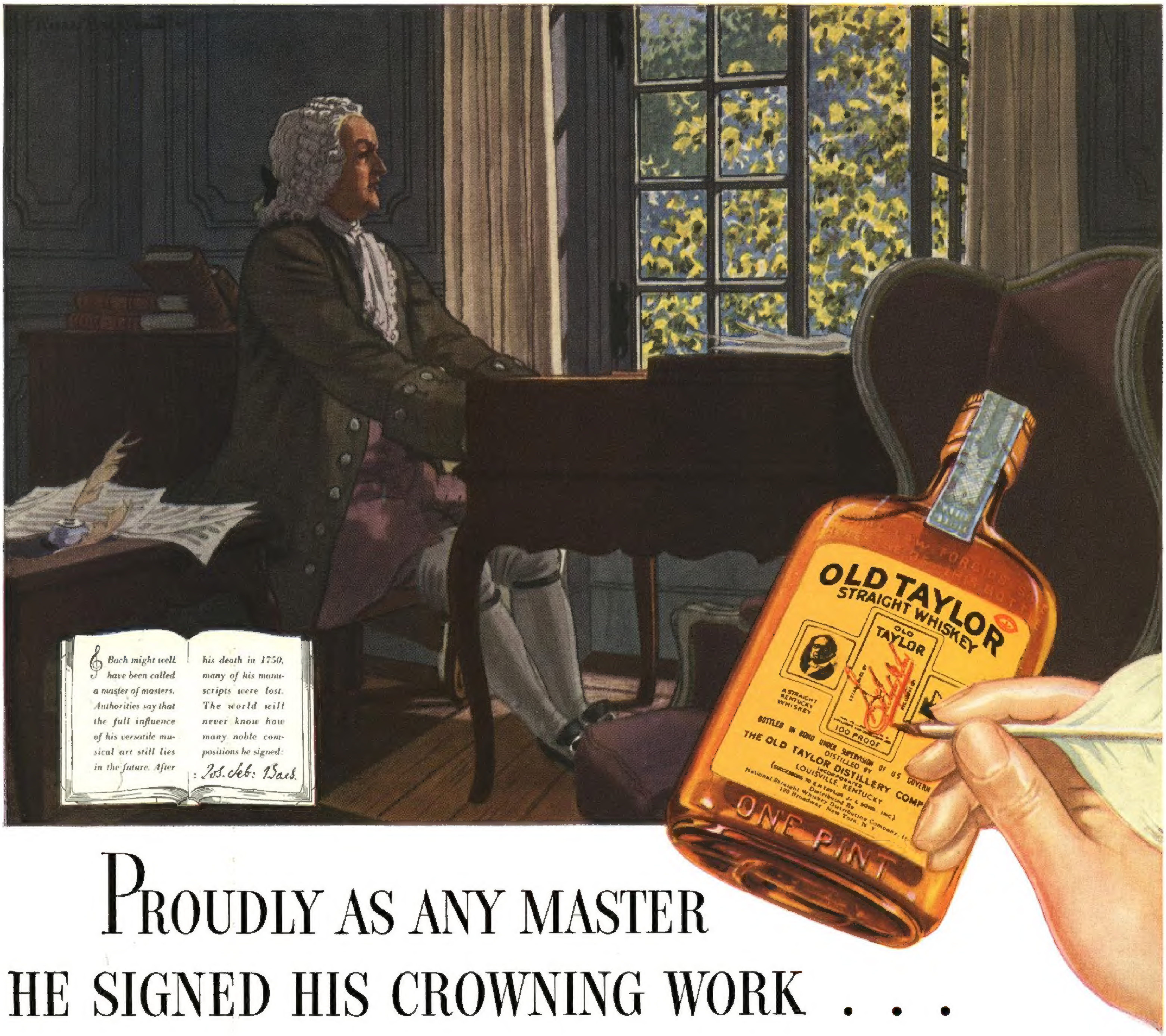

Bach might well have been called a master of masters. Authorities say that the full influence of his versatile musical art still lies in the future. After his death in 1750, many of his manuscripts were lost. The world will never know how many noble compositions he signed:

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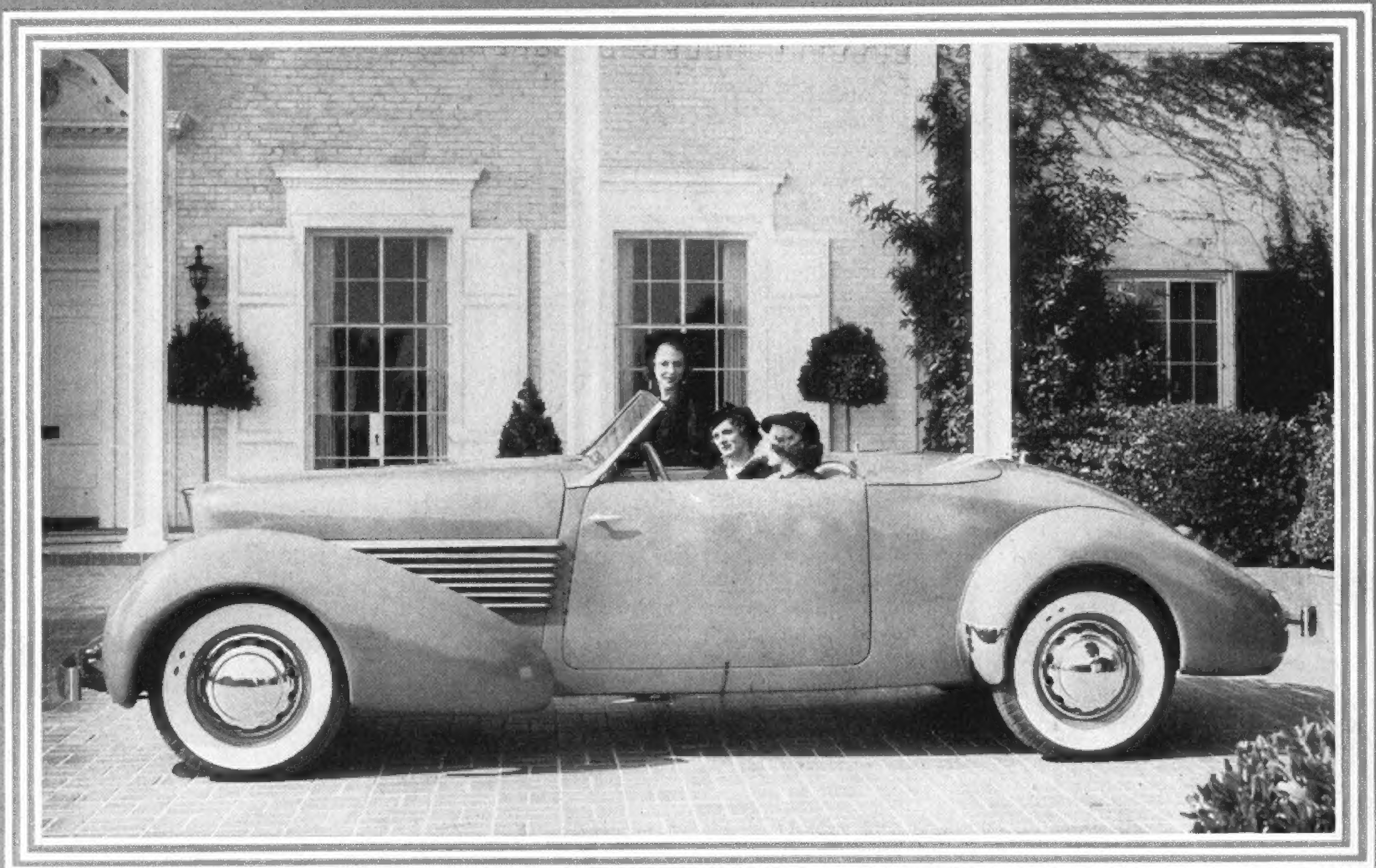

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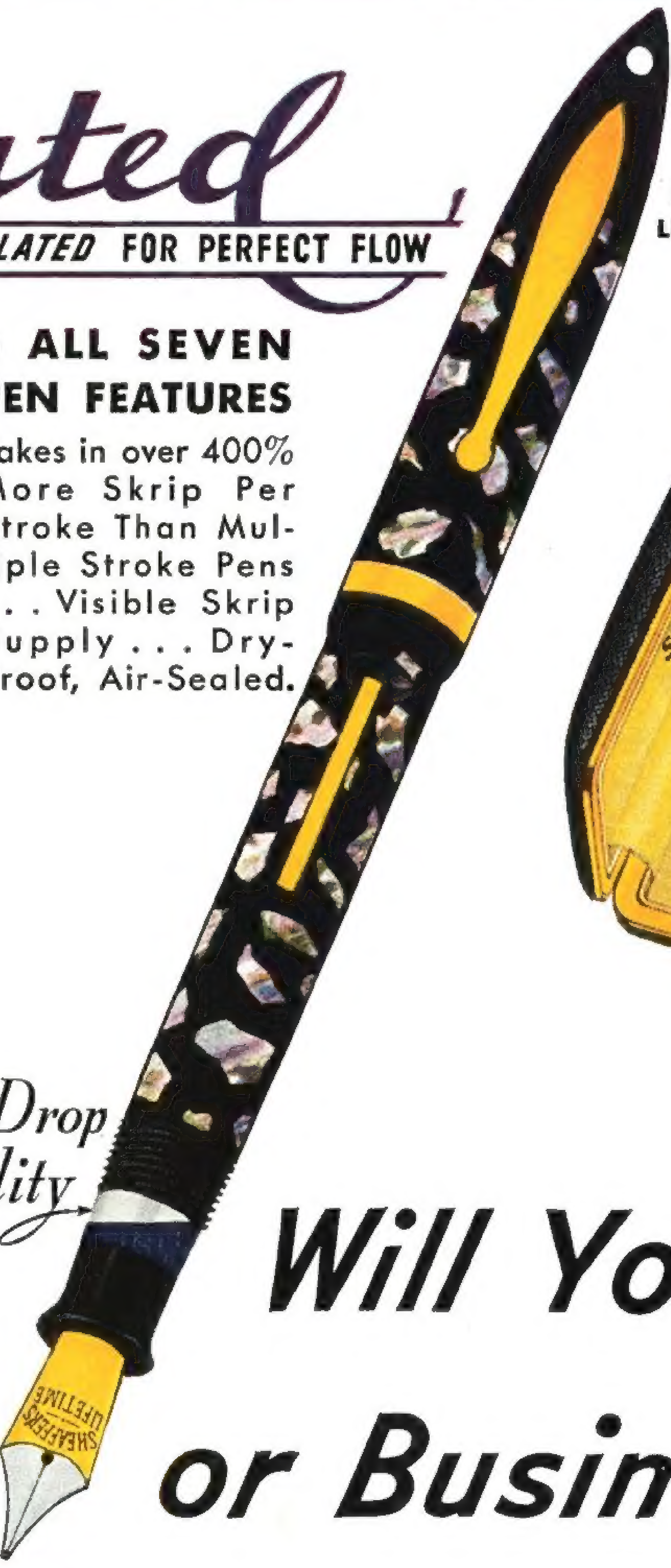

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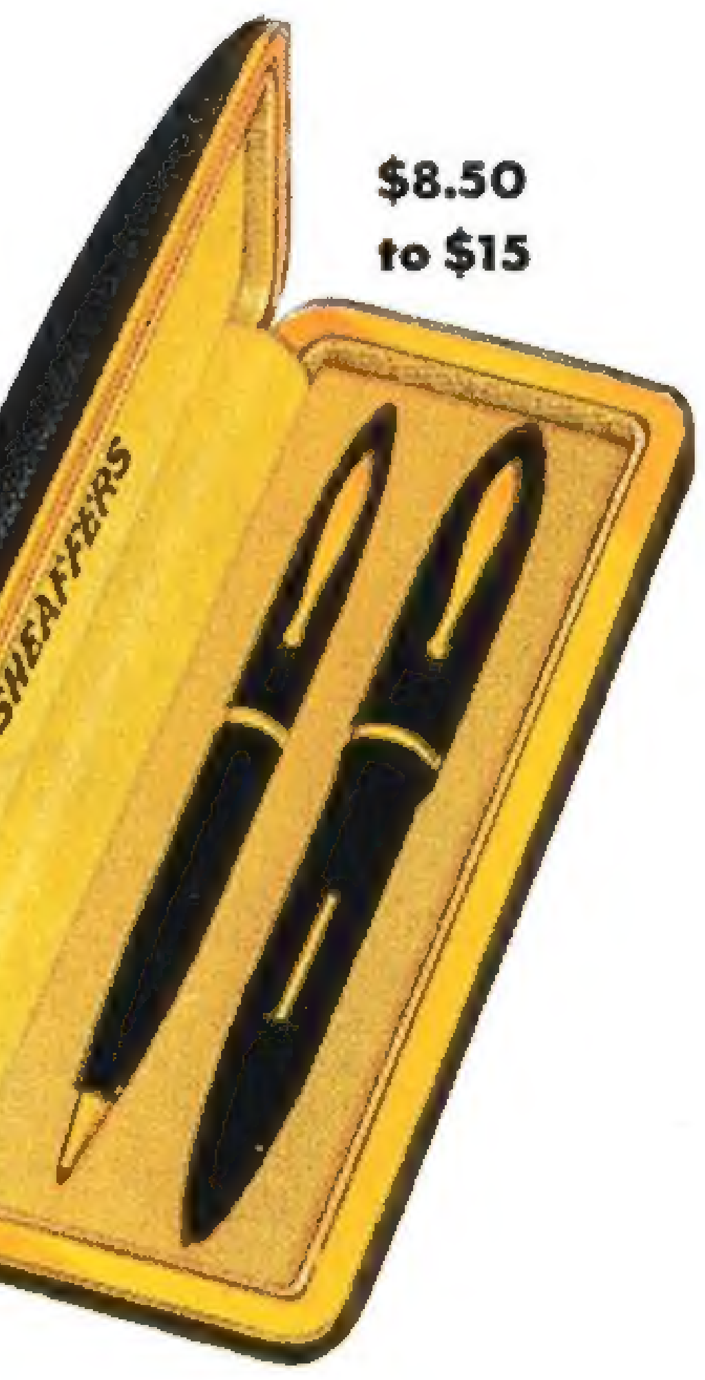

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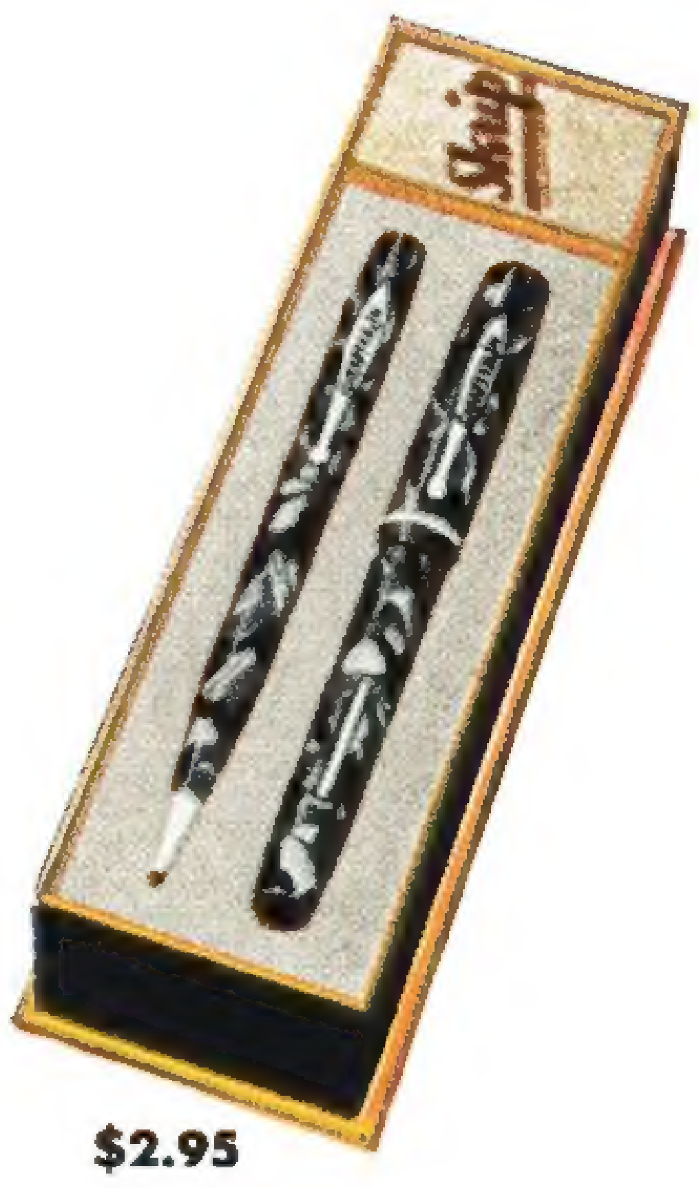

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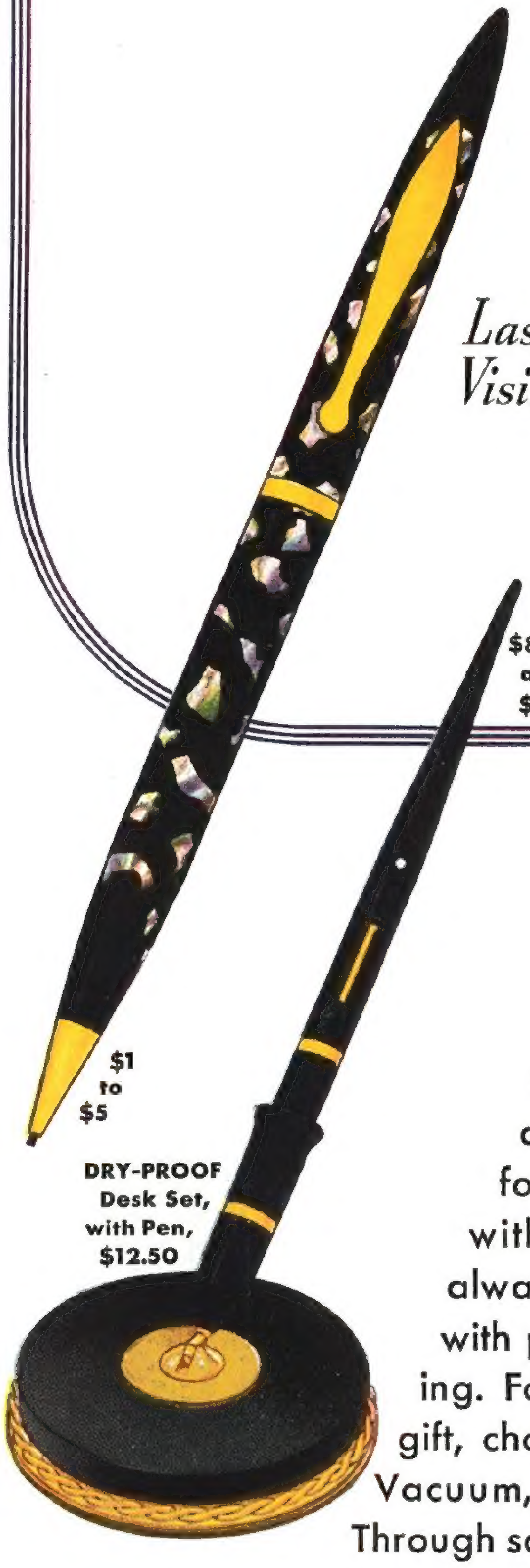

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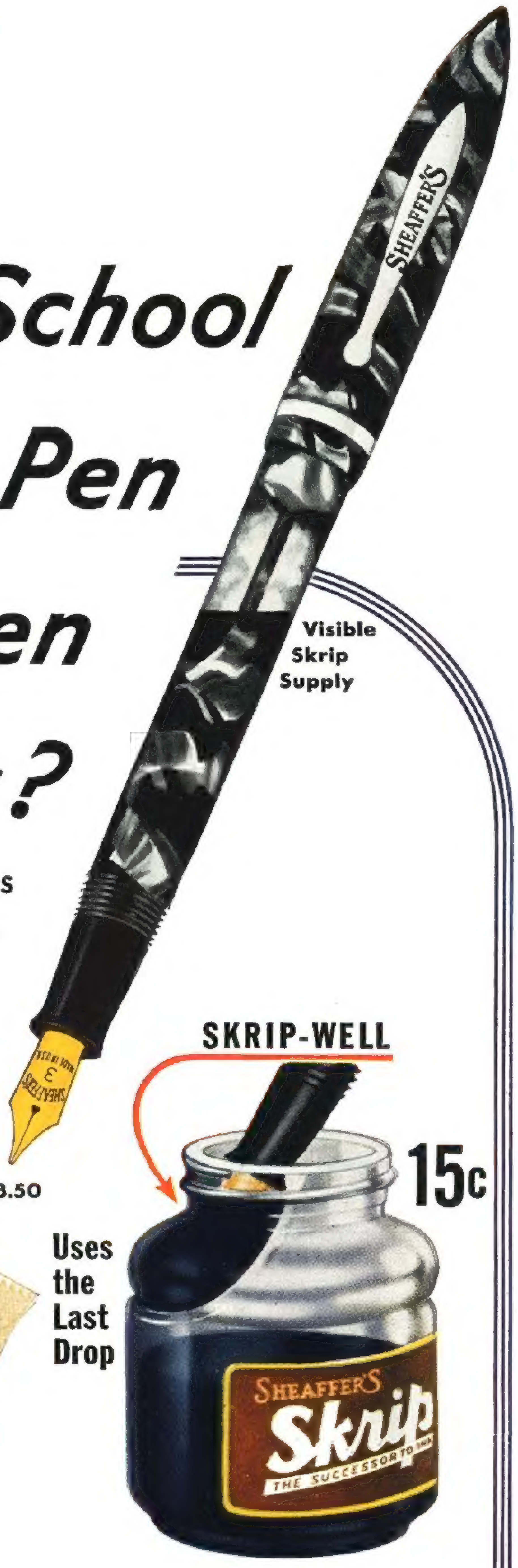

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Edited by
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Self-portrait of an Esquire reader

If you're the average reader of Esquire, here's what you are. You're a married man, thirty-six years old. You'll be thirty-seven on the twenty-first of September. You look at your copy of this magazine on an average of four or five times a month, and ten other people look through it during the month. You play bridge, go to night clubs, and you may enjoy dancing. At any rate, you dance. You wear your tailcoat once a month, and your dinner jacket half again as often. You belong to a country club. You left college in your Junior year. But you own your own home, which is more than the average college graduate can say at your age. You buy 1.42 books each month. On all purchases that run over a hundred dollars, you and your wife have the habit of talking it over together before deciding. You are three times more frequent a violator of this rule than she is. Since the bank holiday you've both been a little more impulsive about parting with your hard-earned money for purposes of comfort and the enjoyment of living than you ever were before. Your favorite spectator sport is football, while your favorite active sport is golf, with tennis a fairly close second. You'd rather go to the theatre than the movies, and you'd rather do either than dance. Your favorite authors are Sinclair Lewis and Ernest Hemingway, practically in a dead heat for first place in your literary rankings. The author for whose work you seem to care least is Ben Ames Williams. Your favorite actress is Helen Hayes, although you like Katherine Cornell so well that it's hard for you to decide between them. Your favorite actor is Leslie Howard. As for the screen you just can't seem to see anybody but Charles Laughton among the men and Myrna Loy among the women. When it comes to radio entertainers, you rank Jack Benny off by himself, and the only trouble you have is deciding whether Woollcott annoys you more than Burns and Allen. It's even money that you won't read this, as your feeling about this space seems to be that you can take it or leave it alone, and you skip it just about as often as you read it. That's too bad, because for this once, at least, we'd enjoy having you look yourself over in this mirror of your own manufacture. We didn't make this up, we merely compiled it out of your own answers to a recent questionnaire.

Fight for Equal Rights for Men

This month we begin, on page 31, our most benign endeavor. With *Woman, the Pet of the Law* the Magazine for Men undertakes to prove that the law, sir, is not merely an ass, the law is a fatuous old flirt. The law, to get down to cases (as Mr. Hibschman does in this first article which begins Esquire's crusade for Equal Rights for Men), the law, sir, is cockeyed, and justice is skirt-blinded. We yield to no man in uxorious devotion. We too are a father. But one reading of *Woman, the Pet of the Law* gave us a permanent fever of 104.4, which won't abate until Something Is Done. All we ask of you now is this: run, don't walk, to page 31.

Presentation of the Two Georges

With pride and pleasure Esquire announces the acquisition of two stars of the first magnitude to the roster of its regular contributors. One is Mr. George Jean Nathan, who takes over the drama department with the next issue. The other is Mr. George Grosz, concerning whom see page 105.

ESQUIRE
Sept., 1936
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America, $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. VI, No. 3
Whole No. 34
T. M.
Reg.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

WE'RE STRUCK DUMB

The very idea! You folks offering a nonchalant $3,000 as you do in your July issue page 6 for a nice clean copy of the September 1932 Esquire! You folks are dumb. You might just as well offer a nonchalant $3,000,000,000! Because the September 1932 Esquire does not even exist and never did. I have a copy of the very first Esquire ever printed and in about six places it plainly says, Autumn, 1933. Furthermore it says Volume 1, Number 1, and whole number 1. So where do you get that stuff, offering all that money for a copy of Esquire of over a year before Esquire was ever heard of? I am amazed that you would not have kept a copy of the first issue yourselves, for your files. If you had, and if you had had sense enough to look at it, you could have saved yourselves from making such a stupid blunder. I have always thought your magazine looked like the work of a very slipshod organization, but really this takes the cake. How you can stay in business, especially in times like these, when you don't seem to know the first thing about what it's all about is beyond me!

Yours disgustedly,
Cleveland, O. E.V.B.

OLD HOME WEEK IN THE S. & F.

I read Esquire occasionally when I cant get anything better to read, so of course that is very seldom, but what I have been trying to find out ever since the Esquire started in Chicago and New York (The only two cities in the United States would get out such literary monstrosity) what are they driving "At."

Most magazines of literary efforts find it necessary to engage talent looking for an outlet to scatter their brains around, and get them to try their hands on fooling the public generally on their hidden genius, but to judge from the class of writers that air their knowledge in the pages of Esquire the Editor and management of that magazine have failed utterly in locating any real original writers if we have any to day, which is very doubtful.

This is certainly not a day of great writers, they write whole books and say absolutely nothing, writing is one of the lost arts at this day and time, we have flimsy-outlandish writers all over the country that if their literary attainments was weighed correctly, it would not weigh enough to offset the weight of a mosquito.

Esquire is a mans magazine, well why dont you let the ladies suggest some improvement, the women folks surely have more brains than the men, and that not saying very much if we take the writers who blow off their ignorance to the readers of Esquire as an example.

Now you say that "Esquire is intended for men, not women," but dont you think that statement is not necessary? yet again from a business point of view it may be wise idea, for you know if you have the audasity to tell certain women that a book or magazine is not meant for their inocent lives to see, why you have just got their curiosity keyed up to the high tide of immediate investigation, and nothing between the sea and the blue sky is going to stop them from peeping over the mysterious pages of a book or magazine that is thrown down on the table.

The writers that fill the pages of Esquire are bad enough, they could not be worse, but the artists that draw the terrible pictures in Esquire are really and truly Awful, why they should take a long rest, minds that lay awake at nights figuring out such artistic dreams need a rest—and we who injure . . . our poor eyes looking at them must have . . . something better, more inspiring, cleaner to look at, or we too will loose all modesty and begin to think that life after all is sinful, that the sweetness and purity of civilization we look for in the higher circles of a christian world has gone forever.

"Away down south in Dixie"

John Grimball Wilkins
Charleston, South Carolina

P.S. After reading good literature I get a little change in reading Esquire and especially "Sound and fury" so put me among the critics that are always finding fault, and doing nothing to upbuild the paper.

TO THE TUNE OF HONI SOIT

You said things in your June Editorial that have long needed saying. I rejoiced when I read them. Of course my rejoicing is not very important since I am just a rather ordinary species of young American housewife but I have a husband who is a young man of noble instincts and honorable habits and he loves Esquire. Now there are old ladies of both sexes in our harassed life who complain and criticize and constantly bawl us out for having Esquire in our house where our innocent little children can see it. They call it my husband's vice and insist that it is entirely given over to obscenity, although they have only just glanced through a few copies of it. I showed them that Editorial and it took them down a peg or two but they still grumbled under their breaths like receding thunder. So I played a trick on them that I thot you might enjoy hearing about.

On being ordered to read aloud to a couple of them one fine summer evening recently I took the cover off one dull, pure magazine that they praise and carefully concealing Esquire inside it read them *Prelude to Matrimony* by Benedict Theilen. Well, they sniveled and sighed at its good wholesome sentiment and when I had finished one said to me fiercely: "Now that's the kind of story you should read instead of those in that terrible Esquire!" For answer I simply removed the false cover and showed them page 45 in that Terrible Esquire! I'll let you imagine how their faces fell apart and how my husband laughed.

Yes, Esquire plays a vital part in our simple life.

Cordially yours,
Mrs. Claybourne LaForce
San Diego, California

A REBEL YELL

Your farewell blast at S. Choirboy burns me up. I have not read any further than the Contents page in the July issue, nor do I care to go on. Of course, I will not renew my subscription in October; and what is more, you may stop sending the book right now. I am through with Esquire.

The two best features of your magazine were George Petty's cartoons and Van Wyck Potter's Critic—Cizms. What if the latter did turn out to be a woman? At least 'he' struck a new and lively note in what is ordinarily dull dramatic drivel. Hooray for Potter! and nuts to you! say I!

Fox River Sanitorium
Batavia, Ill. Dr. Bernard Koffman

NO MATTER HOW YOU SLICE IT

My brother, who is 27, a lawyer, and should know better, is a regular reader of your until-now dumb magazine; despite all my lofty scorn poured out in an effort to bring him to his senses, and start him to reading *The Ladies' Home Journal*, he drags the thing you produce home every month. Last night he drug home the thirty somethingth issue, the one for July. As usual, I had to look at it, scorning it but—being a woman—studying Petty's primrose pals for pointers. (Oh, yes, and giving you the snicker for having been taken in by Van Wyck Hoople or whatever her name was.)

Pursuing Petty, page by page, I came across Langston Hughes' poem. Give Mr. Hughes a bonus and my compliments. Whatever you may have paid him for that poem, you still owe him much. He revised my opinion of Esquire and any one who can revise my opinion about any thing at any time, any place, catch-as-catch-can, is some man.

For more than two years you have published several reams of superficial moronic fodder in the same intellectual class with banana fritters—tripe ranging from Ezzie Pound's ha-ha-ha burpings to Antheil's pseudo-science. But when you published Langston Hughes' beautiful breathtaking poem you more than atoned for all your previous sins—and there are plenty of 'em. I have sliced the poem from the magazine, had it framed; it's hanging on the wall now and it's going to stay there foreever and forever and forever.

Milwaukee, Wis. Jane Young

HOARY IDEA

Are you gonna get stung! I am getting out a magazine for females only called: *Madame*. No men writers allowed, even under women's names. I have a girl who will make cartoons of men in bathroom poses. Her name is Rhetty. I shall also find someone to do numerical sketches of mentypes, rating their Casanova propensities. As for the ads, they'll all be for women, of course, but gradually a few male concessions will creep in, contraceptives and such. My magazine is all ready to start except for finances. Who'll back me?

Pasadena, California Volga Marinoff

THIS OUGHT TO FIX IT ALL UP

I have been wronged!

It is not enough that you make public the fact that I was the editor of a college comic; that in itself justifies extreme measures. But in the article "Puck on the Campus" by Basil B. Warren in your July issue there are several statements that are inaccurate and are causing me no end of embarrassment. And if I am allowed to return to school without many explanations on my part, it will be a surprise to me.

It is true that while I was acting editor of the University of Missouri *Showme*, a series of articles called "Confessions of a Co-ed" was run. But the little lady was not—I wish to make this definite—seduced; you see I was ghosting for the "Co-ed" and I continue to proclaim my virtue. She came close to it but no seduction ensued. Nor do I wish to take full credit for writing this little series. My roommate Herman Allen, then editor, following my suggestion wrote the first installment—and I might add, he did a damn fine job of it.

It is also true that the circulation jumped over 300% and it is true too that the "Confessions" did it. Most of the student body, I believe, felt that the story was authentic and looked with worried eyes for their names in the diary. No names, however, were mentioned.

As to the newspapers that printed the story of the magazine's censorship the Chicago papers printed the story but no pictures; the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* and the K.C. *Star* did, however, run photographs. As near as we could tell, the story was printed in about 20 states, but the St. Louis paper was the only one to carry a picture on the front page.

As for me keeping a batch of the mags in my room for the Dean to confiscate and another batch to sell at a neat profit—that, gentlemen, is at least a mistake—on my part as well as Basil B's. The magazines were confiscated by the Dean in the print shop before they were ever circulated. In fact they were locked in the University safe before the ink was dry—and before I had seen the issue. None were sold.

True, I wrote the articles (except the first installment) but the Dean did not know that and I made no attempt to inform him. He did not shield me because of our fraternal affiliations—rather he explained that "one more similar offense and you go home." This was fair since it was my first discernible offense.

Being a personal friend of Basil B. I hope that this will not reflect unfavorably on his ability. But, damit, gentlemen, I have to return to that school and now since the Dean knows who wrote those blamed articles he is not going to welcome me with less than a handful of meathooks and a machine gun. The Dean is really a pretty nice sort of a guy and I hate to see him serve time for murder—Can't you do something about it?

Sincerely,
Mesa, Arizona E. Richstein

THE PEP-PETTY CAMPAIGN BEGINS

Mr. Petty is going down-hill. That substitution of a man for the customary soft-yet-slick textured lady showed him up. As a piece of unique technique, one of his little works is unsurpassable; but as a humorous offering it is a dud. To declare them funny is too bald an appeal to the reader to make his mind frankly dirty for the space of a short moment. There is no marriage of wit and art—as in the case of Gilbert Bundy, for example. What wit there is is standing around fumbling its fedora like a poor relation at a fashionable wedding. Can't you do something to pep Mr. Petty up? At least pictorial proof exists that he is male; you ought to be able to meet him somewhere. There are many of us out here in the land of unusual weather who would appreciate it.

Yours,
Francis Hutchinson
Redwood City, Calif.

O? OH

O, joyful joy and happy happiness plus some hilarious exultation. O, birdies chirping in the spring and love at first sight. O, amateur reader's delight. O, soul-filling bliss, the mistake-readers' list has one more new member. Look closely on page 79 of the July issue, O Editor, look closely on page 79. Beautiful photograph, beautiful beach, beautiful error. Pisma Beach no, Pesma Beach no, Pesmo Beach no, Pismo Beach yes, Yes, Pismo Beach yes, not Pisma Beach no. O my God, swing it.

O sincerely yours,
Czar Petroff Petravich
Pasadena, California

Continued on page 8

It takes more than one whiskey to make a great whiskey like Four Roses

Four Roses is not just *one* straight whiskey. It's *a blend of several straight whiskies*—and nothing *but* whiskey!

Each of the straight whiskies we use is outstanding in some particular way—in *smoothness,* or *body,* in *aroma,* or *flavor.*

By blending these whiskies together our own special way, we get a liquor that has *all* the qualities a whiskey lover seeks. We get *Four Roses*—a whiskey that's America's finest, because it's *several great whiskies in one!*

Four Roses

—America's finest whiskey regardless of age or price!

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Four Roses (94 proof), Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper and Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies. *Also Paul Jones Four Star Dry Gin (90 proof) distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.*

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

MOVED: THAT SEX TAKE A HOLIDAY

I would like to make a few comments on the editorial blow-off on page 5 of the June issue. The Editor rose in his might and did manfully with the jawbone of the ass, but when the dust has settled and the puritans are laid at rest, it is nonetheless obvious that a major objection still stands strong. That is to say, when you have eliminated the moral issue, you still have to deal with an intellectual one. The trouble with most of ESQUIRE's present cartoons is that the same ones are now appearing which were published in that initial quarterly issue.

It would seem that in fairness to the other contributors, if not to the readers, the Editors should ask at least as much originality of material and freshness of approach of the cartoonists as they do of the inhabitants of the other departments. Month after month the same old blue notes are rung in on us. You will find that all (or nearly enough so to justify the term) of them have the following bases: (a) that men like to see women sans as much adornment as may be feasible. (b) that man is a prolific animal, and furthermore, that he enjoys the processes incidental thereto. (c) that working (or non-working) girls are persistent adjuncts to the apartments of big-business-men. (d) that women are occasionally inconvenienced by having the husband return home unexpectedly. (e) that the genus gold-digger hasn't an overabundance of brains. (f) that there is such a thing as the facts of life. (g) that men like to lay hands on the other sex.

There are others, but the above will serve as a gallery of horrible examples. I think there is little point to objecting to the morality of the above, since morality is a question of definitions, but there ought to be some point to a discussion of intrinsic merit. I do not say that these ideas were not funny the first, second, third, seventh, thirteenth, twenty-ninth and sixty-third times, but they have been about worn threadbare. Occasionally at present a new approach or an interesting artistic technique makes these old ideas acceptable, but for the most part they are deadly. If the sex material has become shopworn, the cartoonists might look elsewhere for inspiration, at least for a while. Certainly, some kind of new life is necessary if you don't want this department to expire on your hands.

Yours sincerely,
Dale L. Morgan
Salt Lake City, Utah

EXEGESIS ON ACOSTA

J. D. Ratcliff had a good article on Bert Acosta, but he slipped badly in one place. That one paragraph about his exploits over Naugatuck showed he had not investigated the facts which naturally left much doubt concerning other parts of the story.

I don't know what part of the country Mr. Ratcliff comes from, but you can tell him for me that the people here speak English and, I believe, have sense enough to answer a few questions straight. He could have asked and avoided the error he made.

To set Mr. Ratcliff straight I can point out to him that no transport plane could ever get under the bridge here and Bert sober or drunk knew it. Bert never had any idea of going under the bridge, he was only hedge hopping.

That paragraph which Mr. Ratcliff appeared to think so little of, is the whole story up here. Bert gave one fine exhibition of flying and one which will never be repeated in any other part of the country.

Bert had returned from crossing the Atlantic and was out to show Naugatuckians just what flying consisted of. He did. Starting out from Bethany airport he raced a train up the valley much to the terror of the engineer and then proceeded to give the people on the bridge a few thrills. Spotting a house where he formerly lived he touched the wheels to the roof. The people living there removed quickly when everything but the rugs began doing loops.

That was one exhibition that the people didn't have to pay for. Bert paid them. The court hit him for $19.76, but I guess it was worth it to Bert. He had had his fun.

The best part of the whole affair few saw. Bert had to be pushed into the plane to drive it and before he would go aloft he wanted to feel the prop to see if it were moving. Fortunately he didn't get his hands in it. Back to the field after some real stunts he tried bouncing the plane on the ground. When a wheel broke his fun was over. Then began a shooting contest and other playful stunts to amuse the small gathering.

That story about trying to get under the bridge was made up in a reporter's imagination. The story spread like wildfire and couldn't be stopped. One look at the bridge, however, would tell anybody the truth, but it is easier sometimes to believe anything rather than search for the truth.

Take it from one who knows, Bert is an excellent aviator when he is sober and when he is under the influence he is far ahead of the best. Bert may have his ways, but when it comes to airplanes I'll cast my lot with him. Adm. Byrd made a good choice when he selected Bert and I guess if the truth were known it was Bert who made that expedition and was responsible for the safe landing.

Sincerely,
Don C. Wood
Naugatuck, Conn.

BOTTOMS UP!

A woman is apt to behave just as suspiciously attempting to conceal the surprise party for her husband's birthday, as she might were she hiding a lover in the hall closet. If she is giving money secretly to her folks, or clothing (especially your old suits), she may assume, at times, a flustered, guilty air accompanied by a noticeable tendency to change the conversation abruptly and self consciously.

Bridge losses or a private dabble in Wall street can give her a sudden pallor whenever the phone rings. That far away look in her eyes very likely arises from concentration on ways and means of getting that fur coat out of you.

Thus it is highly possible that many manifestations of unfaithfulness emanate from entirely sexless causes. If you are letting your blood turn crème de menthe over the seemingly inescapable probability that your woman is faithless (after reading Marcel Desage's articles), take heart. Furthermore, should you go to a great deal of ferreting and personal degradation to find her out—what then? Properly you must have a show down, kick her out, shoot someone (and you know you are afraid of the damn things!) or bitterly put up with her knowing you know it—and have not done a thing about it because, spineless creature—you must keep her at any price. She will probably play two ends against the middle and practice petty blackmail on you or your own guilty knowledge.

Therefore to such really sterling and devoted consorts who need a little comforting knowledge to sustain their noses at the grindstone, here are several practically foolproof means of determining that perhaps, after all, in the long last chance, she's faithful.

1. You can reasonably expect her to be faithful during the last three months of pregnancy.
2. While on a toboggan ride.
3. If she permits her permanent wave to grow out and does not seem much concerned about the straggly ends, you are safe. I mean, she is.
4. If she raves on tirelessly about the cleverness, the cuteness or the naughtiness of her children, you may feel sure she has found her grand passion in them.
5. Now that short skirts are here and she indifferently wears last year's costumes without drastically abbreviating them, sit back and rest.
6. If she is up to her neck and ears in clubs, luncheons, committees, concerts and cultural lectures, conclusively nothing more fascinating beckons. Women in love are notoriously languid, given to *dolce far niente*.
7. Should you go on a quick trip, sneaking home unexpectedly soon to find her in bed, sound asleep at ten o'clock p.m., an empty milk glass and an apple core on the bed table, her face covered with tissue cream, this night, at least, old boy, she has probably been faithful. As for the afternoon, I can't say.

Prosit!
Alice Kuhn
Forest Hills, Long Island

BUILD-UP FOR BUNDY

Gilbert Bundy is being played dirt!!! His drawings, or cartoons have been the feature of ESQUIRE since he came to your staff. His gals are not artificial like pettys are. Dont get me wrong petty is by no means bad but you very seldom see such creatures as he paints. Bundy's work is up with the times he does not use the same sort of dress as mahone does and they certainly dont look sickly like Howard Bares girls. His tenqunicke is perefect. The way he dresses his men and women is perfect. YET I dont ever see him mentioned in the sound & Fury or in your editorial. So here Im giving Gilbert Bundy an orchad!

Yours truly
San Francisco, Calif. Leland Wenger

P.S. Dont mind the spelling Im only 13, and growing up with your mag.

MS. FOUND IN A DOGHOUSE

Usually my husband's columns are all right, but that one in July was awful. If he would take ME to places where he could see good tap-dancing, instead of leaving that pleasant duty for his friends and picking up gals on the road to Gary, he might learn a little from me about the nature and meaning of that great American terpsichorean tradition, the tap-dance.

Not that I mind his friends, you understand, they are excellent company; nor do I mind about the gals on the road to Gary, though it arouses in me some doubts concerning his consistency of taste, but what gets me down is the amount of wifely explaining I have to do of what was the matter with Meyer when he wrote that column.

I refuse to continue apologising. I want to make it clear, once and for all, that my husband's aberrations on the subject of tap-dancing, along with many others, are as distasteful and puzzling to me as to anyone else.

Excuse me, dear editor, for having a slightly crazy husband.

Sincerely,
Chicago, Ill. Mable Levin

CATHARSIS

There are a few things that I would like to know and you can send the answer C.O.D. if you want. The first thing I want to know is, who in hell is the centipede that puts all of those captions over the head of all your Sound and Fury letters? Good God, I pay four bits to read a supposedly Men's Magazine, and on the first pages I read about two blithering idjits sounding off about corrupting the morals of the male population. Godam I'd like to have one over here for a week.

To get back to the beginning. Some of the letters are fairly sane, but the bitch that puts those supposedly wise cracks over the top of them ought to be classed the same as a member of the Women's Temperance League. The whole meaning of the letter and its point is lost by the kindergarden grade of wit. Yet, I suppose, he thinks he's funny as hell and probably brags about his snail paced wit.

Believe it or not I have every issue that you mullets have dished out and the other day I was looking through the whole collection much to my disgust.

I find that instead of keeping up with the pace that you started off with, you have slackened just as your sense of humor has. You're nothing but the proverbial member of the "used-to-be club," and in line for a charter membership.

Give us a few more articles like "Byrd's Bad Boy" for a change. Half of your articles are about some insane bitch ruling wolves, who probably pay Hemingway and a few others for putting in their bid for publicity. Why don't you get something worth while?

How about something on sailing across the Pacific in a thirty six foot boat? Running through a blizzard in the North with eight starved dogs and one crazy driver? Beating a bunch of savages to a canoe, for a chance to live, in the Amazons? Fighting Sharks with nothing but a knife, while hunting for pearls? You've had some of these ideas in print, but I've done them all and the thing that gripes hell out of me is that they are about as convincing as a jelly fish. Jesus you guys get me worked up. Just a bunch of drivelin' bastards that put out a rag that hasn't anything in it that rings true. Why in hell don't you go places and get your info first hand, instead of getting some pink livered, paunchy pansy to write you junk from his silk sheets?

I guess I'm just one of those guys who has to see what the other half of the world is doing through your mag. So I just keep on buying it, read it from bow to stern and then salt it away for future laughs at you crazy editors, who slave away for a bit of dough while I'm seeing the world on two bucks a day, and having a hell of a lot of fun. You guys make me laugh.

If you ever answer your readers, which I doubt like hell, put the answer in your S. and F. and I'll see it. I don't have any permanent address as I don't know where I'll be next. I saw your February issue for last year up in Northern Mongolia. A bunch of snickering chinks, jabbering over one of Petty's cartoons. Wot a world.

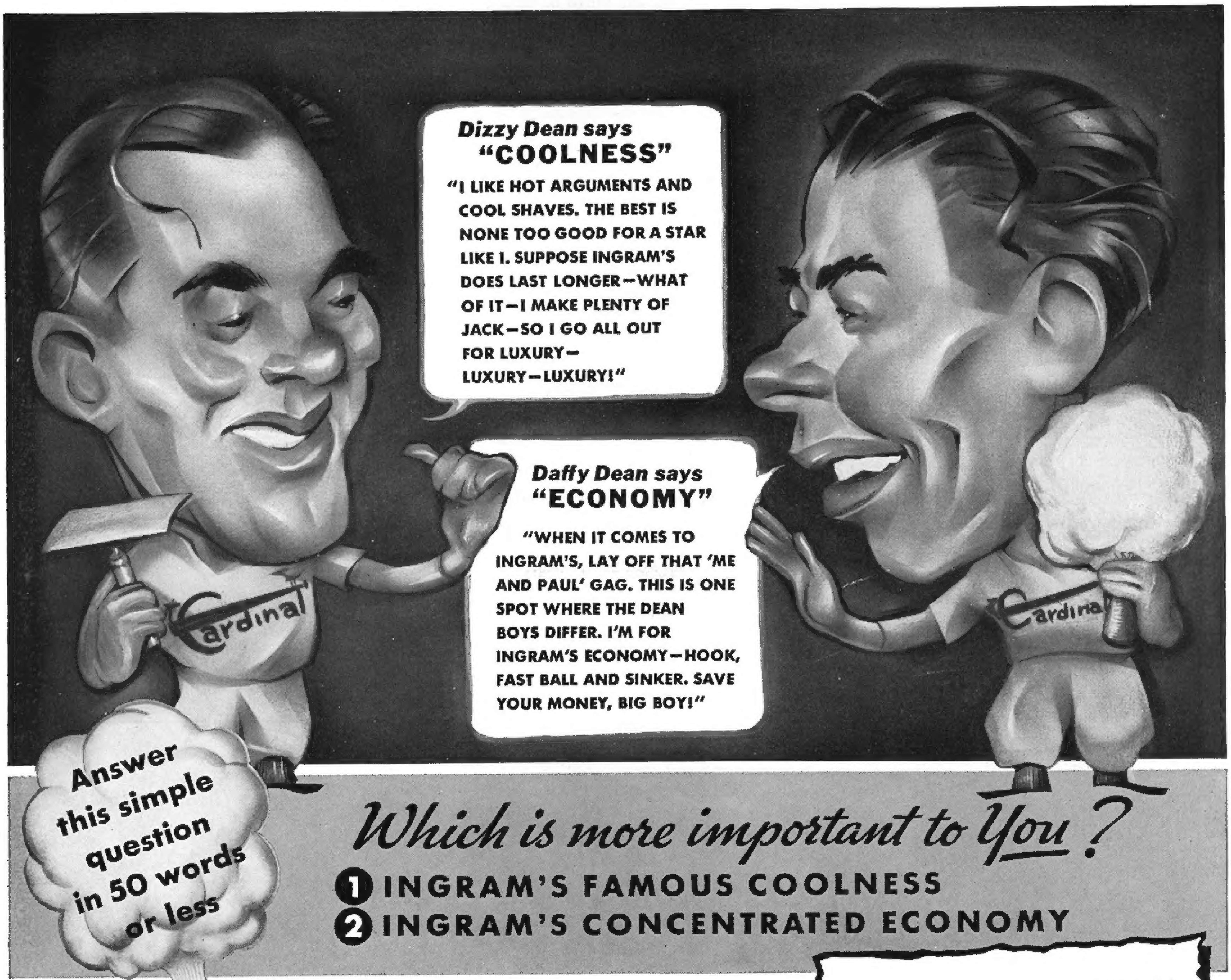
Well, *Aloha nui loa* to you pink-livered-bald-headers, and I hope you can answer this within the next month, there's no telling.

Honolulu, T. H. Just Wanderin

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We put the silly captions on the letters, and what you say about them is all right, but we're touchy about the way you address us. When you call us "bitch" please do not omit the masculine prefix.*

DIZZY & DAFFY talk INGRAM'S Shaving Contest and its $2,500 FIRST PRIZE

ALSO 10 PRIZES OF $100 EACH AND 2,000 RUBBERSET SHAVING BRUSHES—2011 PRIZES IN ALL


Dizzy Dean says "COOLNESS"
"I LIKE HOT ARGUMENTS AND COOL SHAVES. THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD FOR A STAR LIKE I. SUPPOSE INGRAM'S DOES LAST LONGER—WHAT OF IT—I MAKE PLENTY OF JACK—SO I GO ALL OUT FOR LUXURY—LUXURY—LUXURY!"
Daffy Dean says "ECONOMY"
"WHEN IT COMES TO INGRAM'S, LAY OFF THAT 'ME AND PAUL' GAG. THIS IS ONE SPOT WHERE THE DEAN BOYS DIFFER. I'M FOR INGRAM'S ECONOMY—HOOK, FAST BALL AND SINKER. SAVE YOUR MONEY, BIG BOY!"
Cardinal
Cardinal
Answer this simple question in 50 words or less
Which is more important to You?
① INGRAM'S FAMOUS COOLNESS
② INGRAM'S CONCENTRATED ECONOMY

RIGHT here in the Ingram office another controversy started that turned into a *contest*—a contest with a first prize of $2,500—ten prizes of $100 each—and 2,000 genuine Rubberset shaving brushes worth $2.00 each.

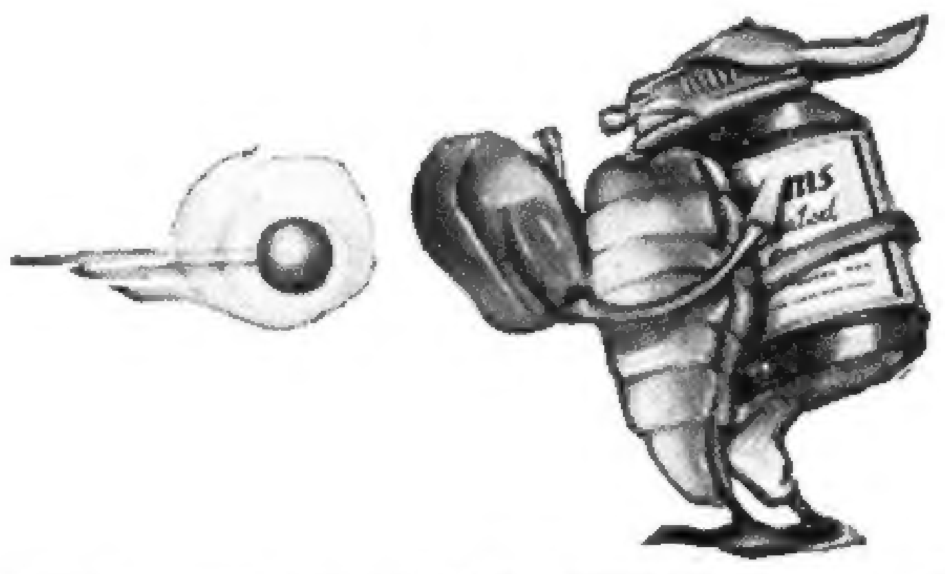
"What do men like best about Ingram's?"—that's the challenge that started the battle. What wins them and *holds* them to this fast-selling cream—its famous "Coolness" or the *downright, rock-bottom* "Economy" of its concentrated form? And now we want this big question settled—"Coolness or Economy"—and we're paying heavy money for the winning answers.

Try Ingram's today. You can win dollars—thousands of them! You can win a lifetime of comfortable shaves. For Ingram's is the Arctic and Antarctic of shaving creams—the chilliest, soothingest cream that ever made wire whiskers say "Uncle." It's a secret and triple-play formula that gives you cream, lotion and face tonic in every single, cool brushful.

But before you vote "Coolness"—test its "Economy." A little bit of Ingram's goes a longer way—because it's concentrated—with a laboratory finding over other creams of 15% to 20% more lather and more cool, cool shaves from the same amount of cream.

TRY INGRAM'S AND THEN TELL US!

But try Ingram's and give us your verdict. Your face can't lose. Read the simple, easy rules in the box to the right, and then send us your entry. Remember, there are 3,500 Ingram cash dollars and 2,000 Rubberset brushes for winning answers.



READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. Decide which quality of Ingram's is more important to you, its coolness or its economy, and state why *in 50 words or less.*

2. Mail your entry to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Post Office Box No. 503, Elizabeth, N.J. *All entries must be postmarked before midnight, December 1, 1936, to be considered.* Send in as many entries as you wish, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper (a) bearing your name and address, (b) the name and address of your regular druggist, and (c) accompanied by the top of the carton from a 35¢ size jar or tube of Ingram's Shaving Cream.

3. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to be the judges of the contest. Their decision will be final. Names of winners will be announced in Liberty as early as possible in 1937.

4. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity and applicability to advertising. No extra consideration will be given to decorated or fancy entries. Literary skill or "clever" writing will not count.

5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (makers of Ingram's), their advertising agents, Liberty Magazine, or their families. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

A LITTLE INGRAM'S GOES A LONGER WAY BECAUSE—*it's Concentrated*

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

BOOKS

Let your bookseller show you STORIES FOR MEN, an anthology compiled by Charles Grayson for the distinctly masculine breed. The calloused eye and case-hardened conscience will find a potent tonic in the work of the thirty-five uninhibited authors represented in the book. Among them are Caldwell, Hecht, Farrell, Faulkner, Hammett, Hemingway, Runyon, Saroyan, Sayre, Tully, etc. Not exactly the type of reading your grandmother would select, but stout yarns that will give you a considerable pick-up when other amusements fail. $2.50 at your bookstore. Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, Boston.

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IT'S DIFFERENT! The sturdy streamlined Ebner Camera. Takes 16 exposures 1⅝ x 2½ on a regular 8-exposure No. 620 film. Has F4.5 Lens in Compur Shutter. Formerly priced $38.50. Special at $15. Mail orders filled. Write Dept. E. E. Willoughbys, 110 West 32nd Street, New York.

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ALVIENE
Master School of the THEATRE
(42nd Year) Graduates: Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon. Stage—screen—radio course covering acting, directing, teaching, personal building, modern, classic drama, college of Dance Arts, School of Musical Comedy—Opera. Alviene Theatre and Student stock assure debuts. (Appearances while learning.) For catalog write Secy. Hampton, 66 W. 85th St., N. Y.

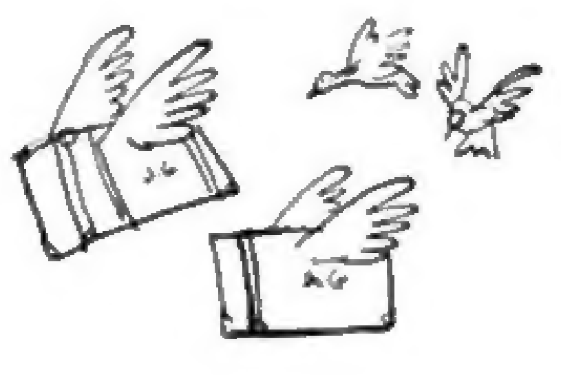
SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAY GIFTS

A little gift that flatters BIG business and professional men—the NORMA 4-in-1 Pencil. Writes Red, Blue, Green, Black, at will. Makes his o.k.'s, memos, etc., stand out! Fascinating mechanically. Beautiful finish. Weighs only 1 oz. At Jewelers, Stationers, Department Stores. 14 kt Gold Filled $12.00. Sterling $8.50. 10 kt Rolled Gold Plate $5.00. Chromium Plate or Silni (nickel silver) $3.50.

The Fashion Department has fulfilled its perennial function at this time of the year in recommending appropriate apparel for the returning matriculants. We have also been on the lookout for more or less essential equipment that would prove interesting to this group of our dearest friends and severest critics.

We've found some luggage that will carry your clothes back to school with none of its pristine glory destroyed. In fact, there are several new pieces of impedimenta that will contribute much to the well-being of clothing en route. A suitcase we've seen features a method of packing by which the suit jackets are placed on a hanger and strapped into place, after which, with one fold over, your clothes will assuredly reach their destination in the condition in which they started.

Determined efforts on the part of luggage producers has resulted in eliminating considerable of the dead weight. In one of these suitcases the weight is reduced by minimizing the use of wood in the frame work, with no loss of either strength or durability. We compared this case with one of orthodox construction in like size and appearance, and would estimate that half the weight has been eliminated.



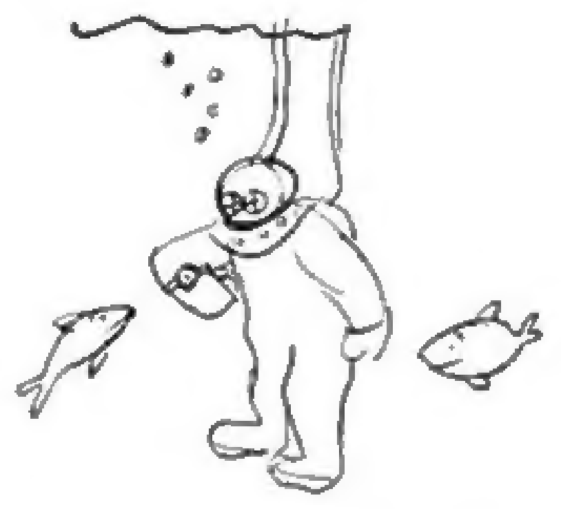
If you like Gladstones, and many men do, there's a new conception of this commodious bag that looks like a suitcase. This creates greater depth on the bottom-side, providing ideal accommodation for shoes.

Another new case is shaped somewhat like a Gladstone, has no frame whatsoever, and is unusually light in weight. This one closes with a zipper fastener all around the top, and we imagine it would hold a good deal with careful packing.

The ability to handle a portable has replaced the requirement of a Victorian curriculum that demanded high standing in calligraphy. Your instructors will probably feel more kindly towards you if they can read your erudite manuscripts. Portable typewriters are to be had from a modest price on upward, and they're almost as essential to your welfare as an adequate allowance from home. A de luxe edition has a leather carrying-case which serves not only as proper protective covering for this valuable instrument, but is also equipped with accommodations for a fountain pen, pencils and stationery. It's practically a self-contained secretary.

If you plan to do much week-ending, we'd like to remind you about a small combination toilet case and week-end kit that we reported some time ago. In addition to the toiletries that are carried on one side, there's sufficient room for a change of linen. Of course, we don't recommend this if you're taking your dinner jacket or tails along.

Primarily created for sportsmen, but equally practical for those who want a watch that will take any amount of rough handling, is the new waterproof timepiece made with a double case that is not only waterproof but also water-pressure-proof. It features a white sapphire crystal, twenty times stronger than glass, and the double case eliminates any condensation of moisture within. It will not expand or contract, so that the watch movement is permanently protected. Dr. Beebe tried it out in six fathoms of water and reported that it works as well as his bathosphere. You might even play water polo with it on.



A pair of traveling slippers that comes as near as possible to taking up no room at all is made of oil silk and packed in a little bag that resembles an oil silk tobacco pouch.

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YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED
to visit our showroom, where you will find a wide selection of tackle for your every need—in price ranges to suit your pocket.
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"A HOME FOR MATCH COVERS"
Matchless Album holds 216. Both sides show. Easy to mount. No paste. Send for one. 60c East, 70c West of Mississippi River.
MATCHLESS ALBUM CO.
Box 120 Grand Central Annex, New York
Dealers—write for prices

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PRESERVE GOOD LEATHER with LEXOL—the new *Self-Penetrating* Leather Conditioner. No tedious rubbing in. Apply LEXOL to luggage, sports equipment, chairs, books, saddlery, etc. Prevents cracking. Send 25c for 2 oz., $1 for pint. Martin Dennis Co., 855 Summer Ave., Newark, N. J.

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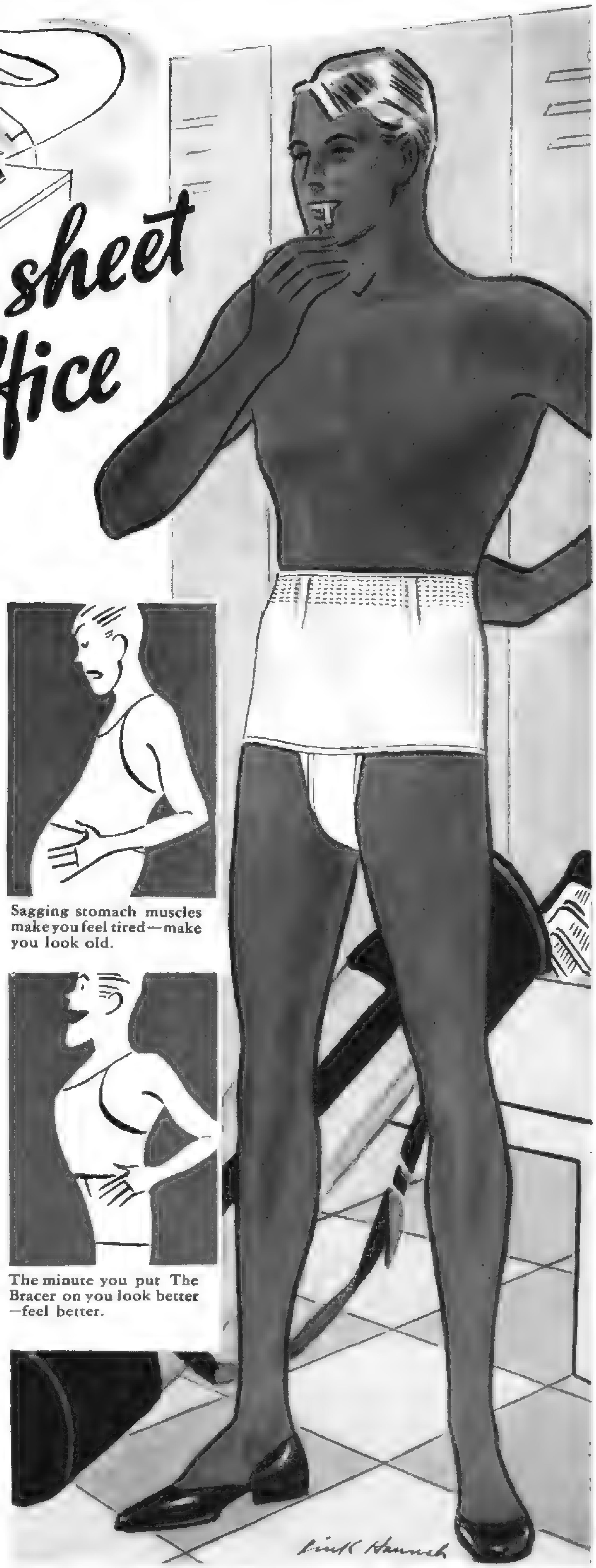
Do you ever have to SOBER UP in a hurry? SOBROSAL saves you from embarrassing situations. Sobers quickly (15 minutes in most cases), harmlessly, insures against "morning after" hangover. Served at bars, sold at drugstores, or send 50c for 3, $1 for 7, to SOBROSAL, 2925 Av. L, B'klyn, N. Y.

Pulling on the main sheet -or working in the office



Sagging stomach muscles make you feel tired—make you look old.

The minute you put The Bracer on you look better—feel better.

you'll feel better . . . look better, too, in THE BRACER

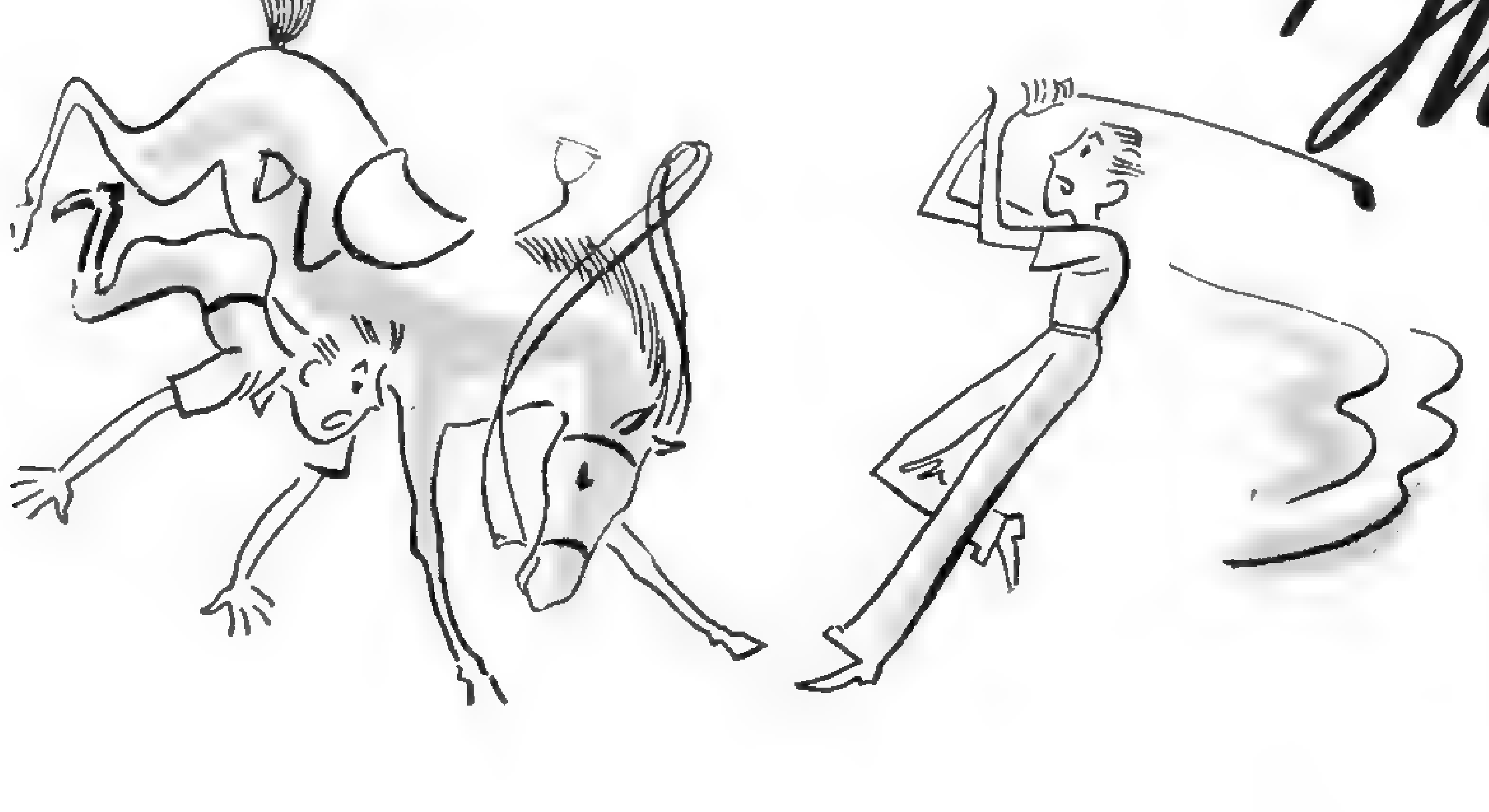
Entirely new kind of supporter gives trim, youthful athletic figure—guards the vital regions—supports stomach muscles

MEN! Here's the kind of supporter belt that gives firm, adequate support without the slightest discomfort. A belt that keeps you slim, youthful, athletic. It's The Bracer!

Now at last you can improve your appearance—feel better—guard your health without discomfort. Your clothes look better—feel better—are more comfortable with The Bracer. *You* look better—feel better with The Bracer. For The Bracer is scientifically tailored for positive protection and perfect fit with complete and absolute *comfort.* Woven from two-way stretch lastex, with four stays at the top to prevent rolling and with a soft yarn, fly-front supporter at the bottom, The Bracer is the last word in comfort, convenience and fit. There are no annoying buttons or buckles to bother with, and the practical supporter type leg strap is always comfortable.

And that's not all! The Bracer launders without shrinking or loss of elasticity—stays soft, comfortable and snug after repeated washings. It's sturdily made, yet it won't rub or chafe—gives lasting wear and support, for the seams of The Bracer are impregnated with live rubber by a special patented method and will not loosen or pull out. When you buy The Bracer you know you are getting the finest quality—the most painstaking workmanship. For The Bracer is made by Bauer & Black, famous makers of medical and surgical supplies . . . the largest manufacturer of athletic supporters in the world—makers of the famous Pal. When you get The Bracer, you get a supporter belt correct and perfect in every detail—a supporter belt made under the same conditions and with the same scientific care that is lavished on sterile gauze and surgical bandages.

Try The Bracer without delay. Get several—have a clean one always. Feel younger—look younger—be younger—with The Bracer! The Bracer can be purchased at department stores and men's apparel shops.



The BRACER

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If your dealer cannot supply you with The Bracer, simply fill out and mail this coupon with a check or money order. The price of The Bracer is $2.00.

BAUER & BLACK, Dept. A-1
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I am enclosing check or money order for__________
Please send me________Bracers.
My waist measurement is________
Name__________
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Press the magic button—Presto a *lighted* cigarette! SERV-A-LITE—in one beautiful compact unit combines a case for 20 cigarettes, a self lighter and dispenser, a handy ash tray. *Its fully automatic.* Attachable to any auto dash in 5 minutes without tools. Promotes smoking pleasure and safe driving. Standard model $2.45, DeLuxe model $3.95 at your car service station or department store. Or write—

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RADIOBAR—the perfect combination of a Smart Cocktail Bar equipped with the latest 1937 PHILCO Radios, complete with glassware, bar accessories, etc., $99.50 up. See your nearest PHILCO dealer or Radiobar Co. of America, 60 Warren St., New York and 7100 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles.

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PAT CARUSO, INC.
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Our importations of exclusive British suitings, coatings, and dress worsteds for the fall consist of patterns seldom found elsewhere. Prices start at $125.

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LEARN THE NEW SWING FOXTROT!

Pen charts, just released, $2. Also 10 steps in Foxtrot, Waltz, Tango or Rhumba, $2. Single charts in any one dance, 25c.

DONALD SAWYER DANCE STUDIOS
637 Madison Ave., New York, PLaza 3-8639
Sample chart free

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Correct, smart stationery, suitable for all social correspondence. High quality, fine texture, heavy pure white vellum. Baronial size for ladies; monarch size for gentlemen. Jet black ink, smart type. 100 Letterheads, 50 Note Cards, 125 Envelopes and 100 Visiting Cards, perfectly matched, delivered postage prepaid, all for $2.00. Other combinations as low as $1.00. Send for FREE portfolio of samples for comparison before purchasing your social stationery.

SOCIAL STATIONERY CO.,
Dept. 1, 103 Lafayette Street, New York

The newest and most unusual tobacco humidor we've seen in a long time is a pewter beer stein, a very appropriate decorative object for any student's room.

We saw two particularly smart tobacco pouches. One is made of leather in colorful regimental stripes, and the other comes in foulard madder print patterns.

We've also discovered a pipe-maker. He'll produce a pipe in accordance with your instructions, whether you like your bowl tall, flat, deep, squat, or what have you. This seems to have interesting possibilities.

If you go in for pipe collecting in a big way, there's a pipe rack which in the words of the inimitable Chic Sale is a "twelve-holer".

Candid camera addicts are daily growing in number. With a candid camera available that has many of the features of the finest, imported, miniature cameras, at a modest price, there'll be a good many more converts to this diversion.

Gold animal figure scarf pins are indicated as the proper touch for popular university type neckwear.

Don't overlook old prints to enliven the walls of "yee student's roomee", if you're not keen on a hospital atmosphere. We've seen some Cecil Aldens that are not too expensive and are as sporty as a tattersall waistcoat. Cozzen's yachting prints are attractive, for those who favor the nautical sort of thing, and for over mantle purposes, there are no end of effective reproductions of Spurling's clipper ships.

If for no other reason than the fact that on Page 82 you'll find a story entitled "The Knife Thrower," we report that knives for throwing purposes, complete with a scoring board, are obtainable in two different sizes, a small size for the neophyte and a larger size, more vicious looking, for the skilled. We're told by the makers that the idea is to hold the knife at the point and throw so that it makes just one-half turn and arrives at the board point foremost. Throwing the knife from the palm of the hand is considered amateurish. After you've achieved great skill, the little lady will undoubtedly stand up while you outline her in the best vaudevillian manner.

Wool shirts are unusually popular, particularly made with long sleeves for early fall and winter wear. The very last word in this type of thing is the use of Glen plaid fabrics, slightly smaller in size but similar to those used for odd sport jackets. Caps are to be had in the same patterns.

The Norwegian model moccasin recently introduced in this country is suitable as a shoe in which to knock around the campus, as well as for wear as a slipper in the house. There are excellent reproductions made in this country, and we now find that one store is carrying the original moccasins, made in Norway, in stock. They have to be toned down with a dark polish for the proper appearance.

A new barometer, thermometer and hydrometer, all encased in a glass tube and made with arms which attach just outside the window, will give you a complete check on the temperature, the humidity and a forecast of coming weather conditions.

If you're one of the fortunates that has a car of your own to take to school, we've seen an effective motor mascot—a ski figure in chrome. Incidentally, a French horn gives personality to your car. They're obtainable in the traditional tooting arrangement.

Those who are not inclined to leave too much time to make their early classes will find an electric razor saves minutes. Users tell us it makes the fur fly. Co-eds might be interested, too.

BALDNESS

The hair restoring formula discovered by the Dermatological Research Department of the Miogenic Laboratory, is now available to the general public for home use. Further information will be sent on request.

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Stanford University
California

HATTERS

A Young's-Stetson "Air-light" felt will do wonders in adding to your head comfort and will lend a refreshingly correct note to your appearance. It's phantom weight, and only $5.00. There's an ample selection of soft felts awaiting your choice at any of Young's 29 Smart Hat Shops all over town.

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Remove fat without drugs, diet or exercise by wearing a *Lewis Reducing Belt*. Inches taken off in a few days. Permanent reduction guaranteed with longer use. Brings back old-time vigor and pep. Try this Belt 10 days at our expense. Write for FREE trial offer. Lewis Reducing Belt Company, Dept. S. 433 Elizabeth Ave., Newark, N. J.

SPORTS ACCESSORIES

ARE YOU SLIPPING? To keep firm grip on clubs, rackets, oars, tools, etc., use TAK, the double purpose hand conditioner. Prevents blisters, callouses. 25c. per tube. Send $1.00 for "foursome set" and 25c can LEXOL to Martin Dennis Company, 855 Summer Avenue, Newark, N. J.

STAMPS AND COINS

YOU WON'T BE HAPPY 'TIL YOU GET ONE.—No collector can afford to be without Scott's Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue, the official listing of all stamps, with prices for all but the very rare. 1937 Edition is out this month, completely revised. $2.50 ($3.00 with thumb index), plus postage.

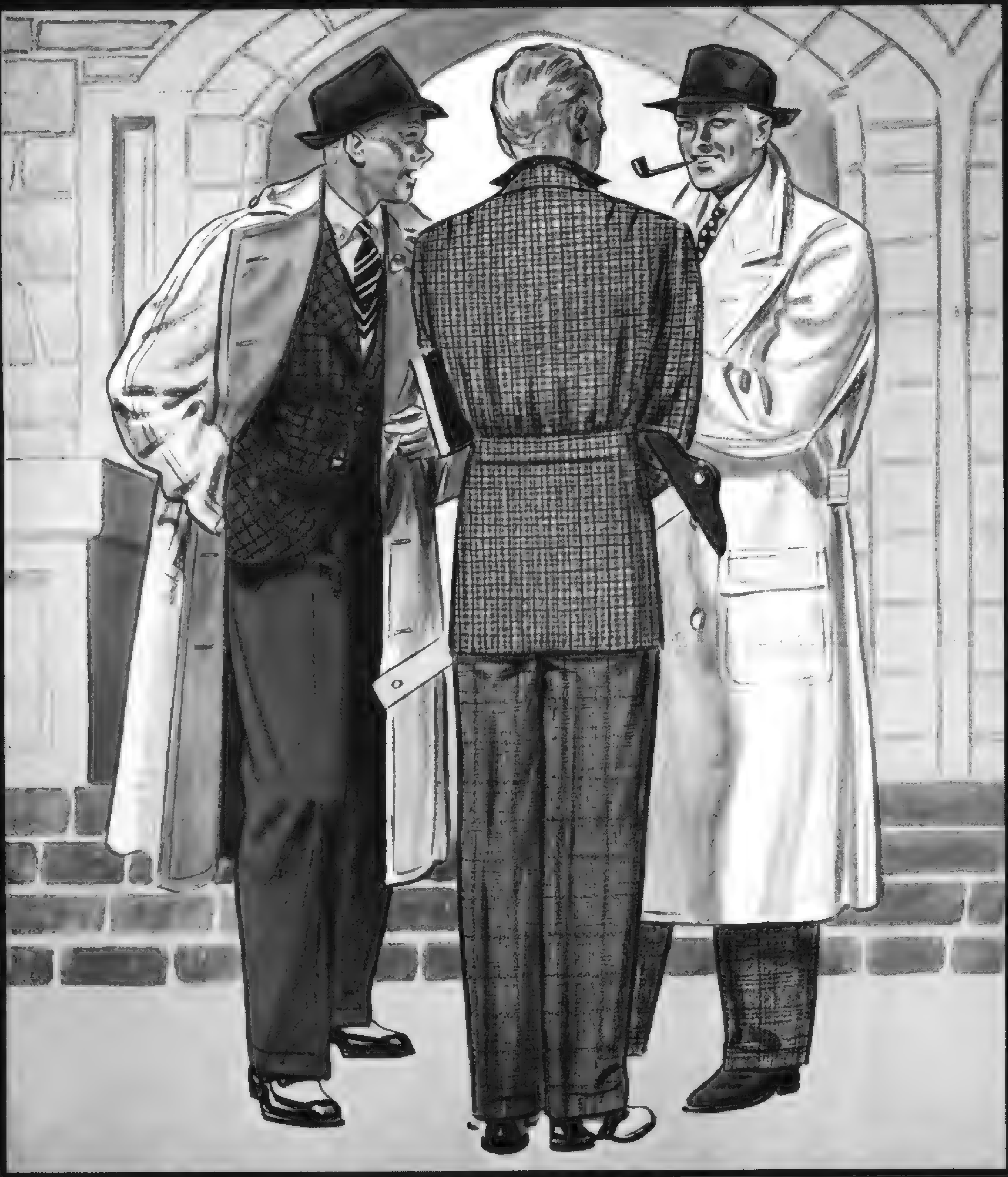
SCOTT STAMP & COIN COMPANY
1 West 47th Street, New York, N. Y.
Scott's complete price list free on request

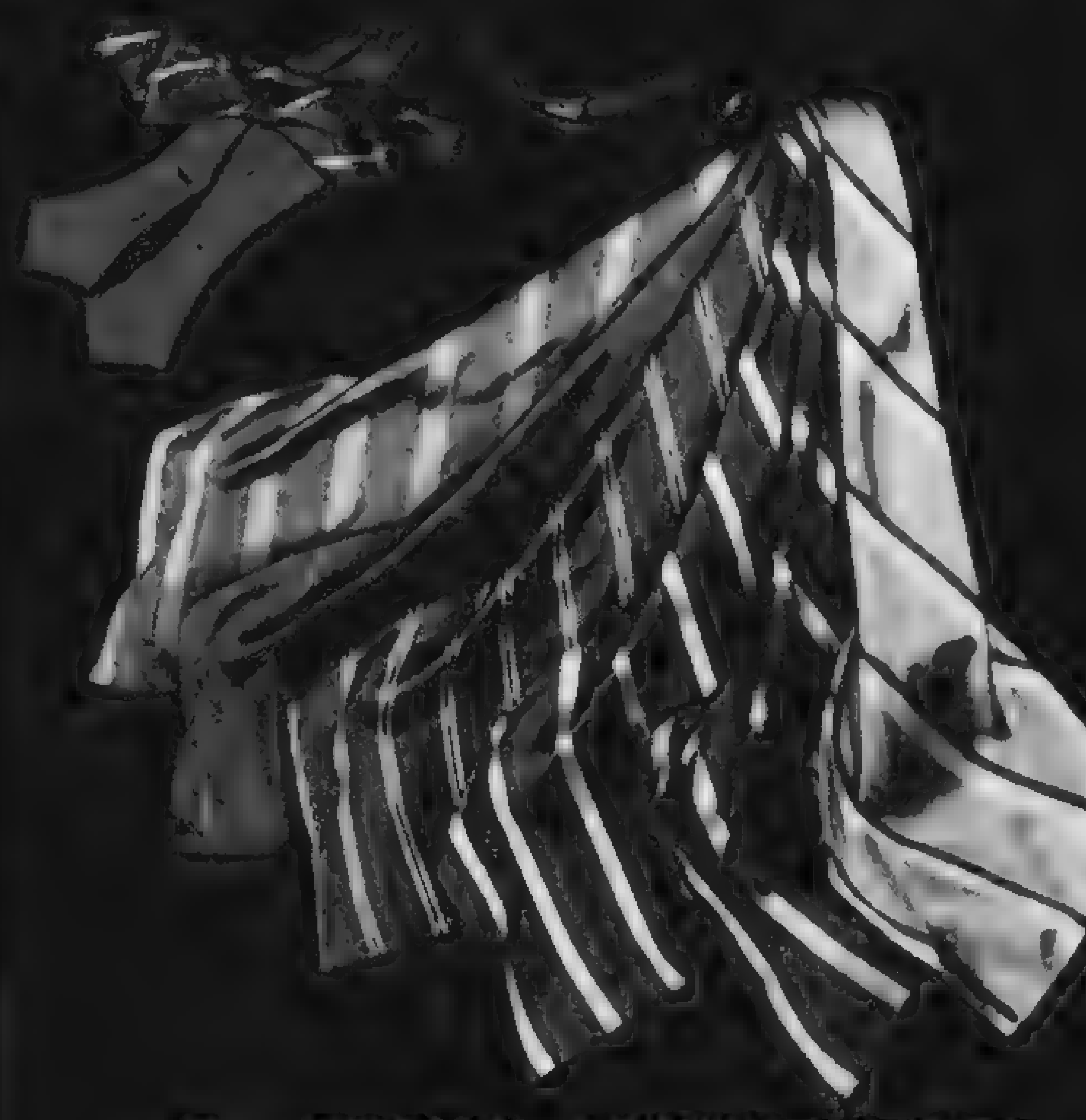
FASHIONS FOR MEN

JOHN DAVID

FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

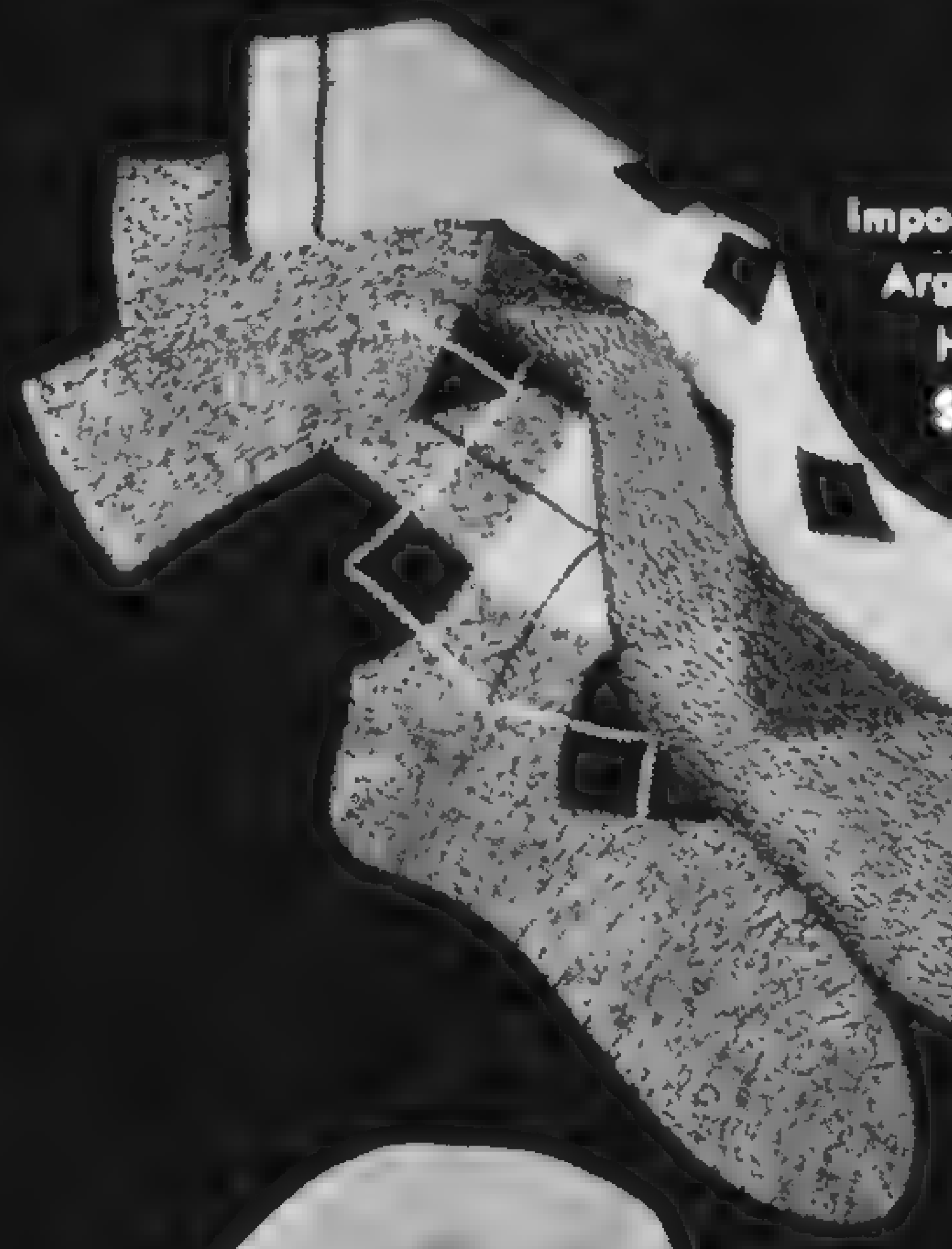
AUTHENTIC FASHIONS FOR UNIVERSITY MEN



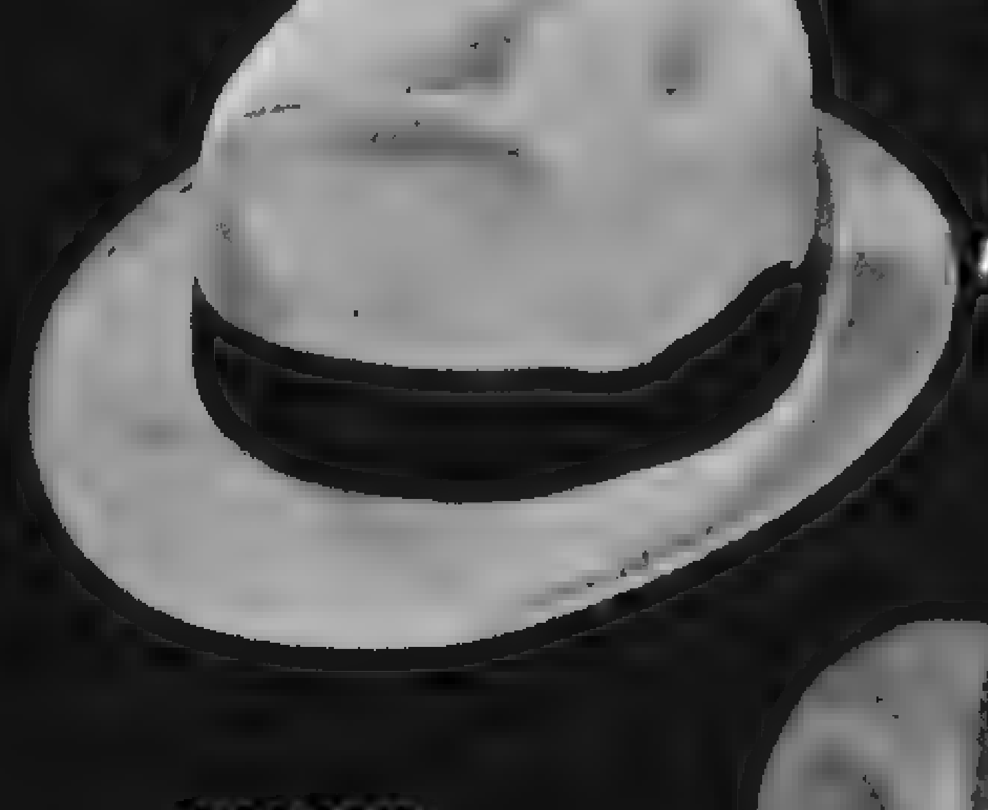


Seven-Fold Neckties of All-Silk Repp in college and regimental stripings $1.50

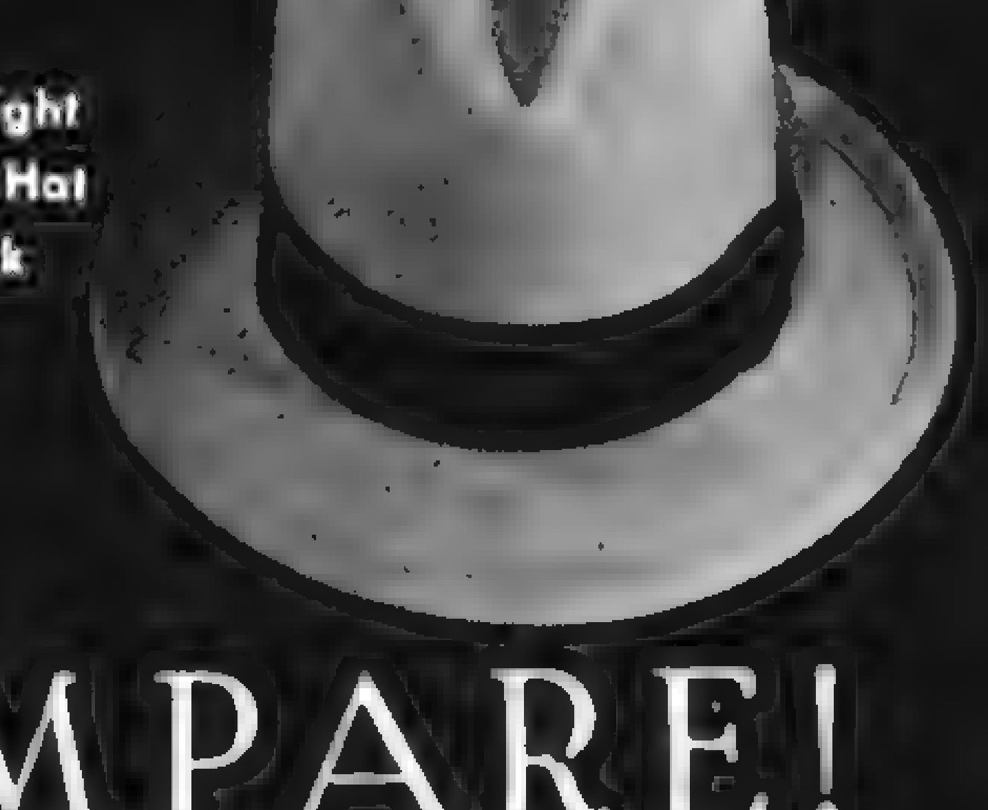
All-Silk Repp Bow-Knot Striped Ties in pointed-end butterfly shape $1.00



Imported Scotch
Argyle-Plaid
Hosiery
$1.95



KNOX
Light-Weight Hat
Medium Gray and
Medium Brown
$5 Unlined



MALLORY
Regular-Weight
"Registered" Hat
Light or Dark
Gray and
Medium
Brown
$5 Lined

TWO FACE

The Smart Reversible Coat acclaimed at leading universities. Natural Camel Tone or Cocoa Shade for fair weather. A fine "Cravenette" Gabardine for wearing outside when it storms $29.50

Casual Sports Coat — "Blouse" Back with half-belt and dual pleats at each shoulder. Also Free-Swing and Gusset-Back Models. Fine Tweed Effects in Checks, Overplaids and Glenurquharts $20.00

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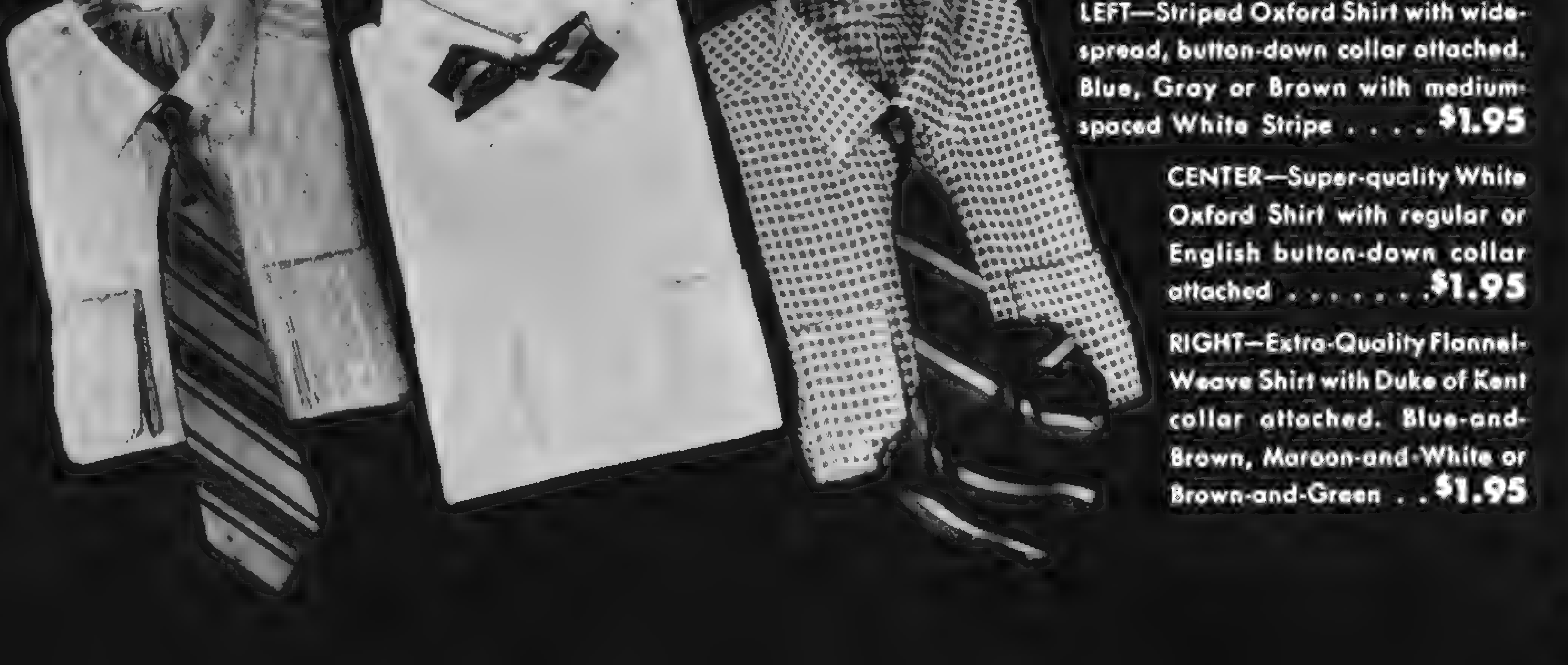
The "New Yorker"

Camel Hair Year-'Round Coat in Natural Camel Shade, Cocoa, Oxford Gray or Navy Blue. Double-breasted with half-belt at back, or full-belt Polo style, or single-breasted raglan shoulder . . $38.00



LEFT—Striped Oxford Shirt with wide-spread, button-down collar attached. Blue, Gray or Brown with medium-spaced White Stripe $1.95

CENTER—Super-quality White Oxford Shirt with regular or English button-down collar attached $1.95

RIGHT—Extra-Quality Flannel-Weave Shirt with Duke of Kent collar attached. Blue-and-Brown, Maroon-and-White or Brown-and-Green . . $1.95

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CARPE DIEM
ESTABLISHED 1909
VAN SICKLE
GENTLEMEN'S FINE CLOTHES
FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY

Presenting pure VICUNA
top coatings in three colors
PRICE **$275**

SUPER CASHMERE suitings
PRICE **$200**

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a glossary of *Specialists in Perfection*

$150 for a suit. $10 for a shirt. $20 for a hat. $45 for shoes. Can I afford it? Are they worth it? The answers, in the proper order, are "perhaps" and "certainly yes". It is true . . . not every man can afford the luxury of custom apparel. It is equally true that many a man can afford it who now denies himself the pleasure and satisfaction that should be rightfully his. The original outlay is greater . . . as is the ultimate enjoyment. The distinguished firms listed in this glossary present only top-rung quality. Tradition with them insists on a "how good can we make it" standard, never "how cheaply can we turn it out". In such hands, the original price that you pay is more. The dividend per dollar spent in a lasting sense of well-being is not only greater . . . it is incomparable.

from world's specialist looms

Thoroughbred Woollens
enhancing the skill of your custom tailor

MAYFAIR PLAIDS KITTEN'S EAR SHETLAND
ERIN TWISTEX CROSS-COUNTRY CHEVIOT
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Here is the *key* to the UPPER REGISTER SMARTNESS you seek in clothes — mannerly British woollens, uncatalogued, that spur style and are available only at your exceptional custom tailor's. Ask to view these unique textures, patterns that urge selection — a distinguished medley of them. Diplomatic functions to football!

Haft imports for business, sports, hunts, dress, and our climatic range — for clothes connoisseurs from Fifth Avenue to Hollywood.
Decision is fortified by authentic weaves, clearly identified for service. New arrivals "with imagination".
Information Service—please mention name of custom tailor.

Haft and Company, Ltd.
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CUSTOM INDIVIDUALITY IN SHIRTS
The pleated shirt illustrated is made to order in fine voile, the collar of which is attached, possesses longer points and sets higher on the neck. In dark blue, light blue, green, dark tan, champagne and white. **$13**

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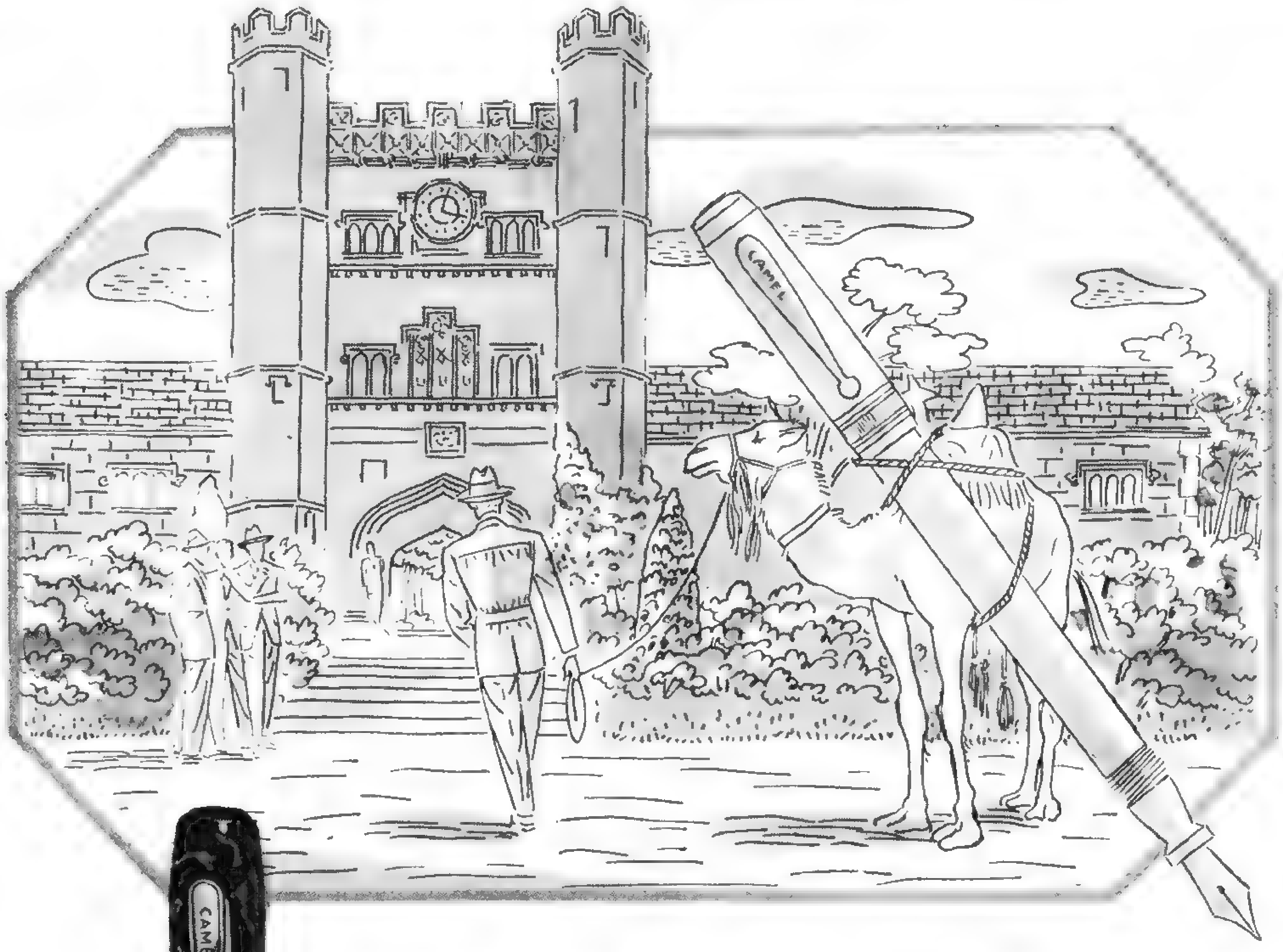
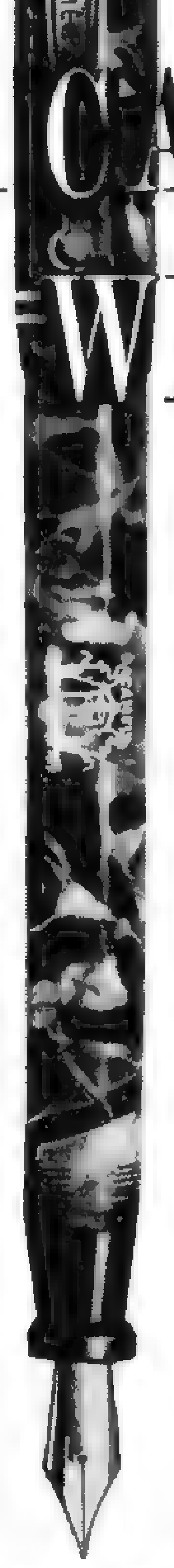
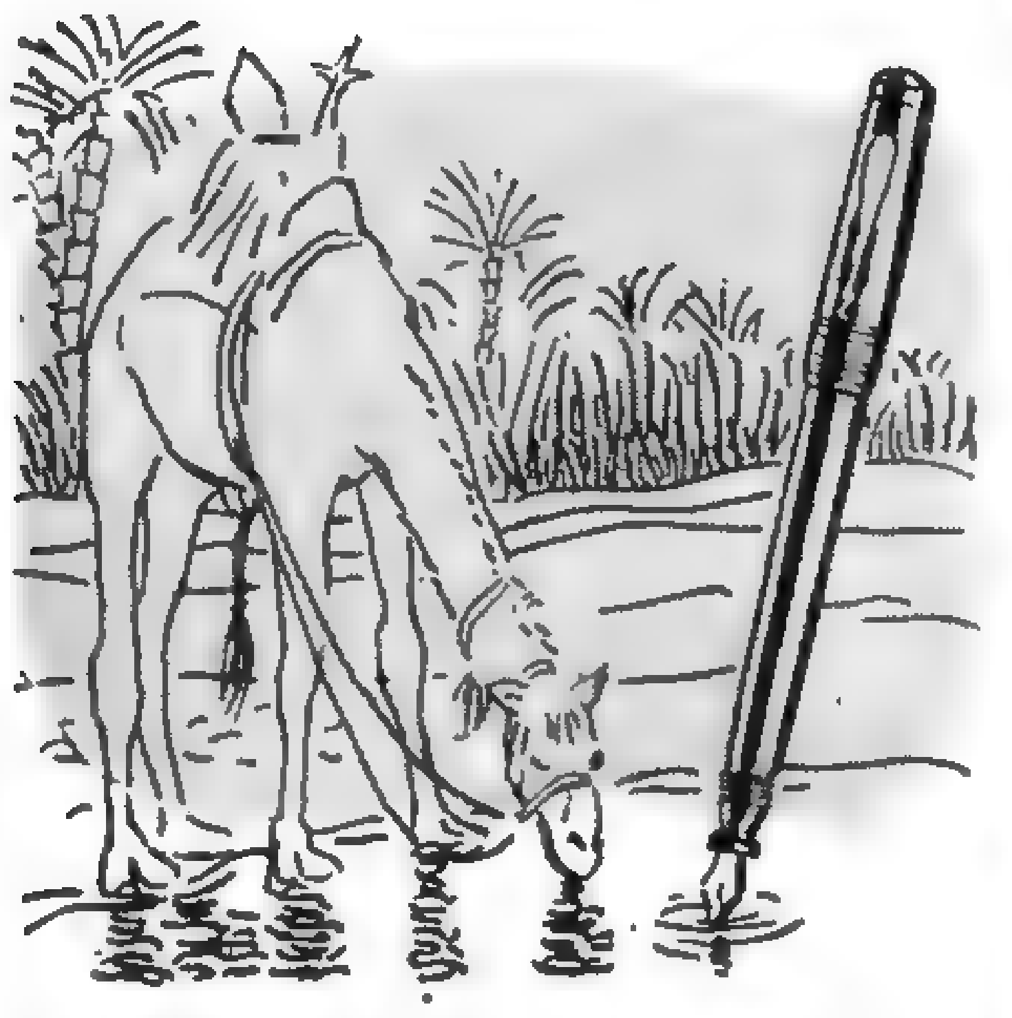
610 Fifth Avenue
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
NEW YORK CITY

You can lead this pen to water **and** *you can make it drink*



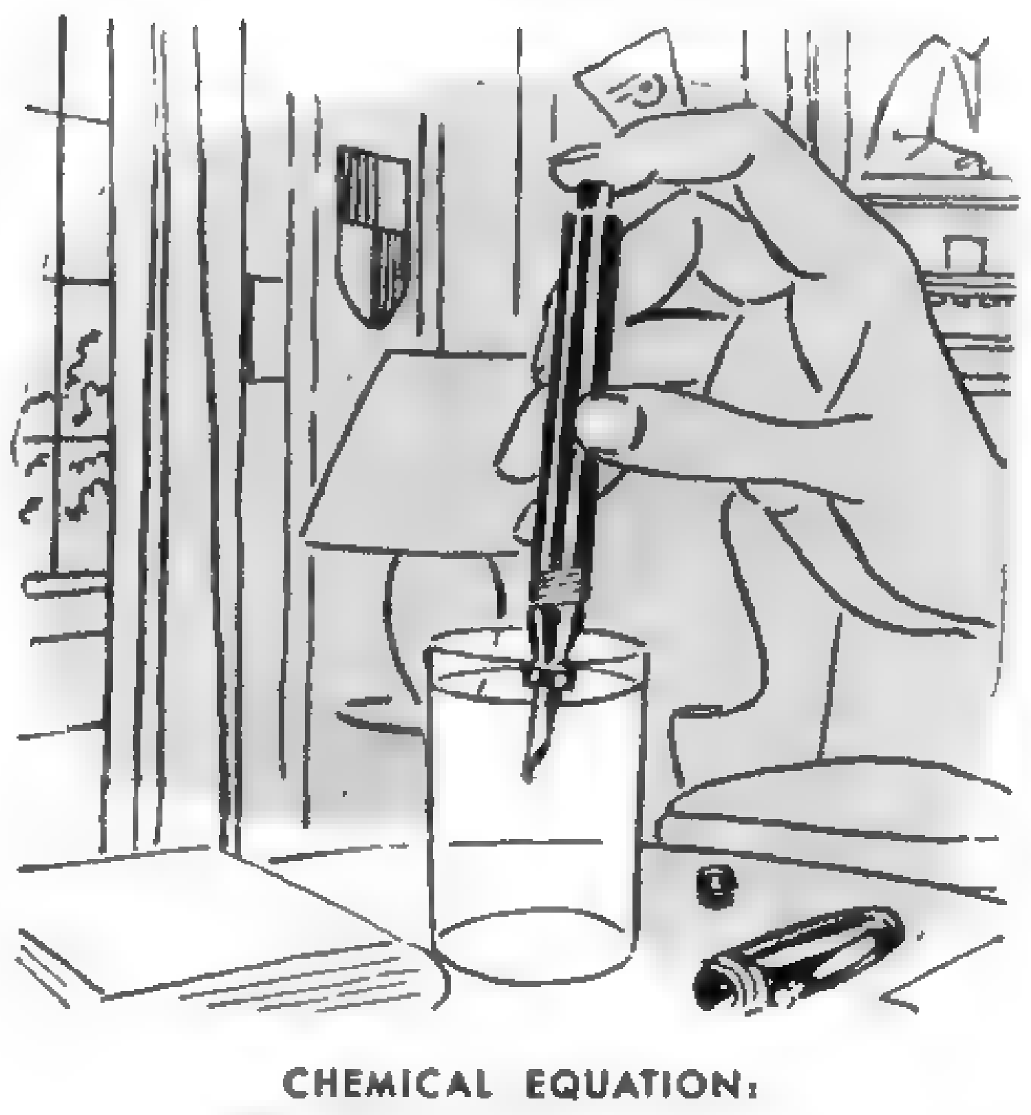
TAKE A CAMEL PEN ALONG TO SCHOOL WITH YOU THIS FALL



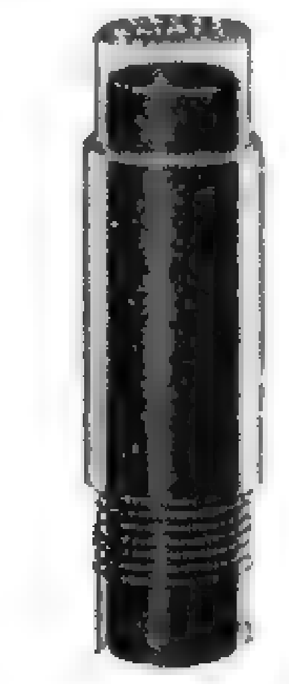


THE CAMEL PEN TAKES WATER LIKE A CAMEL . . . AND GOES ALMOST AS LONG WITHOUT A DRINK.

THE Camel Pen is a great boon to university men. This unique, modern fountain pen, first of all is a guaranteed quality product, possessing superlative writing qualities. And, miraculously, it turns water into ink. All that you have to do is fill it with water and write. Any glass of water is a filling station. A condensed self-contained ink cartridge is good for 600,000 words—a whole school year's ordinary writing. No more does a busy student have to concern himself with mussy ink bottles. The incomparable Camel Pen ends all that. When the ink cartridge is used up, a new one . . . good for another year's writing . . . replaces it in an instant. For new writing convenience, take the modern Camel Pen along with you to school! If your dealer is not yet supplied, order direct using coupon below.



CHEMICAL EQUATION: THE CAMEL PEN + H_2O = INK

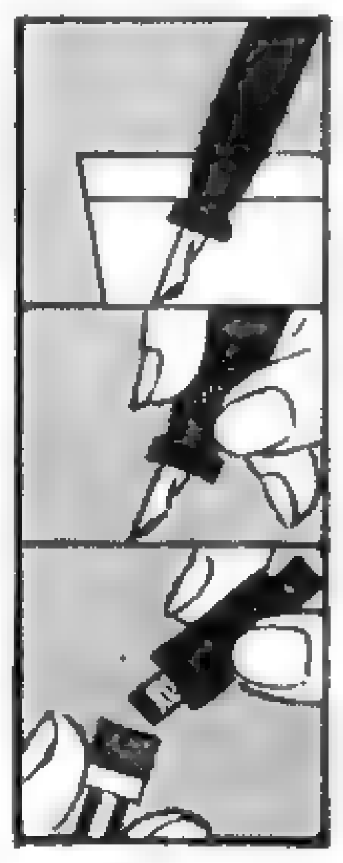


THE CAMEL INK CARTRIDGE (SOLID INK REFILL)

THE CAMEL PEN

makes its own ink

Fill with water write with ink



IMMERSE THE POINT IN WATER FILL LIKE ANY ORDINARY PEN

WRITE . . .

ABOUT ONCE A YEAR, REPLACE THE INK CARTRIDGE. REFILLS COST ONLY 50c.

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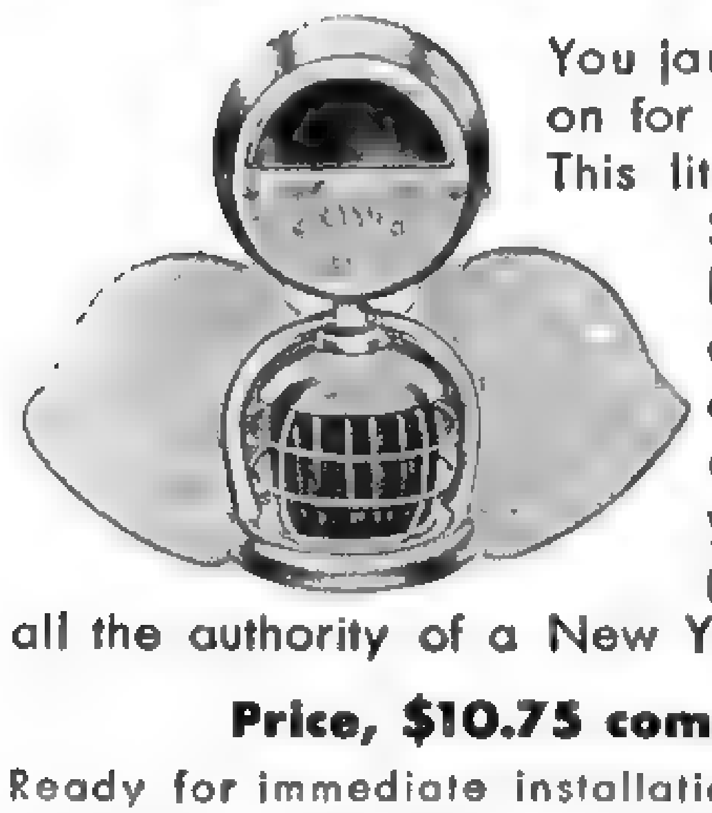
Enclosed is check.......... or money order...........for...........Camel Pens, regular @ \$4.00;...........Camel Pens, extra size nib @ \$5.00

Color preference ....black ....gray ....burgundy...........brown.......... green...........Point preference...........fine...........medium...........coarse

Name.. *Address*..

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



A NEW STOP LIGHT!
MAKE 'EM SEE RED

You jam your brakes on for a sudden stop. This little red lantern SWINGS back and forth, catching the eye of the driver behind you and stopping him with all the authority of a New York traffic cop.

Price, $10.75 complete

Ready for immediate installation on any model car. Mail orders only. Send check or request C. O. D. shipment.

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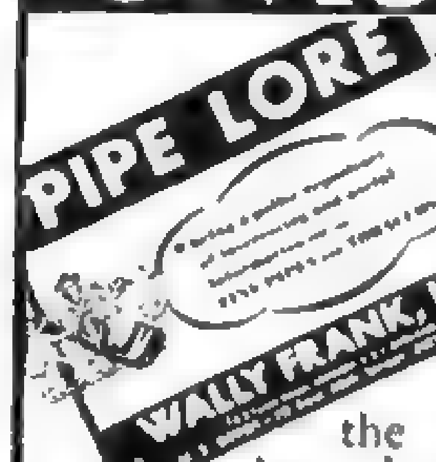
438 West 37th Street — Dept. E-2
NEW YORK, N. Y.



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THE STORY OF MEERSCHAUM

FREE! to PIPE SMOKERS

2 PUBLICATIONS

• PIPE LORE — An interesting 24 page Annual, crammed full of useful information to pipe smokers. Largest variety of high grade pipes and tobaccos in the world, completely catalogued. Tells how to keep your pipe from turning sour etc

• PIPE LORE MONTHLY — A publication with the latest in pipe news, new pipes, new tobaccos, special bargains, etc. *No obligation, of course*

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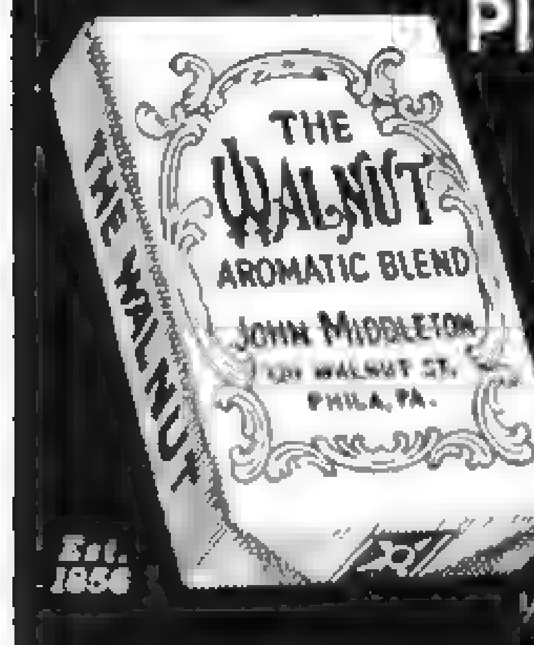
BALDNESS!

You need a *medicine* that helps your hair to save *itself* by nourishing starved hair roots and relieving Dandruff—Glover's! But you must faithfully keep up the good work. Start today with Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo. At all druggists. Or have your Barber give you Glover's.

GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

FREE Booklet on the Hair and Scalp—write GLOVER'S, 468 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. City



MIDDLETON'S
WALNUT
THE PERFECT PIPE TOBACCO

You'll enjoy this famous pipe tobacco, the favorite of discriminating smokers for three generations.

Est. 1856

Foil Package, 30¢
½ lb. tin $1.15: 1 lb. $2.25

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

If your dealer hasn't Walnut, order direct or send 10c for sample pkg.; John Middleton, 1211 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Perhaps nothing is more important in terms of sartorial accessories for the campus than pullover sweaters. For real luxury, Indian cashmere made in Scotland and having a soft, silky texture that's almost immoral, is the tops. You can get them in a very light-weight, natural color, sleeveless pullover, or in a heavier weight, sleeveless "V" neck or jacket in smart heather or lovat colorings. We're also partial to a reversible, sleeveless slip-over that's made of shell-stitch alpaca. This design gives you a choice of two colors, so that you may wear the one best suited to your particular outfit.

Most campi have graduated from the corduroy pants stage. We feel highly elated, therefore, in having found what seems to be the most practical pair of slacks that could ever grace an undergrad. These are made of a fabric that has proven itself in use in clothing for big game hunting under the most severe conditions. It comes only in a tan shade, has a smart doeskin finish, and is water-repellent; it holds a crease particularly long, doesn't wrinkle, and is quite inexpensive. All these attractive features should explain our enthusiasm for the idea.

If your choice of schools is taking you to the colder climes, a camel's hair lounging robe will contribute to your early morning and late evening comfort.

String gloves being as popular as they are with university men, we call attention to sleeveless sweaters made in this same manner. They're available in yellow, natural and white string, and you can get short socks to match.

Here are a couple of excellent attributes to a homey game of poker: new poker chips that won't slide or slip when stacked—the result of an almost microscopic gear-like edge on the face of each chip, indestructible playing cards that are guaranteed to be alcohol-proof as well, and a gadget that shuffles one deck of cards all by itself, while you play out the other.

If you haven't yet secured a medal for your prowess in one sport or another, and require something to hold down the other end of your watch chain, and if you happen to be a pipe smoker, we recommend one of those pipe cleaning gadgets that, for want of a better designation, we shall call a pipe-cleaning shovel, pick and hoe.

The popular cable stitch, much favored in white pullovers, is now making its appearance in a heavy wool sock. We've also seen the latest interpretation of argyle plaids. They eliminate the overstripe, but have six different colored diamonds. This may sound like a lot of color, but then that's what argyles are for.

If you like to lounge around in knickers, the newest hose for this purpose is made without a cuff and is held up with an elastic top.

A new razor has made its appearance which has an adjustable blade to accommodate various beard conditions. It comes complete with a strop and case, and is so constructed that you never have to touch the blade with your hand, promising complete safety in a safety razor.

Much interest has been evidenced in covered pipes that allow comfortable smoking even in a high wind. Such a pipe is now obtainable in a new, large size for those who like a full bowl of tobacco.

For smoking while you cram, a Church Warden pipe is ideal. The old-fashioned clay pipes in this size are returning to favor.

Instead of wrapping your shoes in some old newspaper prior to packing, we recommend the use of knitted mittens which not only protect the shoes, but your clothes as well.

Marconiphone
PORTABLE AUTOMATIC
Radio-Phonograph

Write for Folder No. 45

A sensation! Changes even 12-in. records automatically and will repeat. Superheterodyne radio, dynamic speaker, built-in antenna, record-carrying compartment. AC - DC. Operates closed. Complete. Perfect. Hearit!

Dealers Write

MARCONI BROS. *Incorporated*
679 MADISON AVE. (61st ST.) NEW YORK
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ONLY BENJAMIN HAS THE GENUINE
SAFE
COMPRESSED AIR PISTOL

$7.50

For Target & Small Game - Economical - Accurate - Practical - Adjustable Force - Amazing Maximum Velocity - Safe. Single Shot with **Bolt Action - Hammer Fire - Hair Trigger - Safety** - Cal. 177 or 22 or BB Price $7.50, Holster $1.75. Also 177 and 22 Single Shot Air Rifles $7.50 - Single Shot BB Air Rifles $6.00 - 25 Shot BB Repeater Air Rifle $7.50 - At Dealer or Direct - No license required - SAFE. **The Only Genuine Compressed Air Pistols & Rifles On The Market. Full Details - Targets - Free - Write for Introductory Offer. Benjamin Air Rifle Co. 699 N. B'way, St. Louis, Mo. U.S.A**

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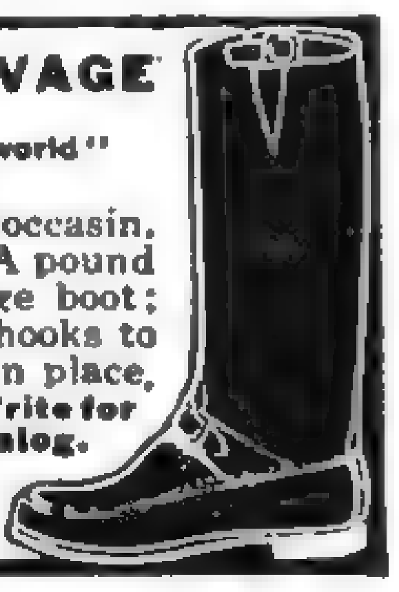

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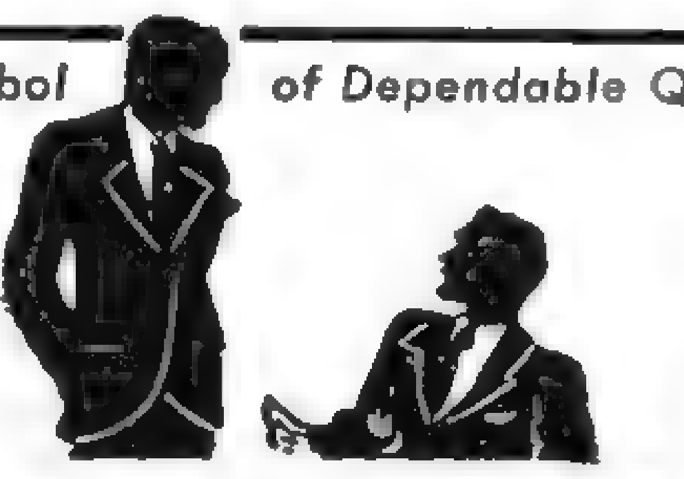
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"The best all-around boot in the world"
Manufactured Since 1850

Water - Proof, Genuine Pac Moccasin. Hand Sewed, Made to Measure. A pound or two lighter than the average boot; easy to put on and take off; no hooks to catch. Ankle strap holds boot in place, and also acts as ankle support. **Write for measure blank and Footwear Catalog.**

GOKEY COMPANY
Dept. E. St. Paul, Minnesota



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Fall Fabrics Now Ready

● We invite your inspection of our immense showing of smart new fashions and fabrics (American and Continental)—the most elaborate and complete ever displayed. Our local representative, skilled in measuring, will be glad to bring them to your home or office where leisurely selection may be made. Thousands who follow Esquire styles wear Simpson Clothes. Complete satisfaction or money back guaranteed.

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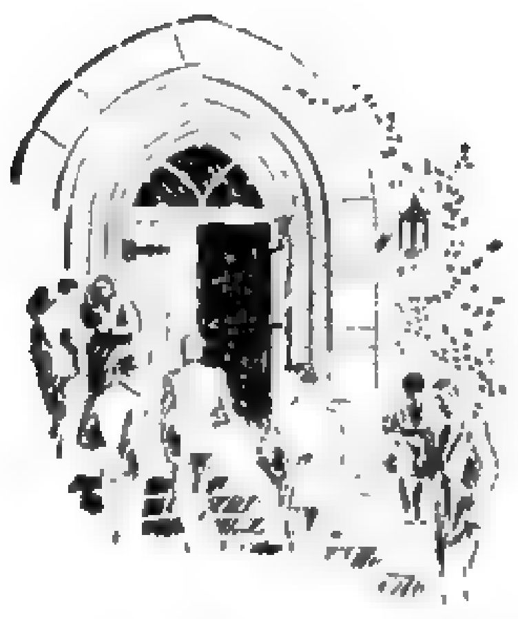

TAKE THIS "ALL-AMERICAN TEAM" BACK TO SCHOOL WITH YOU

Imagine it! A master barber shave every time without brush, water, blade or lather

Smart prep school and college men are including a Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver in their back-to-school outfit this year. University men tell us this marvelous shaver has taken their crowd by storm. And with good reason, for Packard is the modern way to shave. It's years ahead of any other shaving implement. The $200,000 cylindrical master cutter, exclusive with Packard, assures a complete, easy shave always, in less time than it has ever taken before.

With this no-knife cutter you get a shave as even, as pleasant, as satin smooth as a master barber's, but without brush, water, blade or lather. As the Packard gently travels across the face, the motor-driven master cutter meets every hair at right angles, lops it off close to the skin. It glides over the hollows, over the bumps, over difficult angles in a neat, clear sweep.

Spots no other razor can reach

No tugging, no pulling, no scratching impedes its easy progress. Even in those hard-to-get-at places . . . in the nostrils and ears, on the ridge of the jaw . . . your Packard whisks the hairs away. It is so easy to operate you can even shave blindfolded.

The Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver costs only $15.00, but it's worth its weight in gold. In only a short time you can save what it costs you in blades and soap alone, and it lasts a lifetime.

The PACKARD LIFETIME
LEKTRO-SHAVER
WITH THE $200,000 MASTER CUTTER
Through this slot hair falls into open barrel which cannot clog and cleans itself
Operates on either AC or DC
U. S. Patent No. 1,970,518.
Other patents pending.
SO PERFECT YOU CAN SHAVE BLINDFOLDED

Manufactured by Dictograph Products Company, Inc., precision manufacturers for 33 years, for Lektro-Shave Corp., Licensees. Distributor: The Progress Corp., 1 E. 43rd St., N. Y. C.

REAL MILEAGE!
One filling lasts 3 months
ΒΔΩ
THE "QUARTERLY"
The FLAMELESS CIGARETTE LIGHTER
LEKTROLITE

Seen at many football games last year, flameless cigarette lighters are now the rage on every campus the country over. The Quarterly Lektrolite is a very popular model with college men—and women—because it gives real mileage in lighting—*one filling lasts over three months.* And it's so neat and compact it fits, without bulging, into pocket or purse. When you light your cigarette with the Quarterly, it *glows* with a heat 1200 degrees cooler than flame, and cannot be extinguished by wind or rain. Because of Quarterly's "cool" heat, it does not release tar products from tobacco, which cause stains on teeth and fingers. The drug store cowboy and the small town Dumb Dora might think ugly yellow stains on fingers are the badge of manhood, but not the college crowd. They've adopted the Lektrolite way of cooler, mellower smoking.

Sold and serviced at 1,000 department store "PROGRESS COUNTERS" and at branch offices of the Dictograph Products Co., or order by this coupon.

The Progress Corp., 1 E. 43rd Street, New York City, Dept. EE-9
Enclosed find check____money order____for which please send me____Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver ($15); Quarterly Flameless Lektrolite in nickel ($5)____; in rhodium engine-turn ($7.50)____; Chinese type lacquer and rhodium ($10.00)____.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________State__________

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● Designed by Dr. Walford Schwab to stimulate blood flow to the hair roots and capilaries. *Stimulex* is revolutionizing the care of the hair and the correction of dandruff, falling hair and premature baldness. No salves, lotions, or electricity. Send for booklet describing this newly patented device, used like a hairbrush. Gives new life and luxurious sheen to hair. Ask for booklet A.

STIMULEX, Reaper Blk., CHICAGO
Unusual opportunity for agents.

$350 RCA 16mm Sound on Film Camera $210

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Dept. E. S., 179 West Madison St.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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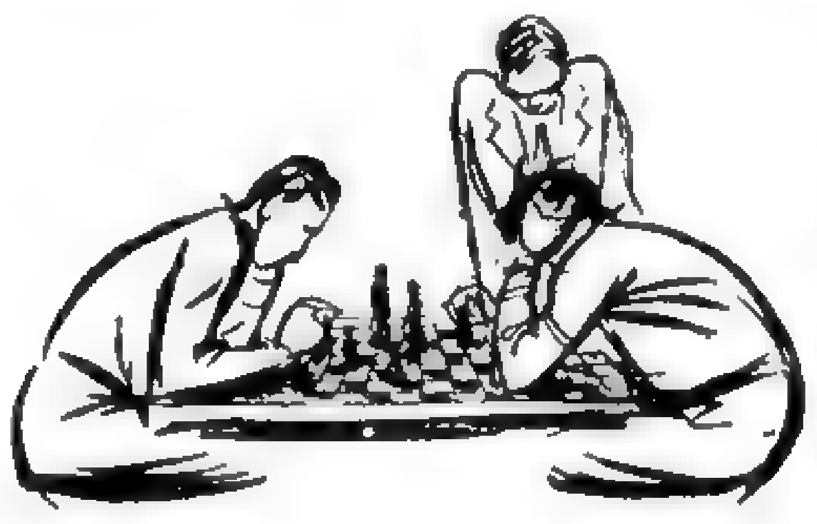
Why pay fancy prices for saddlery? Write for free catalog that has saved real money for thousands of horsemen. Contains over 400 bargains in English Saddlery. I ship saddlery on approval. Write today. "little joe" Wiesenfeld Co., Dept. E, 112 W. North Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

We've had the fact called to our attention that lighting a cigarette while driving is a combination no better than gasoline and alcohol. Since we haven't a flair for statistics, we are unable to tell you the percentage of accidents caused by drivers losing control of their cars while lighting a cigarette, but we have been told that this accounts for a number of motor fatalities. We justify this diatribe by reporting an automatic cigarette lighter that fits on the dashboard and practically puts a lighted cigarette in your mouth when you press a button. Of course, one arm drivers will have to let go for a moment.

New England brown bread, following the lead taken by Boston baked beans, makes its appearance in cans. Always a satisfying combination, at least as far as this Department is concerned, brown bread may now be kept handy along with canned beans in a permanently fresh condition. If you like it hot, all that is necessary is to put the can in boiling water for about a half hour prior to serving. It makes a grand dessert as a substitute for plum pudding by merely adding the required hard sauce.

Dyed-in-the-wool chess enthusiasts may consider it presumptuous for anyone to suggest an innovation in this ancient game. However, such an innovation has been introduced by adding two pieces to the traditional number of chessmen and using a board that has a hundred squares instead of the customary sixty-four. Not being chess experts, we dare not become involved in the controversy. We can only comment that the modernizing process is certainly making rapid strides when it leaves its mark on a diversion such as chess, which has its roots in antiquity.

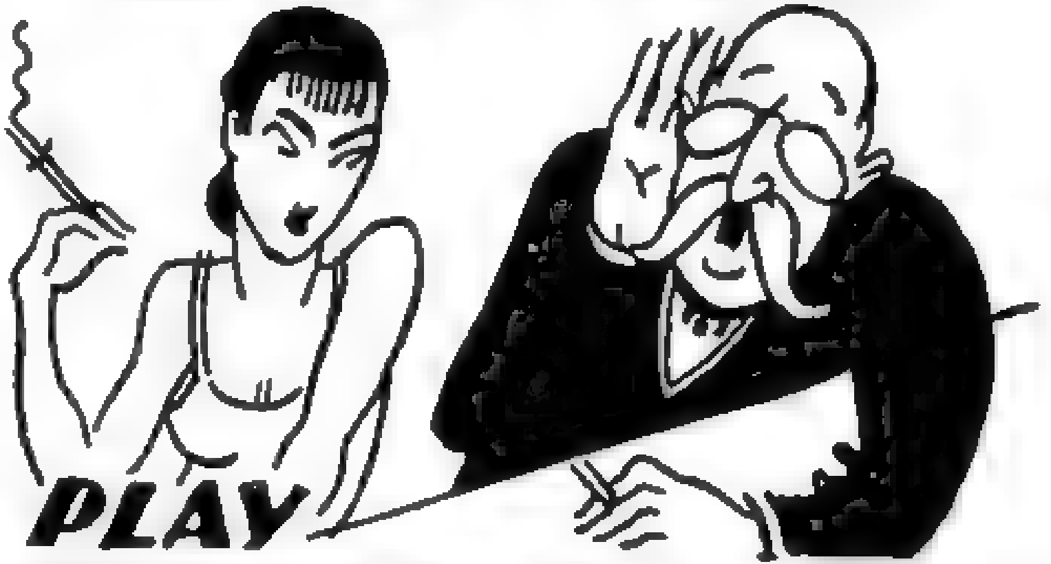


From France has come a set of plates, decorated in the inimitable French humorous manner, which are ideal for serving canapes or other munchables. The subjects are various sports activities. Don't get us wrong on the French art angle. These decorations are highly moral.

Whether you do your reading in bed by choice or of necessity, we've come across a pair of unique spectacles that will add greatly to your comfort. These spectacles are made with prism lenses, periscope fashion, and may be adjusted by tilting to various angles, depending upon the relationship of eyes to the reading matter. You lie in a comfortable recumbent position holding the book on your chest, adjust the glasses, and you're set.

A two way coffee-cocktail table is a new contribution to modern decoration. It's available with round or rectangular top. The cocktail equipment, which you swing around underneath when the table is in use for coffee service, consists of a frame-like arrangement containing receptacles for glass, shaker or bottle. It's worked out on the gimbal principle, long in use in the nautical world for binnacles, lamp brackets, bottle holders, etc., to compensate for the movement of the ship. Incidentally, the tray is removable for serving or cleaning.

Thermometers, like everything else, have "gone" modern. There are several attractive ones available for both indoor and outdoor temperature-telling, all of which are made with clock faces, encased in wood or metal, depending upon the use for which they are intended.



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AFTER-THEATRE SUPPER

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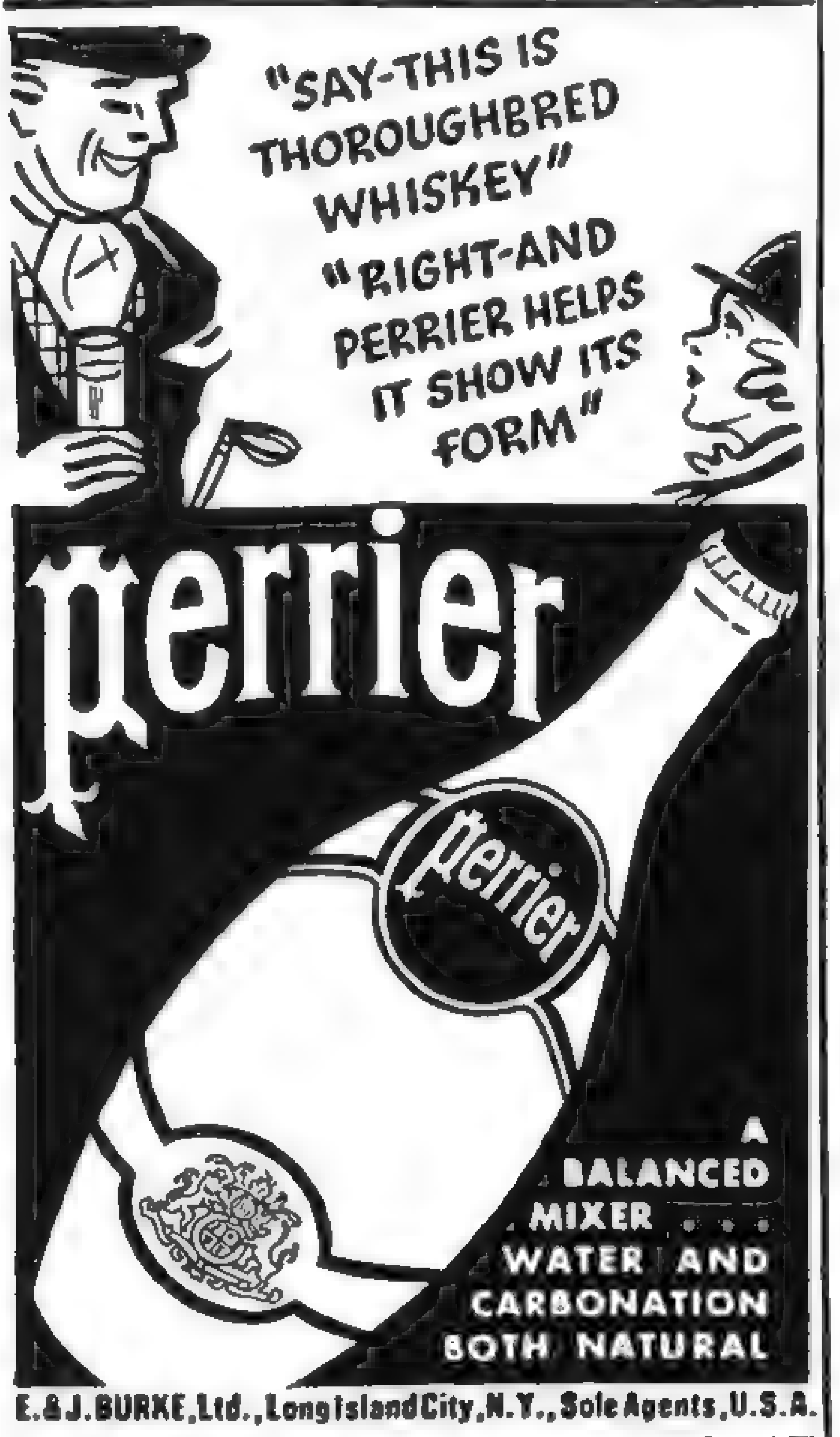
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59th • NEW YORK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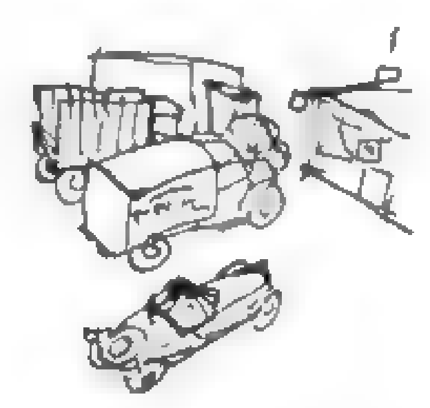
In motoring through the Berkshires, you will find no satisfying diners past Danbury, local pride being agin 'em. Some of the inns, however, are top-notch. Do not be discouraged if you see nice old ladies in lavender satin rocking on the porch. They're probably very rich and are staying there on account of the food. The Ragamont Inn, at Salisbury, Conn., is an exceptional place. The hot platters are to be recommended. A little further up the Under Mountain Road, first main turn to the left after the Berkshire School, is the way to the Gateway Tea House at Mt. Washington, Mass. This is something special and you had best write ahead for reservations if you wish to stay the weekend. It is secretly recommended to honeymooners staving off disillusionment . . . Egremont Inn is toward the summer trade, but of the better class. It is under the same management as the Berkshire Inn, up the road a bit at Great Barrington, Mass. Most of these places are well known from a long and useful life. What they lack in zip they make up in elderly dignity. The Red Lion at Stockbridge is of the same category. The Tap Room of the Colonial Room, Hotel Wendel, Pittsfield, Mass., is on a livelier key, there being so many college youths around . . . Getting back to mundane things, when you want a snack on your way, select with care your diner by the roadside. Just outside of Danbury is a large windmill where the busses stop. Fair to middling. On the Post Road, below Stamford is the Humpty Dumpty. The proprietors should go to the head of the class because they have dressed a fair hamburger up in paper and can sell it for twenty cents to admiring young folk . . . But the Coney Island, Summer St., Stamford, is our favorite of the world. They feature, for ten cents, a "hamburger complete." This carries with the meat, one large slice of onion, mustard, a lettuce leaf and a helping of chile con carne. We dare you to top that. We go miles for one . . . Further down the Post Road, across from Mamaroneck High School, is another good diner. One of their theories, and a good one, is that the hamburger roll should be toasted. For such dining, the best rule is to look for parked trucks. Truck drivers know what to eat and where.



The smarter tradesmen and tavern keepers tell us that there never was such a summer. For some reason, the folks who usually sail away in April, were still in home waters bobbing into town twice a week to order a dozen pair of silk pajamas and drop in on a night spot. We can easily believe the report. At the St. Regis Viennese Roof, one mid-summer's night, we found the place jammed, and a Tuesday at that. Everyone was in dinner clothes with even a few belated tails. You could almost see the diplomas protruding from the pockets of these. Jacques Fray makes good dance music and Paul Gerrits is about the freshest note in fey humor and roller skating even seen in these parts. Some ballet girls in blue, who have been told to smile in spite of missed steps and everything, are also around. But they don't last long. The room still holds its pink bloom and the chandeliers give it all a gay sense of flossy whoop-de-doo. You can step on the feet of the Vanderbilts or Astors most any night . . . Pierre's Roof is still inspiring both for food and view. They don't pay much attention to entertainers . . . The Rainbow Grill has taken on Lou Bring, who has a popular following. In the main room the sight-seers come and go with great regularity . . . The Persian Room of the Plaza never seems to vary in its charm and clientele, summer or winter . . .

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The Bedside Book of Famous American Stories

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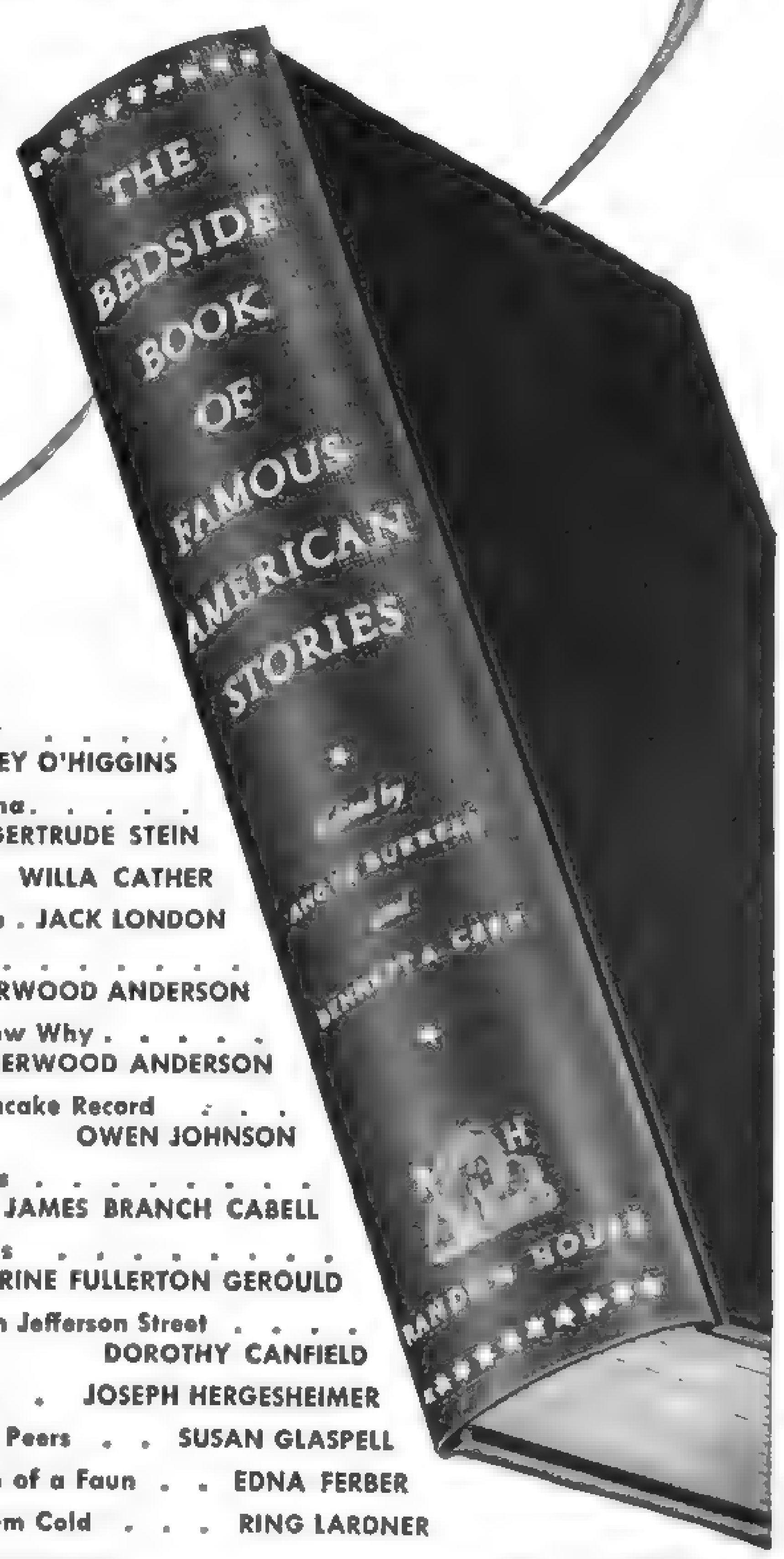
THIS book was recently distributed, free, among members of the Book-of-the-Month Club as a book-dividend. Designed for the moments which many of us find most deeply enjoyable for reading—the quiet hour before sleep—it is equally valuable for vacation reading, for long journeys by boat or train—or merely for the library table, to pick up at odd moments instead of a magazine. It represents, with hardly any question, the best collection of American fiction ever included in a single volume. The foremost American writers from Irving and Poe to Hemingway are included, many of them with stories which laid the basis for their fame. The full list of contents is below.


THE BEDSIDE BOOK OF FAMOUS AMERICAN STORIES
Angus Burrell and Bennett A. Cerf
RANDOM HOUSE

Contents

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Rip Van Winkle	WASHINGTON IRVING
The Great Stone Face	NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
Rappaccini's Daughter	NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
The Murders in the Rue Morgue	EDGAR ALLAN POE
The Pit and the Pendulum	EDGAR ALLAN POE
The Purloined Letter	EDGAR ALLAN POE
Billy Budd, Foretopman	HERMAN MELVILLE
The Man Without a Country	EDWARD EVERETT HALE
The Diamond Lens	FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN
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Editha	WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
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The Good Anna	GERTRUDE STEIN
Paul's Case	WILLA CATHER
To Build a Fire	JACK LONDON
I'm a Fool	SHERWOOD ANDERSON
I Want to Know Why	SHERWOOD ANDERSON
The Great Pancake Record	OWEN JOHNSON
Porcelain Cups	JAMES BRANCH CABELL
Vain Oblations	KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD
The Murder on Jefferson Street	DOROTHY CANFIELD
Wild Oranges	JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER
A Jury of Her Peers	SUSAN GLASPELL
The Afternoon of a Faun	EDNA FERBER
Some Like Them Cold	RING LARDNER
The Golden Honeymoon	RING LARDNER
The Man Who Saw Through Heaven	WILBUR DANIEL STEELE
Tact	THOMAS BEER
Silent Snow, Secret Snow	CONRAD AIKEN
Big Blonde	DOROTHY PARKER
The Arrow	CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
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The Little Girl from Town	RUTH SUCKOW
The Rich Boy	F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
The Body of an American	JOHN DOS PASSOS
A Rose for Emily	WILLIAM FAULKNER
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The Gambler, the Nun, and the Radio	ERNEST HEMINGWAY
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The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze	WILLIAM SAROYAN

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Study this booklet at your leisure; you may be surprised, for instance, to learn that belonging to the Club does not mean you have to pay any fixed sum each year; nor does it mean that you are obliged to take one book every month, twelve a year (you may take as few as four); nor are you ever obliged to take the specific book-of-the-month selected by the judges. You have complete freedom of choice at all times. You also participate in the Club's "book-dividends," of which over $1,250,000 were distributed among members last year alone.

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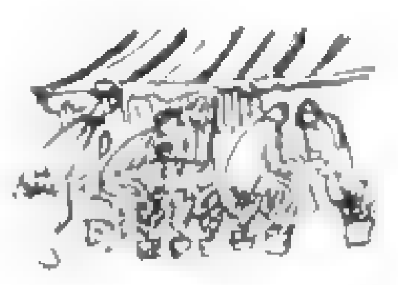
The Starlight Roof of the Waldorf Astoria has Wayne King playing the arrangements of radio favorites ... The Park Lane, with Pancho and his orchestra, still attracts a certain younger set. (They have taken down the pillow slip coverings from the chandeliers, goody for me.) The One Hundred Club, recruited from this year's "debs" under the guidance of Mrs. Sumner W. Taylor, meets every Wednesday night ... The ice floor with its beautiful skaters, has proven just the thing for the tired traveller at the Hotel New Yorker ... The food and the view from the Marine Roof of the Hotel Bossert, Brooklyn, is worth going miles to enjoy ... The Astor changes bands now and then and seems happy with its new roof ... The Pennsylvania and the McAlpin have their own roof enthusiasts ... Even the Lincoln goes in for gayety.

Jones Beach has been pretty fancy this summer. Not content with the swellest *digue* in the world they have taken on opera singers and ballet girls to dance on the waves. Nevertheless, it is still an enjoyable place to go and a must on your educational-tourist list ... The Atlantic Beach with its Merry Go Round Club, has also proved one of the exhilarating resorts ... Luna Park, with its Fair imitations, has picked up greatly.

Places we never tire of, for our stomach's sake: Lakeville Manor Inn, at Great Neck, duck or chicken about the best in the world; The Brevoort Cafe on Fifth at Eighth Street; Robert, 33 West Fifty-fifth Street, suave food and wines; Mascotte, 19 East Sixtieth, something to tell your grandchildren about; Rumplemeyers, in the St. Moritz Hotel, eating a tray of pastry at noon; Theodore, 2 East Fifty-sixth, as good as Paris; Gripsholm, 324 East Fifty-seventh, Swedish roundelay of the highest order with good wines.

The Mon Paris Room of the Monmouth County Country Club is well worth the trip down. The place, plainly marked, lies out of Eatontown, N. J. It is under the direction of Guido and the handsome Albert still takes your reservations. That should be enough, if you knew the place in New York. The room itself is one of the most successful ever achieved by the decorators who have flowered under repeal. A circular affair, it has a roof open to the sky, fake stars in a cerulean blue ceil blending with the original everlasting stage set above. On a moonlight night, it is something. Assorted bands keep going while the smart countryside dances. The food is excellent, as is the cellar. In the afternoons you can play bridge or sip your drink by the blue-tiled pool. You can even swim if you wish.



We paid a sentimental visit to Hoboken to see if the seacost of Bohemia is anything like it was in the days that Chris Morley and Cleon Throckmorton ruled over that free state. The Hofbrauhaus is still there, in the Central Hotel, 200 River Street, still serving the solid German food at a moderate price. The wine list is limited, the place relying upon its beer, domestic and import ... Around the corner, and up a block, is Meyers. The price range is lower and the atmosphere more bohemian. When we were there they still sang "Das is ein" something or other, until the steins ran dry. The trip over is easy, by Holland tunnel, if by motor, by Thirty-second Street tube or by ferry from Twenty-third Street, cooling and thrilling on a hot Manhattan night.

One of the popular meeting places for business men is the Barclay, Lexington Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. The excellent luncheon is served in cool and distinguished surroundings to the accompaniment of soft strings. The bar has a popular cocktail hour following.

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If you are lucky enough to have friends sailing on a boat of the French line who can invite you to dinner, say to the Normandie, don't refuse. It is an experience to be had nowhere else. We fell across just the run of the kitchen as served to the passengers, and have no complaints. After a consomme madrilene, there was a turbot in a delicious white sauce, with that rare Alsatian wine. Then poulet cocotte with a stuffing that is to be remembered on less fortunate days, eased down with Chateauneuf-du-pape, '26. Romain salad, then a peach melba and brandy and Calvados and coffee and Calvados and—But you get the idea. If we have forgotten anything it is because we remembered the Calvados.

Those who run the Rockefellers' imposing monument on Fifth Avenue, have evidently decided that man's greatest need, next to oil, is food. Having exhausted all the available space for eateries they have sublet some of the air; the sunken gardens have been turned into a pleasant cafe. There, under the spray from Prometheus Unihibited, you may dine or drink, weather permitting. The elements being against you, there are two shelters: the one on the north being all British in decor and the one on the south with a French bloom. The kitchen, under the direction of Rene Durand, who runs the Louis XIV nearby, is excellent. It is all very gay and an addition to the tourist map, which all of us have to study now that we have become so continental.

The meal of the month was undoubtedly encountered at the Louis XIV restaurant in Rockefeller Center. The music is soft and from the old operas, the air is quiet and it is not unlike dining in the old Voisin's in Paris. We started with a maison specialty, caviare with chopped celery and tomatoes and anchovy. This was brought on, to wonderment of other guests, astride a huge ice fish, alone worth the price of admission. We skipped the soup and went right into a chicken fricasee, Hungarian, followed by giant asparagus with sauce Hollandaise. We finished with stewed red cherries on ice cream, coffee and brandy. The wine we selected was Pouilly Fousse, not that we haven't imagination, but it is fast becoming our favorite white Burgundy. The place is for epicures and those who dine leisurely and well.

The city is filled with good places to eat to suit the various purses. For the ordinary "going places," no great harm is done if you miss now and then or come to a difference of opinion with your guide. But for steady dining-out, the New Yorker learns his taste and sticks to it. La Lanterne, 153 East Fifty-sixth Street, as piloted by the genial "Joe" has a well-earned following. The food is of the better French sort, from the excellent hors d'oeuvres to the stewed fruit. The cellar is medium but good.

God is still the best decorator. The park side of the new Promenade and Casino of the Essex House, is away ahead of the other walls. After much trial the hotel has knocked down a solid wall and now joins the legion of sidewalk cafes. It is a happy addition to that street.

An excellent place for food (decorations, McKinley period) is Shell's Chateau, on Mt. Pleasant Avenue, West Orange. Coming up from the coast, Shell has established a deserved reputation for better food on the heavy side... The Jabberwock, as its name indicates, is almost a shoppe. It lies on Prospect Avenue, West Orange. In time it may mature and find its following.

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And His Orchestra

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SUPPER-DANCING

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RAPHAEL
Concertina Virtuoso
BASIL FOMEEN
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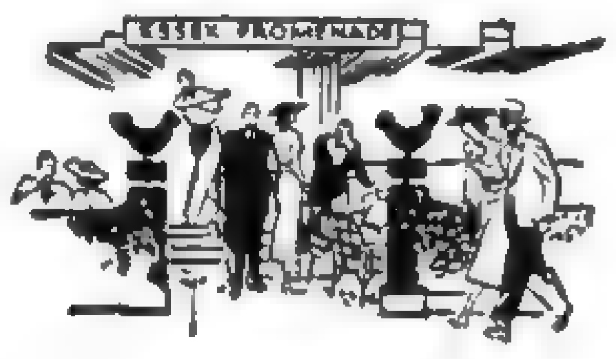

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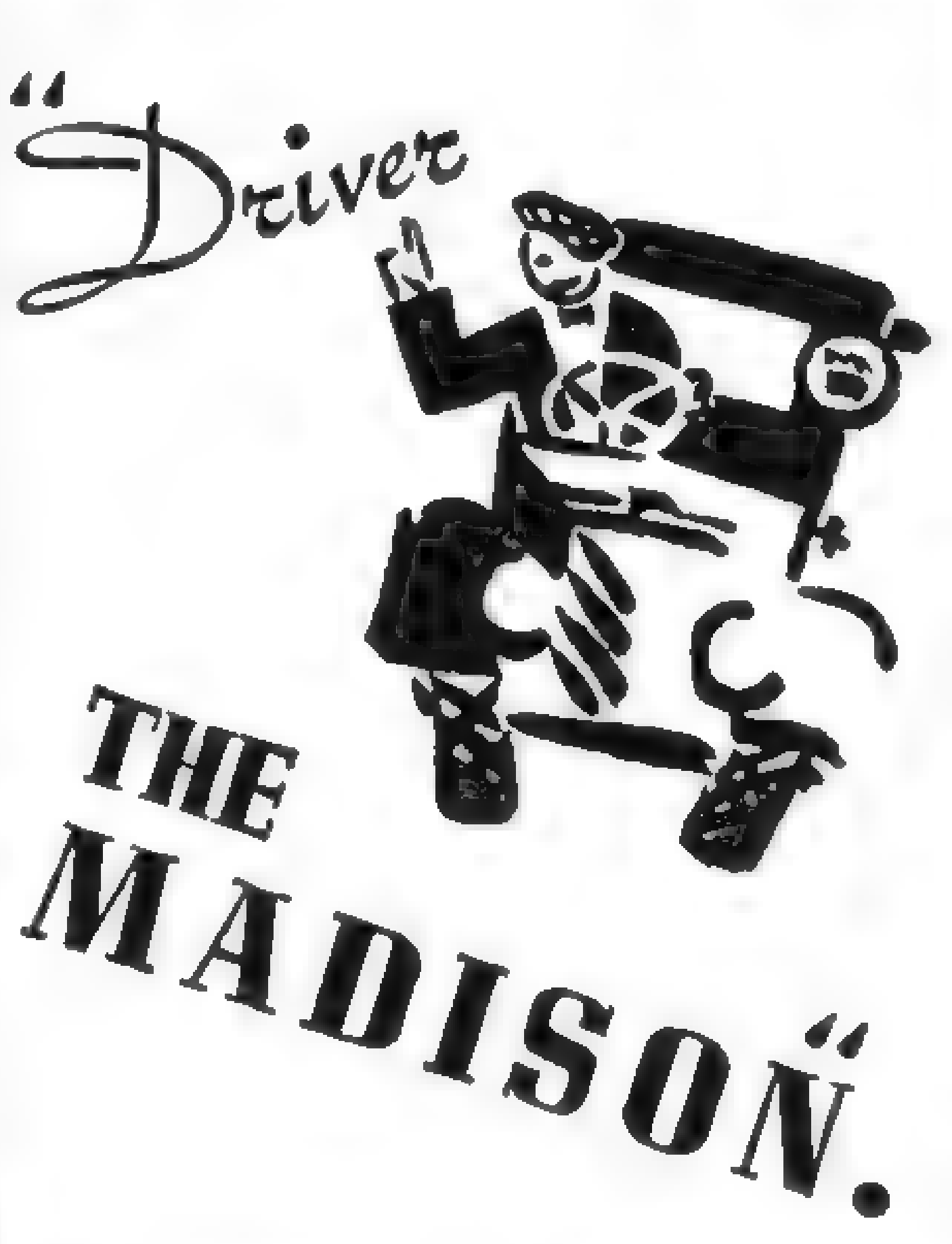
In New York it's



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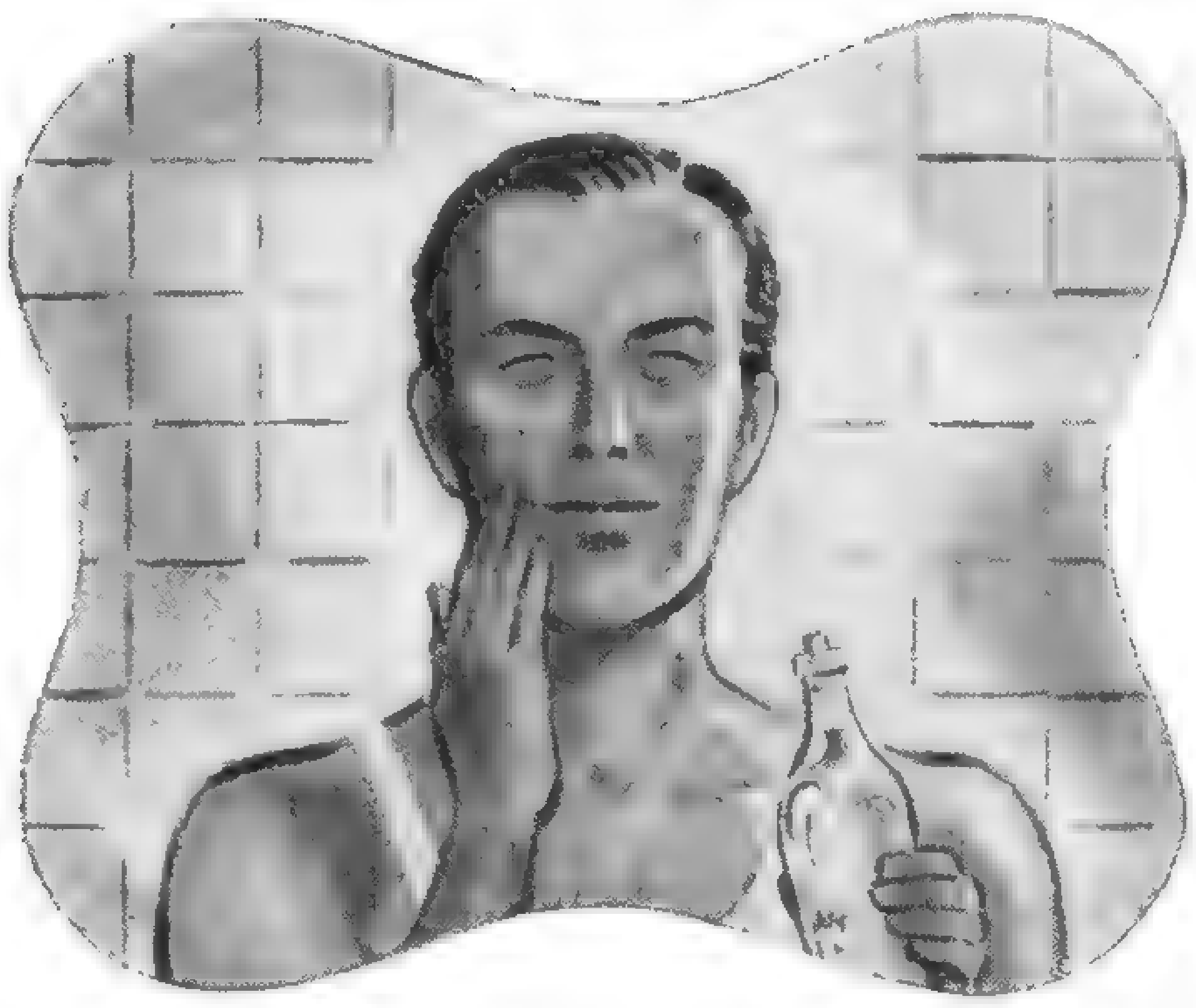
Makes shaving quicker and easier by stiffening the soft beard bristles.



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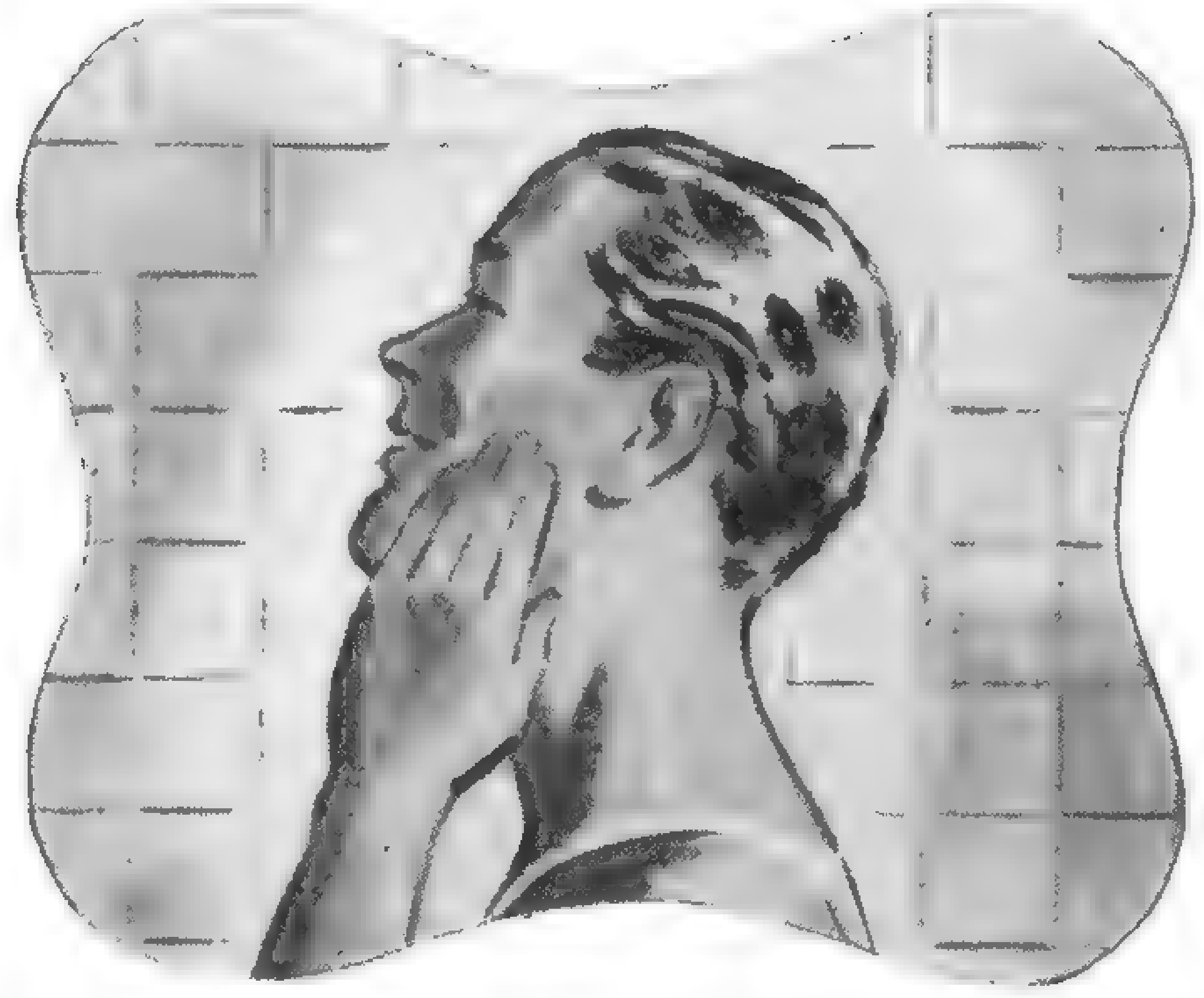
A matchless finish—assures comfort and also allays irritation.



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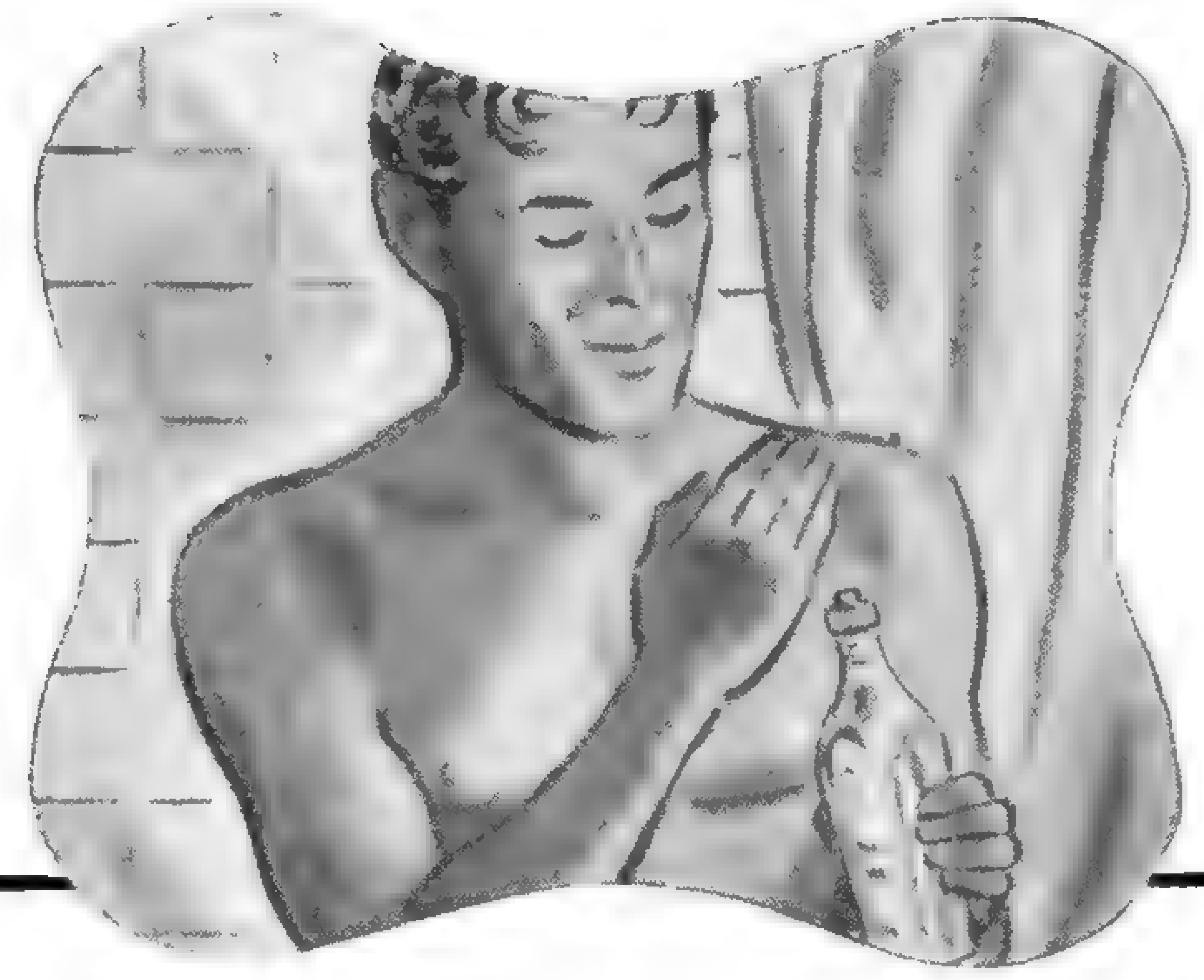

Let Pinaud's Triple Purpose Lilac Vegetal perform these 3 services daily

The original Lilac Vegetal, by the French House of Pinaud, makes shaving quicker and easier by conditioning the beard. It tones and protects the face after shaving—soothes irritation. Lilac Vegetal is stimulating to the skin after a tub or shower. It affords protection before sports and exposure—quickly refreshes afterward. Its clean, dry fragrance is approved by gentlemen all over the world.

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Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal prepares the beard—makes shaving easier. It is cooling and soothing after shaving.

Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal Shaving Cream. A luxuriant and quick lathering cream.

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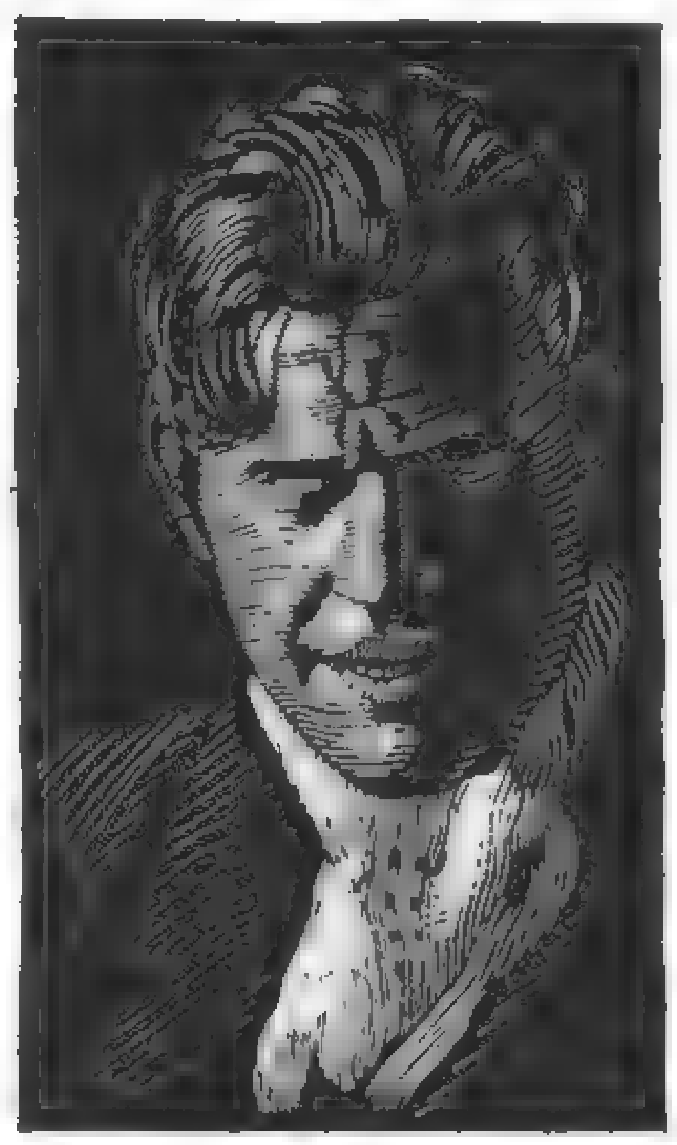
PARIS NEW YORK

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

A touching evidence of the present day tarnish on the fair rewards of literary fame came to us in the form of the following letter from Jesse Stuart, currently one of the most highly acclaimed operatives in the field of poetry and the short story, upon our acceptance of *Uncle Fonse Laughed*, one of the best stories ever to appear in these pages:

"One of the most unexpected things I've ever had to happen in my life was the acceptance of *Uncle Fonse Laughed*. I've been walking in the wind. I wrote you a letter, and had it at the post office to mail. I didn't have postage for all my letters and I used the fifty-two cents I had sending out three manuscripts. I lacked two cents then having enough money to send the manuscripts.

"I walked down the street and the county health nurse—a girl of about my age—handed me my mail she'd collected at Taylor—(post office where I used to teach school) and she said: 'I think you've got a letter from Esquire.' I saw it was a check. I ripped the envelope open and grabbed the nurse and spun her around two or three times. She didn't know what was wrong. And I said: 'Come on let's celebrate.' Well, the funny thing was we drove away in her car to Ashland, Kentucky, and I couldn't get the check cashed. We were in just as bad a spot. But, Lord, how proud I was with Certainty in my pocket to pay my little bills and have a few dollars. I've always wanted to make Esquire but I've never expected to make it. I've felt like it's too sophisticated and I'm too countrified. But the magazine is so masculine—and I like it. I've always liked it and I've bought copy after copy when I've had money and when I've been out of the country where I live, near a newsstand. Thanks a million for the check. I'm walking on wind!


Jesse Stuart

Always,

Riverton, Ky. Jesse Stuart

"P. S.—I've been hard up. The land we are farming is hot and dry and it doesn't look like we are going to raise a thing unless we can get rain. We can't go much longer without rain! Pastures are burned to the earth. It's mighty discouraging."

•

Incidentally, Mr. Stuart apparently doesn't count poetry, when he speaks of making Esquire with *Uncle Fonse Laughed*, because as recently as the June issue we featured as a double spread his *Ballad of Lonesome Waters*.

•

Burton Rascoe, who has time for everything, contributes this bit of consumers' research as a field report to supplement Murdock Pemberton's Department, *Painting the Town with Esquire:*

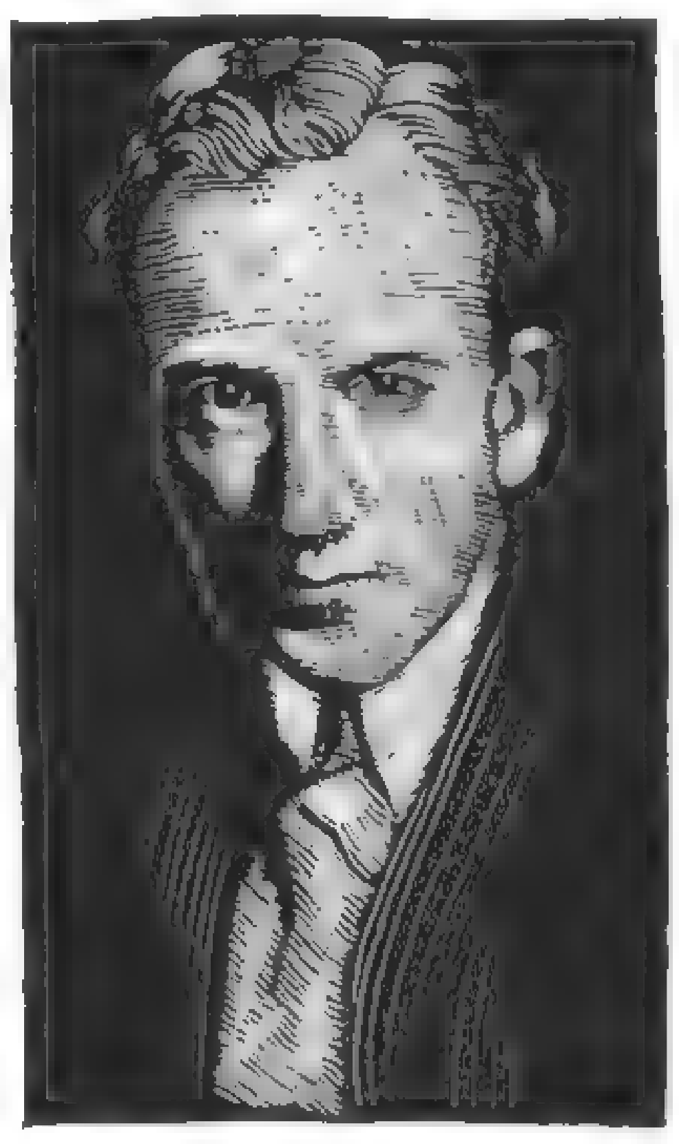
"I read *Painting the Town with Esquire* and as a result had dinner last night on the Marine Roof of the Bossert in Brooklyn, which does command the most beautiful view of the harbor and of the Manhattan skyline to be obtained anywhere: the food is good and the price is reasonable, but, what your reporter did not mention, the headwaiter is an unbearably insolent fathead. He was merely abrupt to me but I saw him act so insultingly to a well mannered party of four that the leader of the party had to call him down. The man had just come in and asked, 'Four, please,' and the headwaiter barked at him 'Haven't got any tables,' although there were at least six unoccupied tables in various parts of the room. The headwaiter started to walk unconcernedly away, leaving the customer to fend for himself. I should have grabbed the headwaiter by the scruff of the neck, kneed him in the buttocks, kicked over a few chairs and left the place, but the man apparently did not want to embarrass his guests and merely called the waiter down.

"I was glad to see the roast your reporter gave the Claremont, and I am wondering if, in giving the Riviera across the Washington Bridge a clean bill of health, the place has reformed. It was so notoriously high-priced when I was there last about two years ago that it was denounced by Lipstick in the *New Yorker* and by several of the columnists. Your reporter should indicate something about the prices obtained at the Riviera, for if they have been reduced, people who like the view might wish to return there; but if the prices are the same as they used to be you will probably get a lot of squawks from customers directed to the joint through your columns. It used to be that two people merely ordering a sandwich and a bottle of gingerale would get stuck about $18., whereas anything resembling a meal with drinks would run to about $30.

"My compliments to the bird who does the stuff for you; he has a nice casual informed and informative manner, not smarty-smarty."

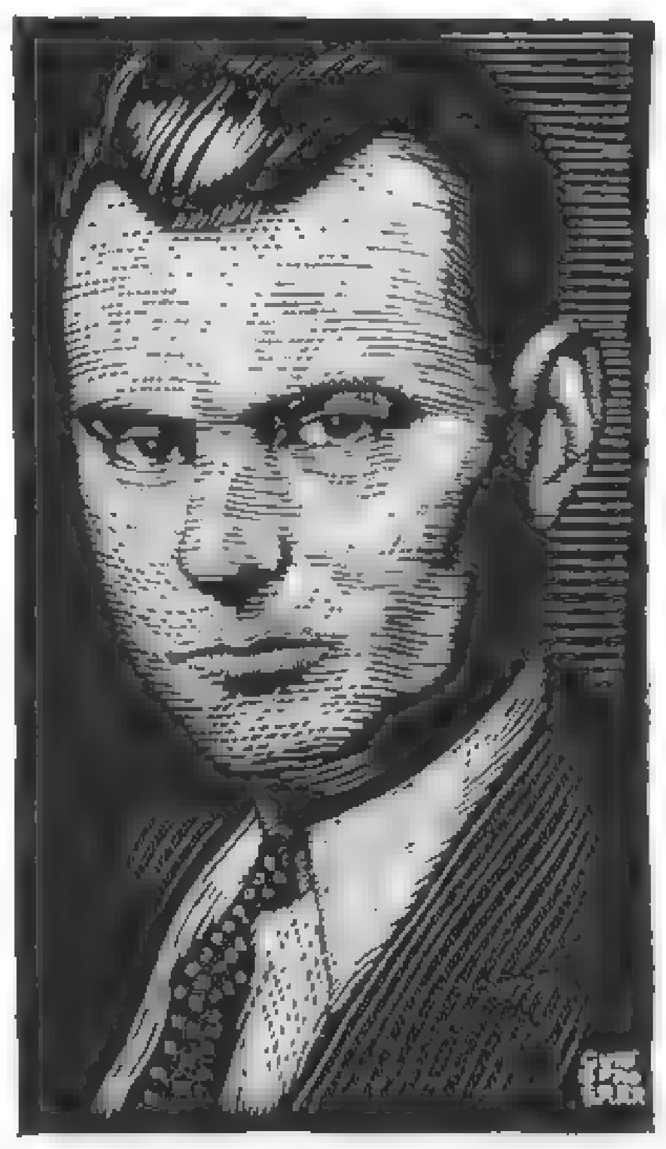
•

Vardis Fisher (*An Essay for Men*, page 35) is the author of a tetralogy comprised of: *In Tragic Life*, *Passions Spin the Plot*, *We Are Betrayed* and *No Villain Need Be*. The first of the series, *In Tragic Life*, was rejected by half a dozen Eastern publishers because it was, as one of them put it, too strong meat for their table. It was brought out by the Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho and finally issued by Doubleday, Doran. His first book, *Sonnets to an Imaginary Madonna*, was published in 1927, while he was still in school at the University of Utah. He was an instructor in English at that university for three years, and also at New York University. He received his A. M. from the University of Chicago and was advised by Robert Herrick, the novelist, who was one of his instructors, to give up the idea of producing fiction because he would "never write a novel worth opening." He says that among the influences which have touched his life are, "the Bible, puritans and moralists, college teachers of all sorts, and a persistent observation of my fellows."


Vardis Fisher

•

Lawrence Wakefield is our Discovery of the Month. His story, *The Ambuscade*, is on page 47. He says: "I was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan where I first became known among the neighbors as 'Big Ben,' by the regularity with which I woke every morning promptly at six and yelled lustily for the bottle. Most of my early youth was spent in Chicago and Evanston—a great trial both to myself and to my parents. Attended Oberlin College in Ohio under the delusion that I might, in that way, prepare myself for an advertising career; quit school after two years because college suddenly seemed unimportant; flirted with the idea of becoming a militant communist, but decided I wouldn't look well with a Bughouse Square haircut—so I fell in love and got a job as copywriter in an advertising agency. Right now I am entering a crucial phase of my life. Ten or fifteen years from now, if asked for biographical material, I shall probably be able to say that I have a wife, two children, a job, and the fond hope that if I continued to write with enough persistence eventually I may sell another story."


Creighton Peet

•

Creighton Peet, author of the article, *Hollywood at War—1915-1918*, believes in pictures, believe it or not. He has published two photographic books for children: *Mike the Cat* and *Captain Petty and Sailor Chips*. "Pictures," he says, "either moving or still, are much more powerful than printed words." Mr. Peet is a New Yorker. For seven years he reviewed movies on such publications as the *New York Evening Post*, the old *Outlook* and the *Stage Magazine*.

•

Byron Bishop says: "I am now living in California. And please could you refrain from wisecracks, allegorical remarks and literary pastrami in connection with any notice? Thank you. After all, California is not Illinois and the Red Squad is what all the football players look forward to after graduation. So no comments . . . ? (Ah, Utopia)."

•

The Atlantic Monthly may be, as it repeatedly implies, the most quoted periodical in America, and under the impetus of the classic, *And Sudden Death*, *The Reader's Digest* may be for all we know to the contrary, the most talked about of American magazines, but of one rather dubious little distinction Esq still seems sure—this is the most persistently swiped magazine in the world. Every month we are besieged by letters from subscribers complaining that somebody has glommed onto their copy of the current issue before they could get it out of the mail box. One fellow writes, triumphantly, of having solved the problem after months of annoyance. The solution is so simple that it seems silly to use up space in passing it on, but here's all there is to it. The postman always rings twice, two short sharp rings, on the day when he deposits Esquire in this man's box. The man rushes right out and grabs it before anyone else has a chance. The rest of the month the postman is silent. The method is recommended in chronic cases of Esq's mysterious monthly non-appearance.

•

E. R. Vadeboncoeur (*I Beat the Races*, page 87) likes very much to sleep. He sleeps at concerts, at his typewriter, at bridge tables and, once, at the wheel of his car with loud and expensive consequences. One of his hobbies is trying to make champions out of round-heeled boxers who invariably have enormous appetites and virtually no fighting ability. He is married and has a daughter.

•

Norman Macleod (*Three Poems*, page 40) was born in Salem, Oregon thirty years ago. After spending two weeks in that town, he was carted off to London, and before he was six years old he crossed the ocean twelve times. He was American editor of two trilingual advance guard reviews, *Front* (Den Haag, Holland) and *The Morada* (Lago di Garda, Italy). He has been on the staff of *New Masses* and the *Moscow Daily News*. Two years ago he was incarcerated in the Maison D'Arret de la Sante for *chanter l'Internationale* and skipped the country on bail. He worked for awhile "as factotum and reader, etc., stencil cleaner and what not for Harper Brothers." He is against marriage and likes children in the abstract. He has published two books of poems, *Horizons of Death* and *Thanksgiving Before November*.

•

Peter Granger says: "My interest in automobile racing is keen, but detached. My only personal experience was having once bought a racing car. When I removed the wires and clothespins holding the engine together it wouldn't work very well. Wouldn't work at all. Feel more friendly toward the seller than otherwise, however. If the car had worked, I might have been killed in it."

•

Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov (*The Undesirable*, page 132) not only work together—they go to concerts and theatres together and travel together. They have two wives and two children "one apiece each." Before they started writing, Ilf was a telephone mechanic and a skilled worker in an aviation factory; Petrov was an examiner in courts of justice. They have written two books, a comic novel entitled *Twelve Chairs* and a Soviet best seller entitled *The Golden Calf*.

•

Abel Green (*The Variety Mugg*, page 64) was 36 in June, and has been half that many years a *Variety* Mugg. He is managing editor of that paper. He has published popular song lyrics and with Sam Coslow he wrote probably the first theme song, titled *Daddies*, for the David Belasco stage production of that name. He has written a book, *Inside Stuff on How to Write Popular Songs*, a Tin Pan Alley standard on debunking the song sharks and disillusioning the stage-struck and amateur songsmiths. He is married, and has no children.

•

Wolfe Kaufman (*Three Men on a Nickel*, page 53) is another *Variety* mugg, and the author of a novel, *Tender Cheeks*. He originally called his current story *If I Had a Nickel;* we changed the title to its present form, he objected, but the story had gone to press, so he was stuck with it.

Continued on page 28

The Perfection of Taste

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AGED IN CHARRED OAK CASKS

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SEAGRAM'S "V.O." is always in perfect social taste — either straight or mixed. Delicately mild, authoritative with age and mellowness, "V.O." satisfies more tastes than any other whiskey. It has shared in distinguished American hospitality more often than any other fine old whiskey.

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Alfred C. Houser (*Crime and the Deacon*, page 96) is a former Chicago newspaper reporter who gave up what he now thinks might have been a promising journalistic career for the more lucrative (so he thought) business of ad writing. He says he now has a steady job writing fiction which passes for "good sound selling copy." And he occasionally gets a story into the pulps under the alias, "Dayne Knight." "*The Yellow Kid*, whom I met socially through Lieut. John Howe of the Chicago Police Department," he says, "is the outgrowth of an implacable urge to write pieces for the paper so incredibly truthful they sound like a passel of lies.

•

An interesting echo to the Ambrose Bierce case which is of lively interest to Esquire readers since the embarrassing incident of *The Perlu* and since the article on Bierce's last days, is the following:

"Just read the article on death of Ambrose Bierce by Tom Mahoney in your February issue.

"I knew Bierce, and so resembled his son that one often was blamed for what the other did.

"Have been in Mexico and California and have heard Bierce's probable end discussed many times.

"I think that Mr. Mahoney's version is probably correct as far as it goes, but, knowing Bierce, I am convinced that the story I heard was the McCoy.

"Bierce was one of those persons who always wanted to tell everybody how to do everything. The fact that his letters hinted at suicide doesn't mean a thing. Bierce constantly dramatized himself.

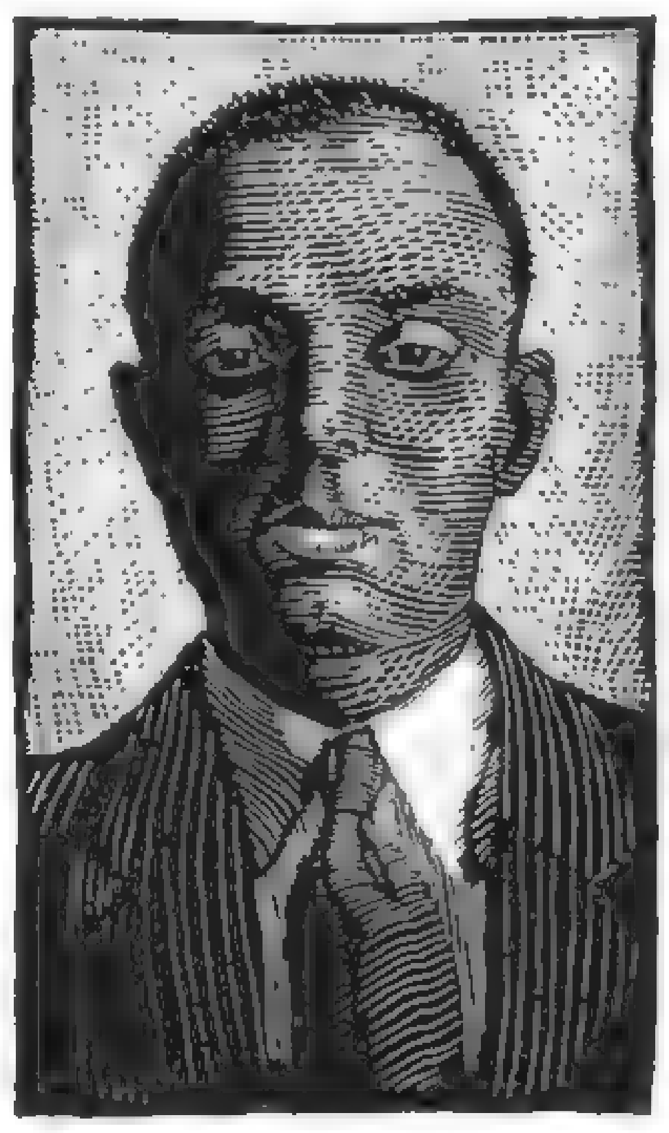
"I was told by a Mex official that Bierce was with one of the battling columns. He insisted on giving the commanding officer advice on how to act. Kept this up, and continued to tell the Mex his business until the officer, exasperated, gunned him. This may have happened before the scrap mentioned by Mahoney, but I am thoroughly convinced that it is the true story, for it is in character.

"Men who knew Bierce and who know the Mahoney version accept the one I offer."

Cordially,
Cornell Greening
New York, N. Y.

•

Chester B. Himes has contributed a swell story to this issue, *The Visiting Hour*, which you'll find on page 76. His first story to appear in a large national publication ran in our August, 1934 issue—*Crazy in the Stir*. Another of his stories, *To What Red Hell*, appeared in the October, 1934 Esquire. Mr. Himes lives in Columbus, Ohio.



Chester B. Himes

•

S. Kryvicky (*When We Get Married*, page 51) is an American Ukrainian, twenty-five years old. His home is in Detroit. He says, "I spend my days at this typewriter and nights among flying flywheels, whining belts, and silver cylinders that spin so swiftly they appear stationary. I am unmarried. Uneducated in most spots. And I will walk nearly half a block to join any kind of argument."

•

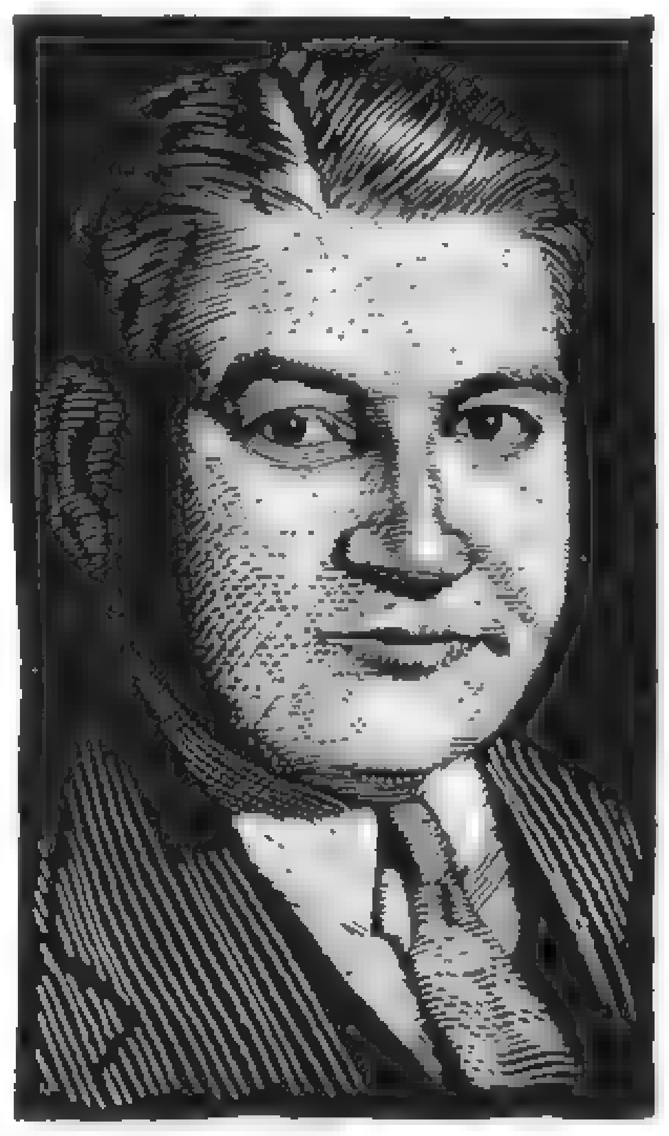
Carl Raswan ("*The Morning Star*," page 117) was born in Reichstadt, Saxony, the son of a Hungarian mother and a German father, and educated at the Royal Wettin Gymnasium. During the war Raswan served in the German cavalry and with the Turkish armies and later in Russia. He once barely escaped with his life when his train was blown up in Transjordania by the late Col. Lawrence. He has written two books: *The Arab and His Horse*, and *Black Tents of Arabia*.

•

Herb Graffis, writing to us about *A Breast of the Times*, page 39, says: "You will note (I hope) that there are no alley fence words in this piece and it is strictly scientific literature because it mentions Ellis and Huxley; neither of whom have touched upon this subject to any extent; Ellis because his whiskers would tickle Exhibits A to Z into convulsions upon close inspection and Huxley because the guy is afraid of acquiring curvature of the spine."

•

Lynn Waldorf, (*The Vanishing All-American*, page 75) was selected as tackle on Walter Camp's second All-American team for 1922 and 1924. He has coached football, successively, at Oklahoma City University, the University of Kansas, Oklahoma A. and M., Kansas State, and finally and at present, at Northwestern, where his team won its first victory in 34 years over the dreaded Irish of Notre Dame. He is a great disappointment, however, to his father, Bishop E. L. Waldorf of the Methodist church. The bishop always wanted Lynn to enter the ministry.



Lynn Waldorf

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Since going to press with the Vardis Fisher *Essay for Men* on page 35, word has reached us of the sudden death of Cougar Dave Lewis, the nonagenarian mountain lion killer who was very much alive a few weeks ago when Fisher wrote about him in this piece. Cougar Dave had not seen a hospital in over half a century until just the other day when he hiked from his cabin on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River to Edwardsburg. From there he was taken to a hospital in Boise, where he died of a heart attack the next morning. The passing of one of Idaho's most colorful characters changes a large portion of Mr. Fisher's essay from a salute to a memorial.

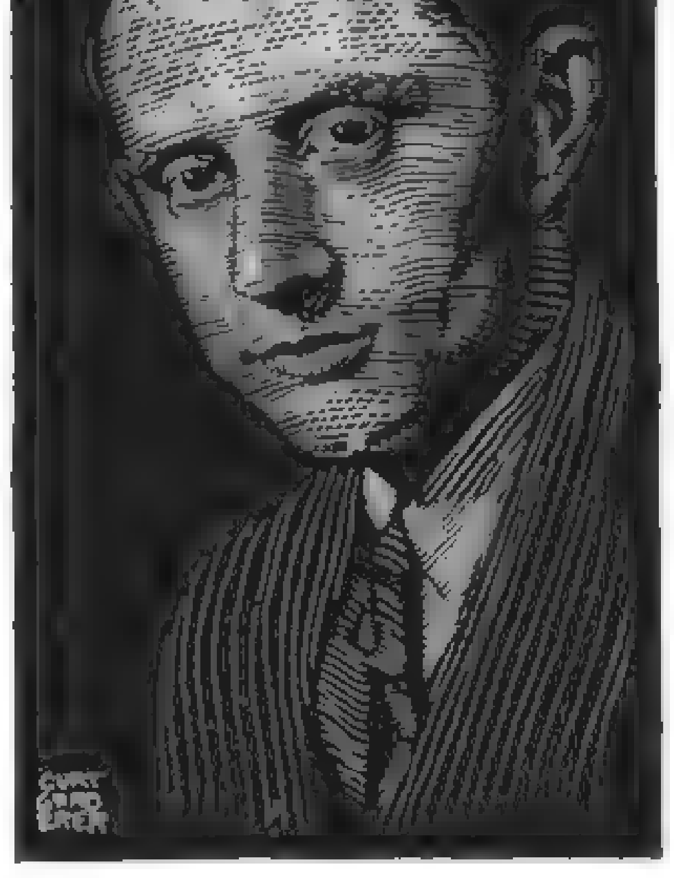
•

Just about a year ago we were given a small advertisement by the Tourist Department of the South African Railways, advertising a tour for we forget now how many thousands of dollars, but anyway it was well above the price of all but the most expensive of custom built automobiles. Say the price of one ticket for this tour ran as high in thousands as the cost of the ad space itself ran in hundreds. We got the ad on the distinct understanding that if the sale of one (1) ticket could be directly attributed to the ad we would get another ad sometime. Otherwise, that would be the last we'd hear from the South African Railways. Well, Ripley, what do you suppose? Here we've just been looking through the back pages of this issue by way of kissing it goodnight and putting it to bed, and what do we see but another ad from the South Africans. Somebody bought a ticket. We wonder who. We try to imagine the scene but it just won't come clear. We have nothing to go by, of course, but we see him as a big man with a red face, wearing a hundred dollar panama hat. He steps up to the counter and says "I'll take one of those tours," as he starts thumbing off thousand dollar bills, "that you advertised in Esquire." (It doesn't sound convincing somehow, even to us.) We concentrate, very hard, to try to get the picture a little clearer. The clerk is a pale little man with thinning hair, wearing a black alpaca coat. The clerk says "Huh?" The man repeats his remark, including the mention of the magazine. Now there is a slight delay. And then the clerk says, "Yes sir, right away, sir, just as soon as I change my underwear."

•

Social Note: Carleton Smith is visiting John McCormick in Ireland, despite his last year's article, *Why Is a Tenor?*, and will whip over to Austria to attend the Salzburg Festival.

Meanwhile, NBC officials trying to locate him seem to keep locating two of him. That is they keep establishing alternate contacts with two Carleton Smiths who are now in Europe and finally they asked our help in trying to determine which, if either, was our Carleton Smith. When, stuck for any identifying device that would be useful at long range communication, we let it slip that our Carleton might be neither, since there are five Carleton Smiths all of whom are more or less directly connected with radio, through musical interests and activities, and all of whom, for all we know, may now be in Europe, we could tell that the poor people at NBC thought we were trying to make an Esquire gag of the whole idea. We once promised to tell all about the five Carleton Smiths in these columns, but we got too mixed up. We also tried to tell NBC about them, but got nowhere. "Yeah," said the man on the phone, "and I suppose one of them is the author of *The Perlu* and one is S. Choirboy and"—then it seemed that we were somehow cut off.



Carleton Smith

•

Louis Paul has gone back to Hollywood again. He says it's only an interlude and that he won't give up writing for picture-making, which is what another Esquire discovery, Michael Fessier, has apparently done. Both boys are in the big money now, and we never tire of bragging about them.

But it's been a long spell since Fessier has sent us anything. He's an associate producer now. Louis Paul has kept coming through nobly, however, and one of his satiric gems, in the same bravura vein as his unforgettable *Friendly Spirit Must Triumph*, is *Respect of the Lawr* on page 45. Incidentally, if you like *Respect of the Lawr* it's ten to one you'll be crazy about Louis Paul's new novel *A Horse in Arizona* which is neither about a horse nor about Arizona but is a breakneck-paced and rollicking extravaganza about life at large.

Victor Thaddeus has a little bookshop in the woods at Arden, Delaware, from which each year he sends out very distinctive Christmas cards. We were so pleased with the one he sent us last Christmas that we sat right down and wrote him a letter telling him so, thus muscling our way into what seems to be a very small club, The Acknowledgers of Victor Thaddeus' Christmas Cards. The only other members for the 1935 season, he told us, were the then Prince of Wales and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

•

Here's a sad story:

"Sir:

My mother thinks I'm funny and that, sir, is news. She thinks I'm a humorist or satirist or something and she can't understand why I don't take my place among the Messrs. Sullivan, Thurber, Benchley and Forsythe.

'Look at Esquire,' she commands, pointing to your book opened before me on the butter bowl, 'have you ever read stuff like yours in that magazine?'

'No, Ma,' I say trusting I have acquitted myself nobly and salvaged the reputation of Esquire in one stroke.

But that is only the beginning for Ma.

She then assails me; tells me how good I am in order to show me how really stupid I am for depriving you of my valuable material.

'At least, send your articles to them and see what happens,' she insists.

I feebly explain the consequences only to be told she could use rejections to show the neighbors why her son sits up late nights while his wife sleeps at the foot of the stairs in the hall.

'The whole neighborhood is talking about the way we litter up the streets with sheets of typewritten paper,' Ma announced this morning, 'and unless you send off some of your stuff today I'll put you out of my house and burn your wife.'

She looked serious, so I'm sending you two samples—the first I laid hands on.

I've got many, many more. In fact, I've covered the arts and sciences in my Critique and I might say the accumulation bids fair to establish my reputation as a prolific author if my mother carries out her plan with the rejections.

The neighborhood will soon be proud of me. I do hope your rejection slips are as colorful as your magazine; but then I also hope you could feel like Ma about my stuff.

Her obedient
servant,
Paul Warner
Brooklyn, N. Y."

Now comes the sad part. After we read the foregoing we were so anxious to agree with Ma that we hardly dared read the scripts, for fear we might not like them. And sure enough, we didn't.

They went back with our customary hand-scribbled note of rejection, the scrawl in this instance being, we hope, decipherable as "Sorry, not for us, though clever."

But we still think Ma is right. Any boy who can write a letter like that can write for Esquire, eventually if not now. So we thought we'd better tell you about Paul Warner, just so you'll know him when he sends us something that *is* for us, however clever.

IT'S A TOPCOAT IN FALL
IT'S AN OVERCOAT IN WINTER
©1936 By C. B. Shane Corp.

THE COAT SENSATION OF THE CENTURY

Season Skipper

Years of striving and searching, of experiment and experience have been crowned with success. You may now have a practical stylish combination topcoat and overcoat — *two coats in one* — the Season Skipper.

It fits and drapes perfectly, both as a topcoat and as an overcoat. The difference is only in weight and warmth, a difference that *you control* and adjust to the changes in the weather.

The Season Skipper is a boon to the man who travels. The wool lining is taken along in his bag, ready to be set in place if a change of weather demands more warmth.

A single, swift movement of the wrist slides the wool lining in or out of place. No bulky buttons or bumpy snaps to bother with.

The Season Skipper is expertly tailored in a variety of smart, new styles and exclusive fabrics.

See the Season Skipper at your dealer.

The Season Skipper wool lining half out.

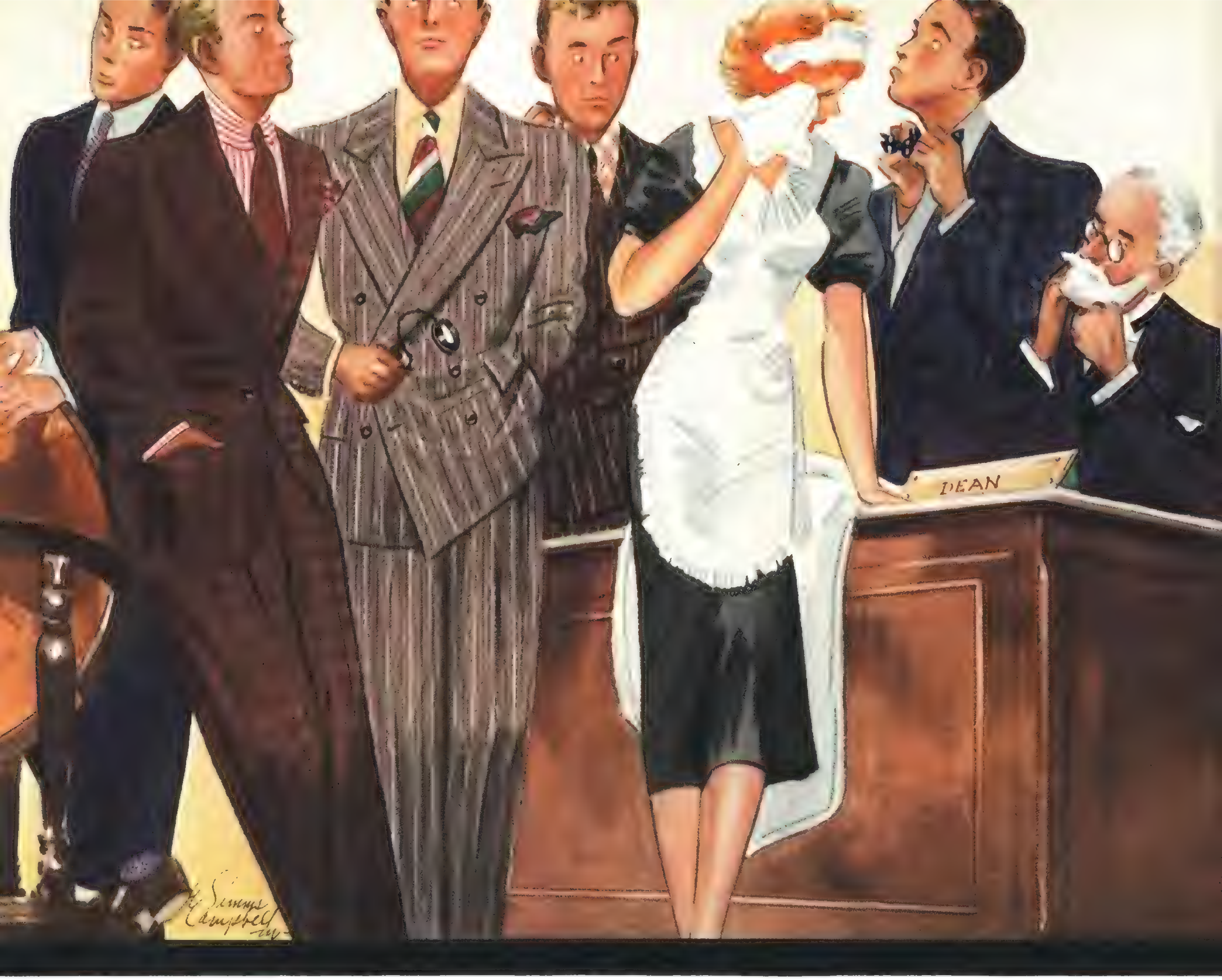
LONDON The Season Skipper in a single breasted, English Raglan.

BALMOOR The Season Skipper in a raglan with Military collar.

HIGHWAY The Season Skipper in the correct double breasted.

BRADFORD The Season Skipper in the correct fly front Chesterfield.

CHICAGO C. B. SHANE CORPORATION NEW YORK



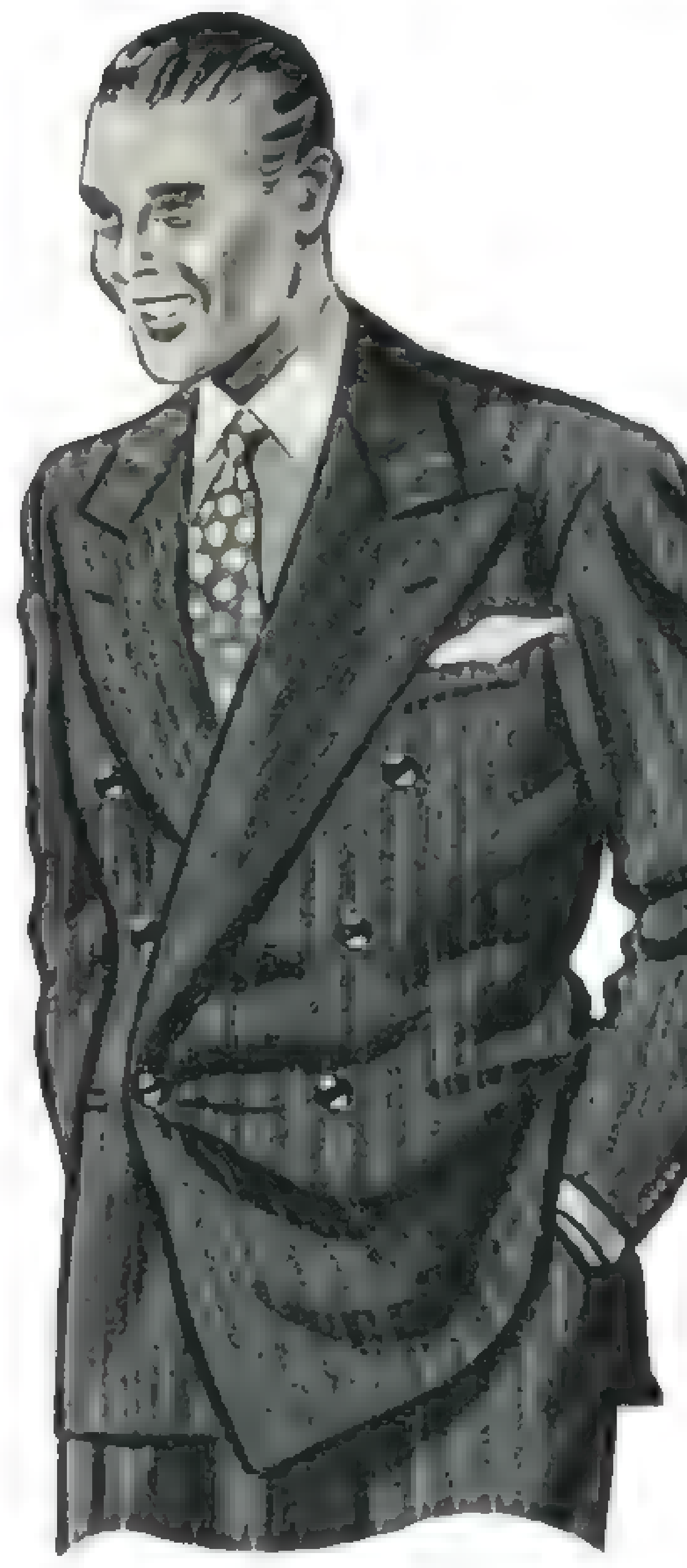
"He had a red sport roadster; he wore a Hart Schaffner & Marx suit; and he made me walk home!"

FORTUNATELY not all the boys on the firing line own red roadsters. But it's the positive identification of the Hart Schaffner & Marx suit that seems to be troubling them!

Why even the Dean looks a little flustered—he hasn't worn anything but Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes since *he* went to college.

And he's not an unusual example; because young men, today, are learning what their fathers have known for years—that Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes are constantly a jump ahead in style and that Hart Schaffner & Marx prices always fit nicely into their allowances. Or at least, they don't cause too much of an argument when they show up on the family charge account.

Actually—it's *not* expensive to be well-dressed—in Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes!



CHEERIO STRIPES

—are the smash hit of the fall season! Young men, particularly, like these colorful clusters of stripings. And designed as they are, on rich backgrounds of dusted blue, deep brown and warm gray, Cheerios definitely introduce an entirely new note in men's clothing patterns! See them at your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer.

Shown here is the famed side-vent model, the Windsor, which has made history since it was introduced by the Duke of Kent last season. Notice the smart, easy manner in which this well-tailored coat rolls gracefully to the bottom button.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR ... A BIG THING TO FIND

Woman, the Pet of the Law

Beginning a crusade in quest of *Equal Rights for Men* and against skirt-blinded justice

by HARRY HIBSCHMAN

ARTICLE ▪

Women several hundred years ago, according to Bishop Aylmer, preaching before Queen Elizabeth, were looked upon as "fond, foolish, wanton Flibbergibs—evil-tongued, worse-minded, and in every way doltified with the dregs of the Devil's dunghill."

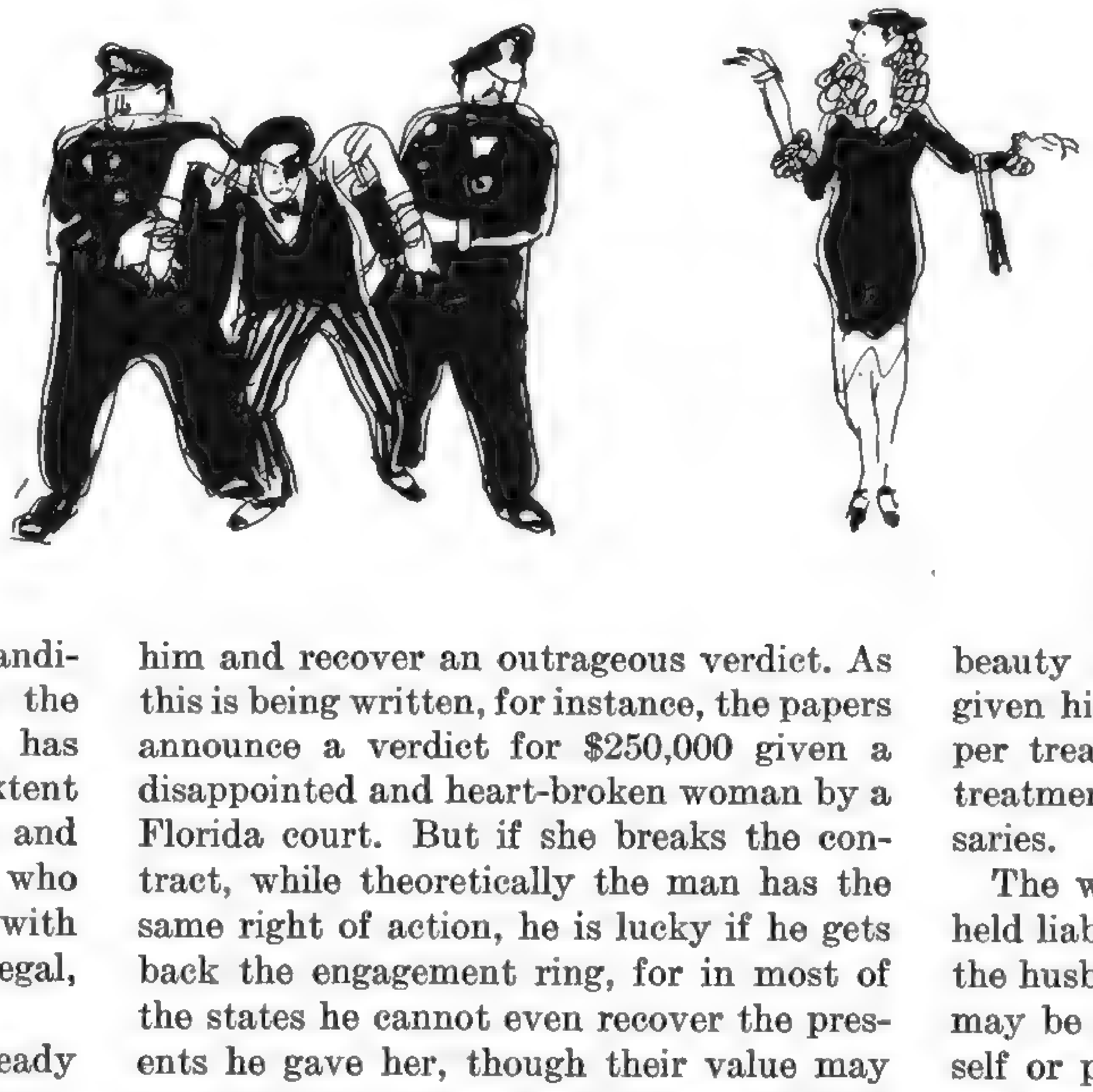
Reflecting this view, the common law, as Sir William Blackstone revealed in his *Commentaries*, the pabulum on which fledgling lawyers in this country were fed for a hundred years, most decidedly did subordinate the woman to the man. If, for instance, she was seduced, she could not sue the miscreant who had robbed her of her virtue, but her father could, on the theory that he had been robbed of something valuable and compensatable, to wit: —her services. And when she married, if we take the word of the great Sir William, her "very being or legal existence was suspended or at least incorporated and consolidated into that of her husband, under whose wing, protection and cover" she thereafter performed every act of her life, being now in a state known as "covert-baron, or under the protection and influence of her husband, her baron or lord." If, then, as wives sometimes would and will, she killed her baron or lord, the offense was more heinous than ordinary murder—it was akin to treason and her punishment was the same as that meted out to one who killed the King, to be drawn and burned alive. But, declared Sir William, "Even the disabilities which the wife lies under are for the most part intended for her protection and benefit. *So great a favorite is the female sex of the laws of England.*"

The female sex is still the favorite of the law, but in what a different sense! Making the utmost of her natural gifts and wiles, often like Lysistrata judicially withholding and giving at the crucial moment, woman has induced the man to alter and re-alter the law until today, not merely have the disabilities and handicaps under which she labored under the common law been removed, but she has become the pet of the law to such an extent that it now discriminates in her favor and even turns the tables and makes her who not long ago was classed by the law with infants, idiots and convicts, the man's legal, as well as actual, master.

Take the case of seduction. As already noted, at common law a woman could not sue for her own enticement from the path of virtue, partly because she was in the eyes of the law "a party to the wrongful act." This, for example, was held to be the law in New York as late as 1857. But it is different now. A woman may sue her alleged traducer and recover whatever a susceptible jury can be induced to give her. Yet, as the highest court of Oregon observed some years ago and as human experience teaches, "A woman is not liable to be seduced unless she contributes a little in some way to the general purposes of the case." And to make matters worse, in some states the same woman may be seduced more than once, though the very word "seduction" confines the act to a *chaste* woman.

But the law gives no similar relief to a poor innocent male who yields to temptation. A woman older in both years and experience may entice him and despoil him of his pristine purity and no legal balm will assuage his conscience or compensate him for his diminished value in the marital market as "damaged goods." Well did the Supreme Court of Iowa declare in 1915:—"The law seems more tender of the female than of the male, for no statute condemns a woman for having seduced a man from the paths of virtue. It is a matter of common knowledge, however, that many a youth has been led astray by the blandishments of fair women."

The single woman has a similar advantage over the man so far as the contract to marry is concerned. If he breaks it, she can sue him and recover an outrageous verdict. As this is being written, for instance, the papers announce a verdict for $250,000 given a disappointed and heart-broken woman by a Florida court. But if she breaks the contract, while theoretically the man has the same right of action, he is lucky if he gets back the engagement ring, for in most of the states he cannot even recover the presents he gave her, though their value may run into the thousands of dollars. And, if he dares to go into court, about all that he can expect is ridicule from the woman's lawyer and from the public and a verdict to pay the costs of the suit. It is the married woman, however, who has become the special pet of the law.



To begin with, though she comes to the altar penniless, she is entitled forthwith and henceforth to be supported by the husband, not according to her previous condition in life, but according to the rank, position, fortune and mode of living of the husband. This is true even if they sign an agreement before the marriage that he is not to be responsible for her support. On the other hand, though she have an independent fortune of her own, and the husband nothing but a meager salary or wages, she cannot be compelled to contribute one dollar to his support or to support herself but may look wholly to him. And this is true though they separate and live apart, in some states even though the wife leaves the husband without cause.

It follows that the husband is liable for what the law calls "necessaries" furnished to the wife by third parties; and what constitutes necessaries depends upon the husband's station and condition in life. It has accordingly been held in New York that a husband can be made to pay a claim of over $2,000 for the services of a detective hired by his wife to shadow him for the purpose of getting evidence in a separation suit. He is also liable for the services of a lawyer in a suit or prosecution against the wife. This is true in some states though the services of the lawyer consist in the institution of proceedings to have the husband sent to jail for a breach of the peace or some other offense. And, of course, dresses, shoes, and other articles for the personal use and adornment of the wife come within the classification of necessaries. Thus, a New York court held that a husband was liable for a bill of over $15,000 for gowns furnished his wife; and New York City's former mayor, James J. Walker, has just recently been sued by a beauty parlor for $555.00 for treatments given his former wife at the rate of $10.00 per treatment, the claim being that such treatments come under the heading of necessaries.

The wife, on the other hand, cannot be held liable for such necessaries furnished to the husband, except that in some states she may be responsible if she orders them herself or pledges her personal credit. This is true regardless of the fact that the wife may be earning wages that are her own property; and in more than forty of the states wages earned by her belong strictly to her. In

Continued on page 180

Uncle Fonse Laughed

His laughter rang through the Kentucky hills until, listening, God must have wanted it closer

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

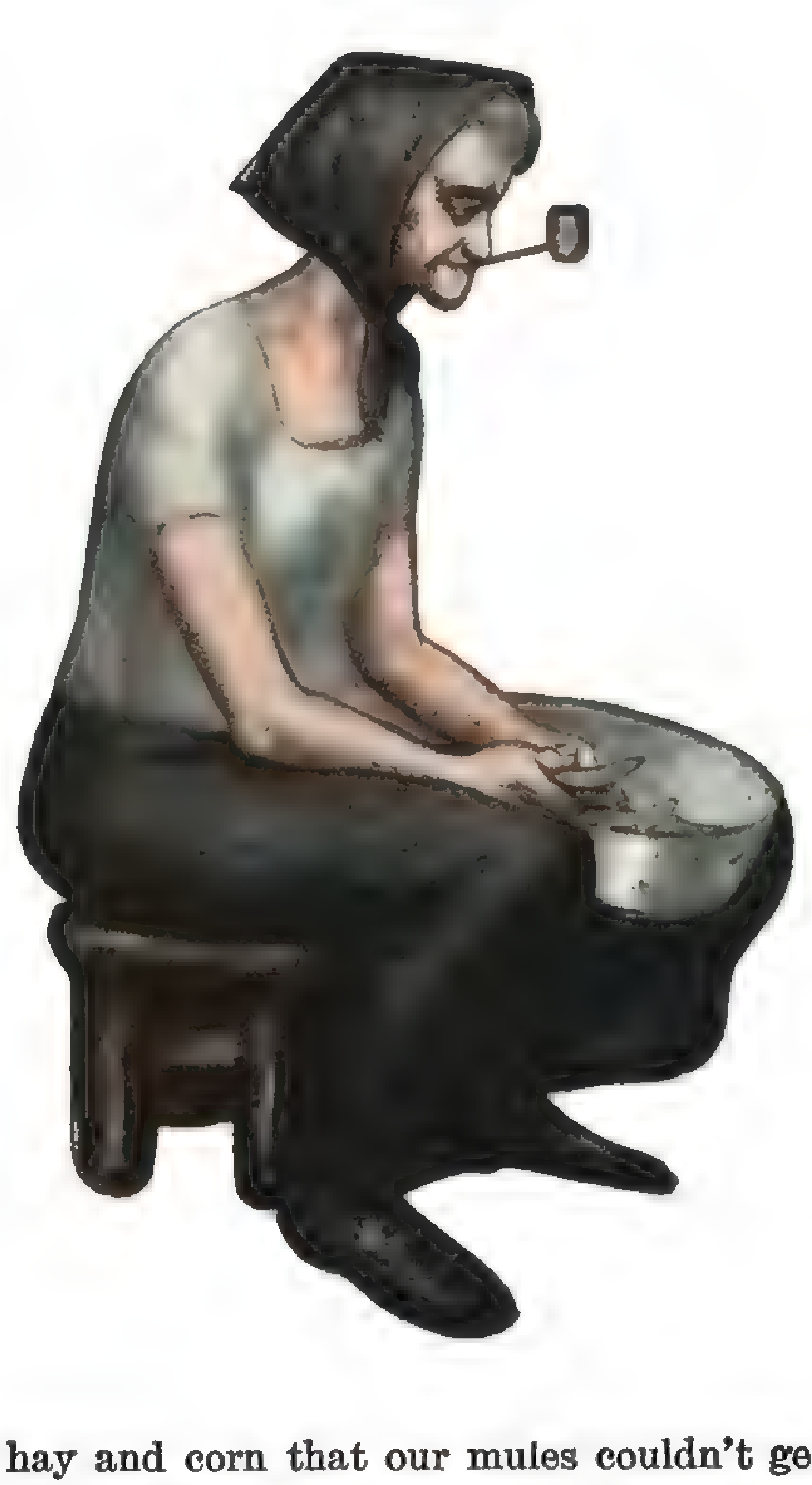
He wasn't no akin to us. He was just a good friend to Pa. I remember when Pa would say to Ma: "Get every big pot on today, every little pot, every dirty pot—every clean pot. Fonse and Effie's coming over and bringing all the youngins." Then I'd see Pa just tickled to death—a smile on his thin brown lips from ear to ear. He would grab the ax and start to the woodyard. He would get a pole of wood and put it on a block. He would whack off a stick at a lick. He would cut two arm loads of dry stovewood. Mom would take a chair with her apron full of soupbeans. She would lift them from her apron and blow the chaff from them as she let them fall from her hand into a crock. It took plenty of beans when Uncle Fonse brought the family over to see us.

I can remember seeing the mule straining at the Tillman family express right down at the yellow bank below our house. He would stop, pant, wiggle his ears—then try again. He would pull the express about two cornrows wide at a time coming up the bank slonchways. Uncle Fonse would holler at Pa: "Good a mule, Mick, as ever was hooked in the harness. Never have to touch this mule with the withe." Pa would say: "Fonse, you old lazy devil you—why don't you get out and walk up the bank."

Then Fonse would laugh and Pa would laugh and slap his knees. And the mule would pull again up the bank—the yellow clods of dirt a-flying from the hoofs—the foam spattering from the nostrils—white breaths of air going from the nostrils and spreading out thin on the blue air.

When the mule would make it with his heavy load to our yard, Fonse would get out and he'd slap Pa on the back and Pa would slap Fonse. They would go around and around: Pa would say: "How are you, you old turkey buzzard you?" And Fonse would slap Pa on the back hard enough to scare us children for Fonse was so much bigger than Pa. Fonse would say: "How are you—you little game rooster you?" And they would laugh—Uncle Fonse's red face beaming in the sun—his blue eyes twinkling—his heavy jaws bobbing up and down on his wattled neck. Pa would say: "You're getting dough-bellied Fonse. You ain't doing enough running up and down the hills. Maybe you're getting more to eat than I'm getting. My old woman won't feed me only when I got company. That's why I wanted you over here today." Then Uncle Fonse would hit Pa on the shoulder and Pa would laugh.

Aunt Effie would start in the house with all seven of the children. Pa would say: "Finn, you take your Uncle Fonse's mule out to the barn and give him seven ears of that good white corn and some of the clover hay." Well, I would unhook the traces, and do up the lines on the hames—take the mule from between the shafts and feed him hay and corn that our mules couldn't get. We were saving it for tougher plowing days. But Pa didn't have anything that was too good for Uncle Fonse's mule. Finn and me we had fists that made his boys stand around. Pa said once: "Why don't you call his boys Cousin Bill, Cousin Charlie, Cousin Henry and the girls: Cousin Effie, Cousin Martha, Cousin Grace and Cousin Fleece."



We never said anything to Pa but we thought he was better to Uncle Fonse's boys than he was to us. We didn't like it. We put the rocks to Bill a couple o' times out in the cowpasture. Brother Finn peeled a pine tree right above Bill's head when he was running toward the house. Uncle Fonse's boys were afraid of us. We couldn't get 'em into the woods to play with us. Finn would say: "Them boys ain't no kin to me. I don't like 'em. Pa can't make me like 'em. I'll peel the bark off 'n one's head with a rock when I get a chance."

Aunt Effie would go in the kitchen where Mom was. She would say: "Now let me help you right along with the dinner Mrs. Powderjay. Let me blow the chaff out'n the beans. Let me peel the taters. Let me do something." Mom would let her peel the taters. She was so fat and to stir around in the kitchen between the stove, the safe and the kitchen table and the woodbox, she'd get to wheezing a getting her breath. Mom would tell Pop when she left: "I just can't stand that wheezing. It is like catching a young mouse in a trap. It run all through me. I can't stand a mouse screak in the kitchen. So, I put Effie to peeling taters. She's so fat. She can't hardly get around in her fat. I don't see how she can cook for seven brats that eat as much as hers eat. Pon my words—I thought mine could eat. But it's just a drop in the bucket the way her youngins eat."

We would get Uncle Fonse's boys out as far as the smoke-house to play with us. We would play fox and dog. We kindly liked the little girls—they wasn't our cousins and we didn't want them to be. We helped them make playhouses behind the smokehouse. Sister Clara, Belle, and Sophie wouldn't like to see us play with Uncle Fonse's girls all the time—carry them the biggest arm loads of moss and broken dishes—but we did. We were the men and we watched over the house and kept away the Indians that were hiding behind the trees out in the pasture—out there among the pines.

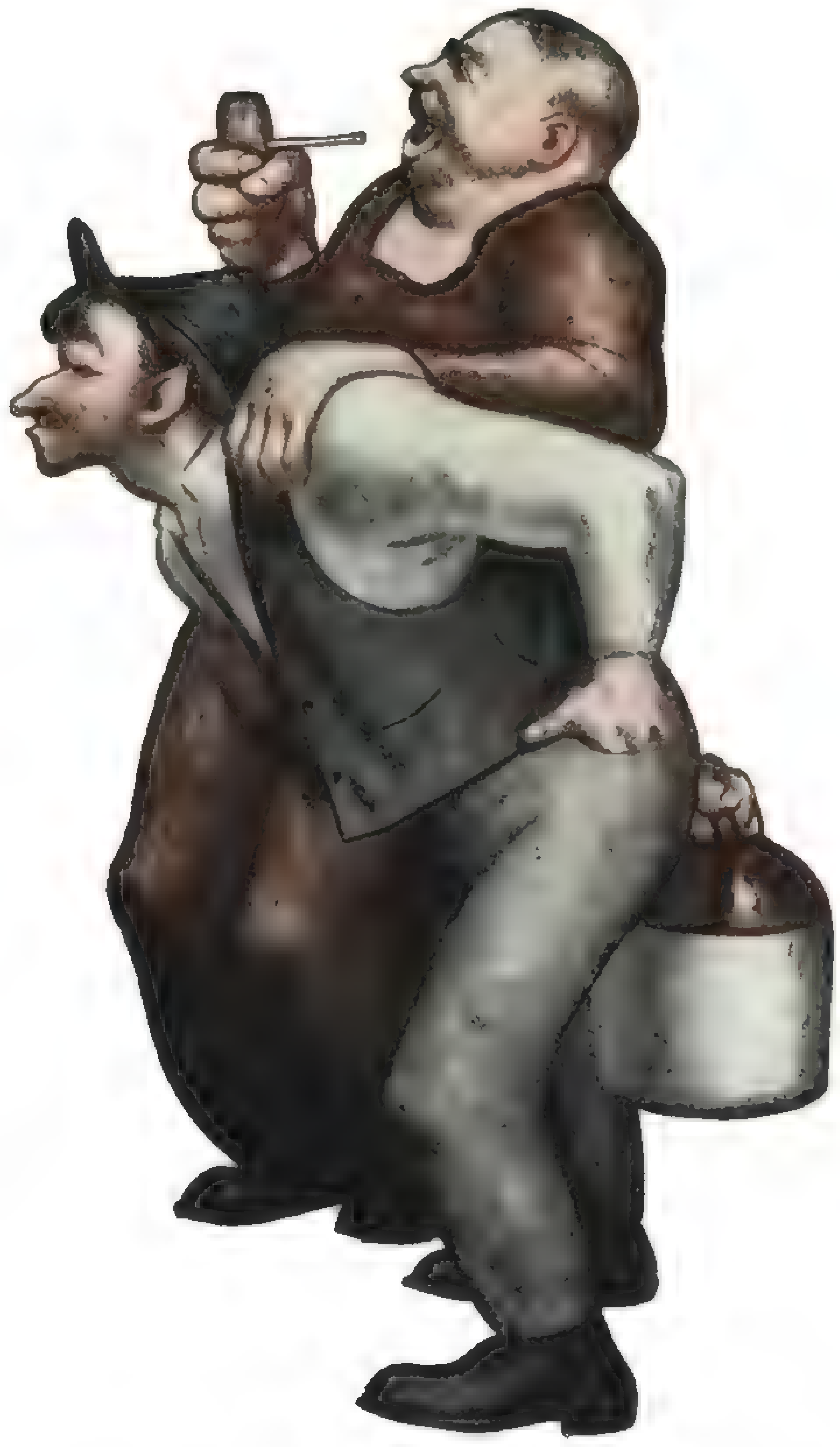
Before dinner was ready—Pa and Uncle Fonse would sprawl down in the floor. They would wallow on the floor and talk. Pa would say: "Fonse what makes me and you such big fools. We aint no kin are we?" Uncle Fonse would say: "We got good fences between our farms Mick. We pay our debts. We take time off to go and see one another like them old folks used to do when we was boys back in Flint County . . . We aint no akin unless Pa's fox hound run a fox across the creek back yander on Gimpson creek in Flint County and your Pa drunk of the waters below." Then Pa would laugh and laugh. He would say: "Drunk of the waters below," and slap Uncle Fonse on the shoulder.

Pa would say: "Something I'm forgetting Fonse . . ." He would get up and bring a couple of tastebud cigars rolled out'n homemade tobacco by Pa's own hands. Uncle Fonse would lay there in the floor and look to the ceiling and laugh. He would say: “W'y you'd forget your head Mick if it was loose.” And he would laugh. He would lay there in the floor with Pa. They would smoke their long cigars and look to the loft and blow smoke at a spider on a web. “Make that sucker sick up there Fonse. A dime you can't do it.” Uncle Fonse would blow smoke toward the spider on the low loft. It would fidget around on the little white strands of the web. It looked like it was looking over the edges of its mountain at the deep canyon below—at the big devils on the floor where the clouds of strong smoke were coming from.

Pa and Uncle Fonse would talk about farming. Pa would say: “I'll raise the best corn in the country over there in that new ground. Awful freeze we had this winter will make the ground meller as meal. I'll get some good taters out'n that ground too. You watch me this year. I'll raise more corn than you—you old pup. You beat me last year. But I'm going to lower the boom on you this year.” Uncle Fonse would say: “You ain't going to beat nobody. Your wife might.” And he would laugh and Pa would laugh. Uncle Fonse's neck wattles would shake like a turkey gobbler's red wattles.

Mom would come to the door. She would say: “Dinner is ready Mick. Call the youngins.” Pa and Uncle Fonse would jump up from the floor and Pa would go out and holler like he was blowing a foxhorn: “Dinner youngins—come to it. Yaho! Yaho! Dinner is ready! Come to it youngins if you want any.” Well, we'd come running from behind the smoke-house and from the woods like chickens coming to the corncrib of a morning for corn. We would run in to get dinner. It would be late on Sunday when Mom and Aunt Effie would get dinner.

We didn't have to wait for a second table. Mom would say: “Put two tables together so everybody can eat.” And we'd all eat together.



TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Uncle Fonse would say: “Pass me a little sugar for my coffee please.” Pa would hand him the salt. Uncle Fonse would be busy. He wouldn't notice. Uncle Fonse would say: “Three spoonsful of sugar to my coffee and if it ain't sweet enough I have Effie to dip her little finger in it.” Pa would be trying to hold back a laugh so Uncle Fonse wouldn't catch on. And when Uncle Fonse would take the drink of coffee, Pa would stand up at the table and laugh at Uncle Fonse running to the door. All of us children would laugh at Pa and Uncle Fonse. Mom would say: “Pon my soul Effie, I do believe there is two of the craziest men in this country. I believe we got 'em.” Mom would laugh. Aunt Effie would shake in her fat and laugh. Then Uncle Fonse would say: “I take better care of my woman than you do though, Mick. I feed her better. Your woman is poor as a snake. She don't get nothing to eat only when I come over.” Then Uncle Fonse and Pa would start laughing again.

“We got the two craziest men in the world,” Aunt Effie would say to Mom. “Fonse just plagues me to death. When we go down the road in the express to town, Fonse hollers something at everybody. They stop and look at us in that old express setting upon that little hug-me-tight seat till we get out of sight.” Aunt Effie would shake in her fat laughing at Pa and Uncle Fonse. Pa would say: “Want so-more sugar for your coffee, Fonse? You'd better let Effie stick her little finger in it the next time.” Then Mom would start laughing.

After dinner Pa and Uncle Fonse would light their tastebud cigars. Mom and Aunt Effie would get their long-stemmed clay pipes. They would get homemade tobacco out'n the oatbox where Mom always kept her tobacco. They would fill their pipes—shove the tobacco down with a forefinger—light their pipes with a piece of rich pine kindling. I'd take it to the stove and light the kindling from the kitchen stove fire. And big clouds of smoke would go up from our table. It would be hard for us to get our breath around the table. I would say: “Bet I never smoke when I grow up. I hate the old stinking stuff.” Pa would say: “Got the bluff on our youngins, ain't we Fonse?” And Fonse would say: “That boy ain't no Powderjay if he don't smoke the blessed weed when he grows up. Comes by it honest you know—his Ma, his Pa and all his Uncles and Aunts on both side used the fragrant weed—a blessing to all mankind.”

After Pa and Uncle Fonse would smoke, they would walk out in the pasture. Mom and Aunt Effie would put my sisters and Uncle Fonse's pretty little girls in the kitchen to washing the dishes. I would come in and offer to dry the dishes. Mom would try to get me to help my sisters. But I never would do it. I'd say: “I ain't going to do no girl's work. I'm going to work outside with Pa. Ain't getting me in no kitchen.” Mom and Aunt Effie would take their chairs out in the yard and put them under the peach tree. They would smoke their pipes and blow the blue smoke into the pretty spring wind. I can see it going to the sky in tiny swirls. I can see Pa and Uncle Fonse—Pa, little and spry—Uncle Fonse, big, square shouldered and fat—walking slowly out the pasture path—talking, laughing, whittling.

We would play fox and dog over the hills. We would forget about Uncle Fonse's boys liking Pa and him liking them. We would forget all our troubles and play. We would quit throwing rocks at each other. Uncle Fonse's boys liked my sisters and I liked their sisters and Finn did too. We got along all right—running in the sunlight—jumping over the creeks—laughing, playing, shouting, screaming under the sun. It just seemed like the time was too short. Uncle Fonse and Pa would come back around through the pasture—around the path under the pines by the hog-pen. Pa so little and thin—Uncle Fonse so short and heavy. They would come whittling, laughing, talking. I could see Pa slap Uncle Fonse on the shoulder. Pa would say: “Fine day this has been Fonse. Come again and see me.” And Uncle Fonse would say: “I ain't never coming to see you again till you bring Sall and all the kids and come to see me, Mick. Now this has been twice on the straight I have been to see you. You got to come to see me next time.”

Well Brother Finn and Uncle Fonse's boy Bill would have the mule out and hooked to the express. I can see the mule standing in the blue wind by the hollyhocks—switching his tail in the bright blue wind at the flies. I can see the sun the way it went down over Lonesome ridge dragging a patch of red clouds behind it. I can see Pa and Uncle Fonse and Mom helping Aunt Effie into the express. They would put a chair by the express stirrup. Aunt Effie would step on a rock—from that up in the chair—from the chair to the stirrup and from the stirrup to the express bed. And when she got up to the chair, Pa, Uncle Fonse and Mom would all be ahold of her to keep her from falling. “I don't want to break a bone at my age,” Aunt Effie would say. “And if my wife gets any more pounds,” Uncle Fonse would

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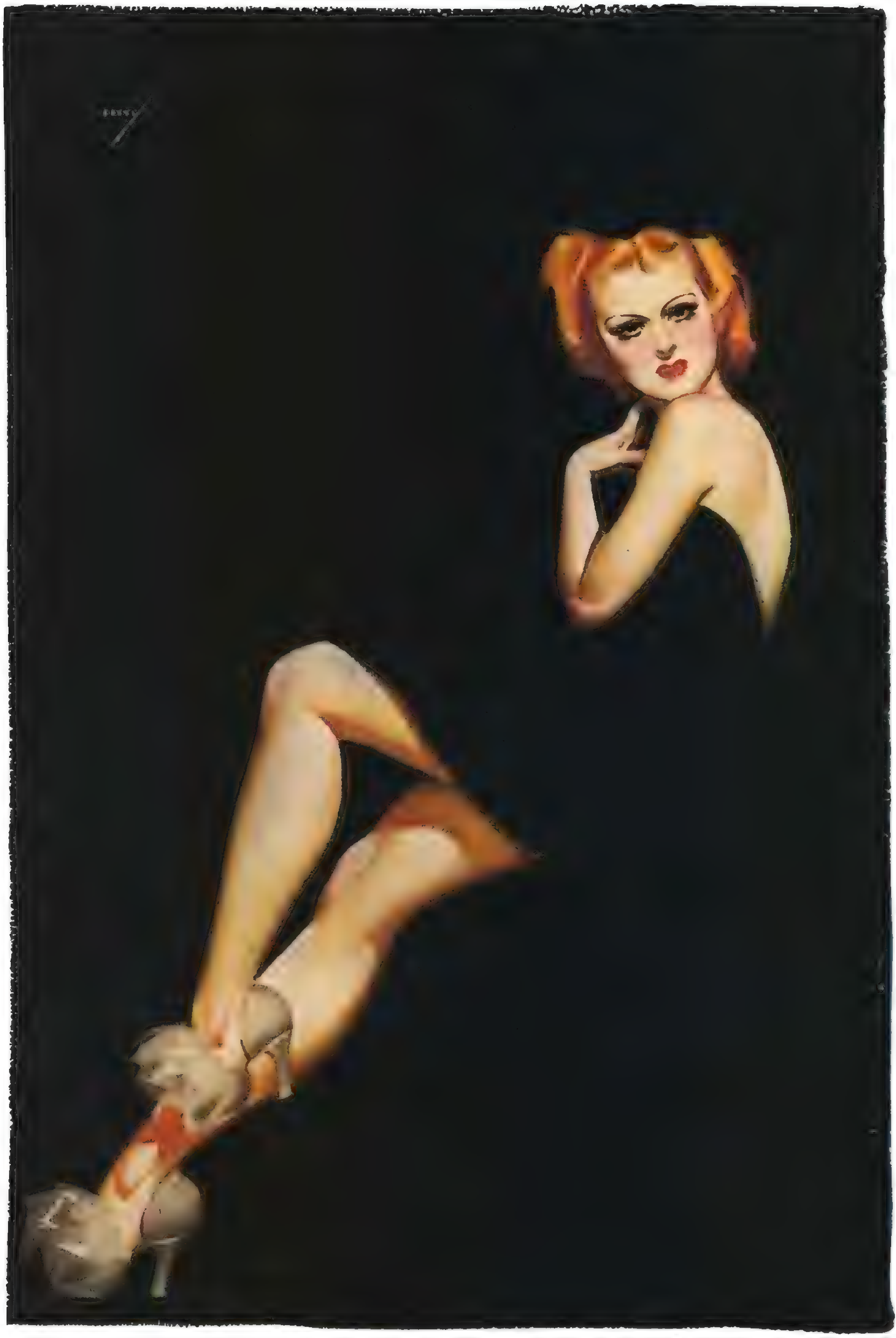


"Come in—who is it?"

An Essay for Men

The dudes start plump-bellied for Cougar Dave's wilderness, but they return looking changed

by VARDIS FISHER

• ARTICLE •

In Idaho there is a vast terrain of more than a million acres that is called the Primitive Area. It is the mountainous wilderness of the Salmon River watersheds and the Chamberlain Basin and beyond all question parts of it have never yet been seen by a white man. Those in a position to know declare that it is the most unexplored area of comparable size in the United States and the last of the frontiers. Like the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming, it was once a rendezvous and hideout for thieves and rascals of all breeds and it is possible that during the last seventy years there have been times when every white man inhabiting the region was distinguished and set apart by from one to a dozen murders; but unlike the Jackson Hole area it remains hard and tameless and uncivilized. The Wyoming basin has been so blighted and infested by dudes and dude ranches that even the toughest men there now murmur apologies when they spit tobacco juice on a stranger and use White Rock as a chaser for their rum. The bronco busters have been to high school and have got Latin verbs mixed up with their leather-sitting; and the tough bums who hang around the poolhalls eat pistachio nuts and almost jump out of their breeches when a gun explodes. In Idaho's primitive area is the rowdiest breed that ever survived gunfire and hard winters: they are all handpicked by extermination and lead. When Zane Grey recently went into this country with his white hands and note-books to get *local color* for another novel, he came out with a grotesque fiction called *Thunder Mountain* that rolled three hundred pages of sentiment over the fortunes of a pure heroine and a hero who brushed his teeth. If you ask Idahoans about that quaintly silly story, they will tell you that a pure woman in that country would be about as likely as an indissoluble marriage in Hollywood.

If you ask what the women up there are like, they will tell you of one who boasts that she has shot more deer than any man alive and can throw a five-point buck over her shoulder and carry it down cellar; of another who lost patience with her husband one night and smote the luckless and unwary fellow with an iron skillet: whereupon, discovering that she had hit him too hard, she dragged him into the kitchen and watched him curiously for twenty-four hours, wondering if he would ever come to. He did not; and annoyed by his perverseness, she yanked him out into the dooryard and buried him. They will tell you of a singularly hard-bitten spinster who laid hold of a man who got his lower jaw shot off and vanished with him into the deep gorge of the middle fork of the Salmon River and nursed him back to his former cheerful self and then took him to her bed and board. They will tell you of a fourth who, when a mountain delivered an avalanche that buried a city, cursed every fleeing man in sight because every single one of them was hotfooting it to higher ground with a jug of whiskey in his hand. Mormon Annie had a piano in her "parlor house" that she wanted saved. And these are not legends. These are facts. They are not the mauve melodramatic antics of a Zane Grey novel: they are the stuff and empire of women who have never heard of four spades bid from a vulnerable hand. They are living memorials to the pioneer women who helped to build the West.

And if you ask about the men up there, you will be told by those who know that only a handful have survived. If many of them are murderers, it is only because they had to make a choice between death and life and gave the other fellows the short end of the draw. They are as weatherbeaten and tanned as the leather they ride on and as reticent as the peaks. If you want to see men who are men and not dressed-up Sunday school deacons, go up there and poke your nose into their business and ask if they are obeying the law. These men have no law except the law of survival and no logic except the cogent statement that it is better to be alive than dead. The most notable one among them and perhaps the most remarkable man in Idaho is Cougar Dave Lewis, an old and inexorable codger of ninety-two who lives alone in his shack seven miles from the nearest neighbor—and wishes the neighbor were farther away. How long he has been there possibly he himself hardly remembers, but considerably more than half a century; and in all that long while he has been out only a few times to have a look at politicians and taxes. If you can get him to talk, he may tell you of the men he has "had to kill" and of the many times he has escaped by a hair; or he may tell you that he has slain about a thousand lions, as nearly as he can add the sums; or he may look at you with eyes as cold as the back of a lizard and wonder if you are as simple as you seem. If you press him for theatrical details you will bore him: a man for whom the hunting of lions is only an unexciting matter of making a living can hardly be expected to understand why every window along Main Street is full of craning necks when a parade goes by. Danger for Cougar Dave lies obscurely in the shot of a lightning bolt or in the splitting open of the Idaho batholith: all else comes in his day's stride and his stride is still brisk at ninety-two.

This is an essay for men. It will tell how fat and paunched gentlemen from New Orleans and Los Angeles, St. Louis and Chicago, Boston and New York can melt life's lazy and gluttonous accumulations off their bellies and fancy themselves as men again. It will tell how these overlords of fat and finance who have forgotten their deepest hungers and their heritage can recover intimations of a time before starched fronts hid a dyspeptic stomach, and wild flesh done brown on a campfire tasted sweeter than chicken Virginienne. It is an essay for sallow and neurotic fellows who stare with doleful distaste at their dinners and with rheumatic melancholy at their wives; who sit humped all day over the meaningless minutiae of statistics and inventories and a competitor's blunders with their minds wandering in dark and nostalgic memory to the smell of earth under a rain and the smoke of ancient fires. Before they have finished this journey their fingernails will be dirty and their hair will be full of pine needles and their belts will be four holes shorter around their bellies.

* * *

You will start from Boise after you have excitedly gathered so much clothing and so many gadgets that you are weighted down like a burglar; and if the boss and guide of your adventurous journey is Claude Gillespie or Harry Shellworth, you will be most fortunate—and most furious for two weeks. Having made many journeys into this wilderness and knowing the sort of manicured greenhorns he has to deal with, your boss will have a guide and a wrangler for every dude in the party—and, if he insists, a doctor and a dentist and hourly stock market reports. You have been promised both a bighorn and a buck; and if you are unable to find the sights of your gun, the guide will have the beasts roped and tied to your tentpole. After you have gone by automobile by way of Idaho City and Lowman to Stanley, you will enter the store here, if you are like the usual big-game hunter from cities, and buy another truckload of stuff, including toilet soaps and shaving creams. If you take your guide's

Continued on page 187

An Author's Mother

His works were not exactly the sort she would have given to her son for a birthday present

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

SHE was a halting old lady in a black silk dress and a rather preposterously high-crowned hat that some milliner had foisted upon her declining sight. She was downtown with a purpose; she only shopped once a week now and always tried to do a lot in one morning. The doctor had told her she could have the cataracts removed from her eyes but she was over eighty and the thought of the operation frightened her.

Her chief purpose this morning was to buy one of her sons a birthday present. She had intended to get him a bathrobe but passing through the book department of the store and stopping "to see if there was anything new," she saw a big volume on Niaco where she knew he intended to spend the winter—and she turned its pages wondering if he wouldn't like that instead, or if perhaps he already had it.

Her son was a successful author. She had by no means abetted him in the choice of that profession but had wanted him to be an army officer or else go into business like his brother. An author was something distinctly peculiar—there had been only one in the middle western city where she was born and he had been regarded as a freak. Of course if her son could have been an author like Longfellow, or Alice and Phoebe Cary, that would have been different, but she did not even remember the names of who wrote the three hundred novels and memoirs that she skimmed through every year. Of course she remembered Mrs. Humphrey Ward and now she liked Edna Ferber, but as she lingered in the bookstore this morning her mind kept reverting persistently to the poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary. How lovely the poems had been! Especially the one about the girl instructing the artist how to paint a picture of her mother. Her own mother used to read her that poem.

But the books by her son were not vivid to her, and while she was proud of him in a way, and was always glad when a librarian mentioned him or when someone asked her if she was his mother, her secret opinion was that such a profession was risky and eccentric.

It was a hot morning and feeling suddenly a little faint after her shopping, she told the clerk she would like to sit down for a moment.

He got her a chair politely and, as if to reward him by giving him business, she heard herself asking: "Have you got the poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary?"

He repeated the names.

"Let me see. No—I don't believe we have. I was just looking over the poetry shelves yesterday. We try to keep a few volumes of all the modern poets in stock."

She smiled to herself at his ignorance.

"These poets have been dead many years," she said.

"I don't believe I know of them—but I might be able to order them for you."

"No—never mind."

He seemed an obliging young man and she tried to focus her eyes upon him, for she liked polite young men, but the stacks of books were blurring up a little and she thought she had better go back to her apartment and perhaps order a bathrobe for her son over the telephone.

It was just at the entrance of the store that she fell. There were a few minutes when she was just barely conscious of an annoying confusion centering around her, and then she became gradually aware that she was lying on a sort of bed in what seemed to be an automobile.

The man in white who rode with her spoke to her gently:

"How do you feel now?"

"Oh, I'm all right. Are you taking me home?"

"No, we're taking you to the hospital, Mrs. Johnston—we want to put a little dressing on your forehead. I took the liberty of looking in your shopping bag and finding out your name. Will you tell me the name and address of your nearest relatives?"

Once again consciousness began to slip away and she spoke vaguely of her son who was a business man in the West and of a granddaughter who had just opened a millinery shop in Chicago. But before he could get anything definite she dismissed the subject as if it were irrelevant and made an effort to rise from the stretcher.

"I want to go home. I don't know why you're taking me to a hospital—I've never been in a hospital."

"You see, Mrs. Johnston, you came out of the store and tripped and fell down some stairs, and unfortunately you have a cut."

"My son will write about it."

"What!" asked the interne rather surprised.

The old woman repeated vaguely: "My son will write about it."

"Is your son in the journalistic business?"

"Yes—but you mustn't let him know. You mustn't disturb—"

"Don't talk for just a moment, Mrs. Johnston—I want to keep this little cut together till we can make a suture."

Nonetheless she moved her head and said in a determined voice:

"I didn't say my son was a suture—I said he was an author."

"You misunderstood me, Mrs. Johnston. I meant about your forehead. A 'suture' is where someone cuts themselves a little—"

Her pulse fluttered and he gave her spirits of ammonia to hold her till she got to the hospital door.

"No, my son is not a suture," she said. "Why did you say that? He's an *au*thor." She spoke very slowly as if she was unfamiliar with the words coming from her tired mouth. "An author is someone who writes books."

They had reached the hospital and the interne was busy trying to disembark her from the ambulance. "—Yes, I understand, Mrs. Johnston. Now try and keep your head quite still."

"My apartment is three-o-five," she said.

"We just want you to come into the hospital a few hours. What sort of books does your son write, Mrs. Johnston?"

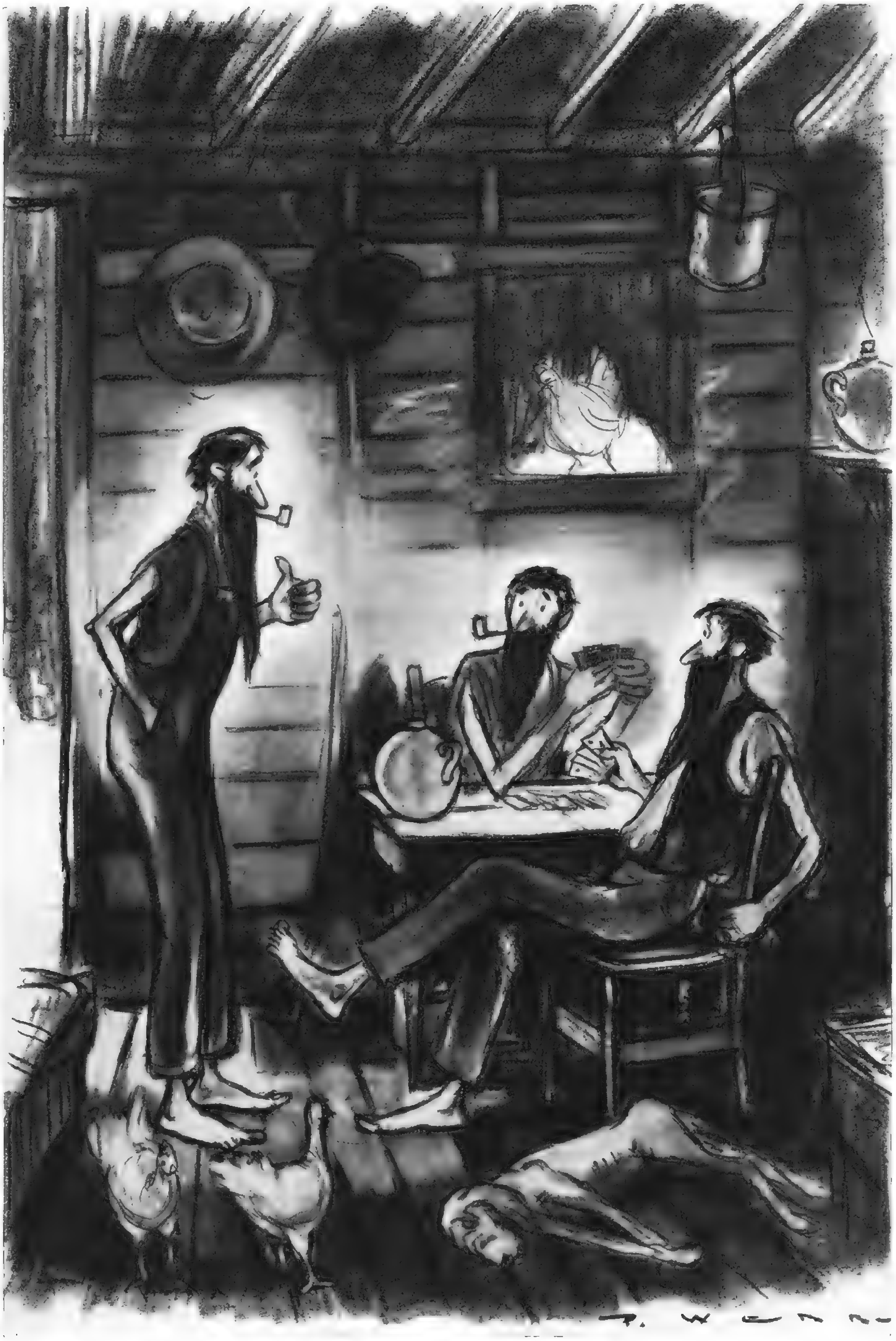
"Oh he writes all sorts of books."

"Just try to hold your head still, Mrs. Johnston. What name does your son write under?"

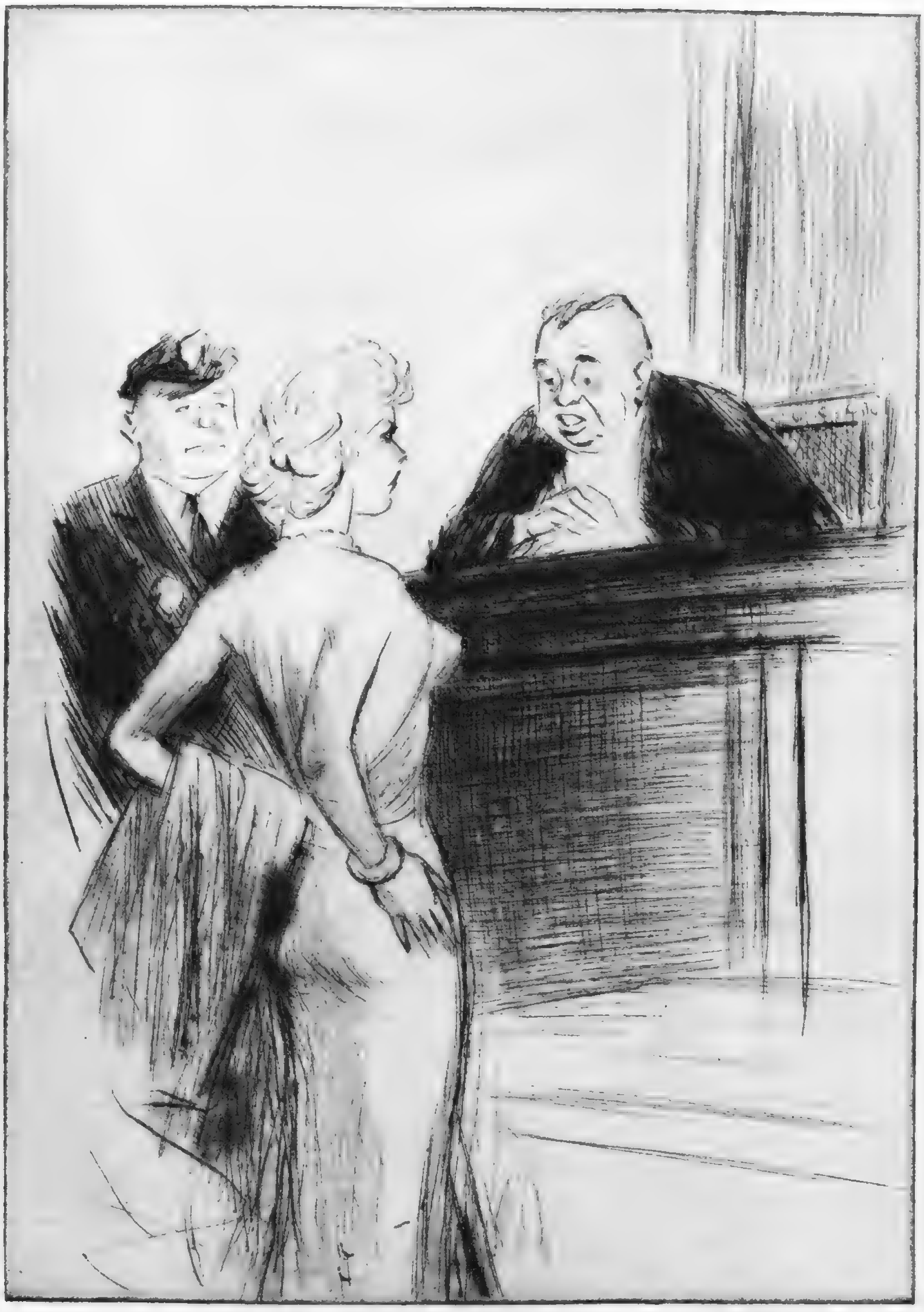
"Hamilton T. Johnston. But he's an author not a suture. Are you a suture?"

"No, Mrs. Johnston, I'm a doctor."

"Well, this doesn't look like my apartment." In one gesture she pulled what was left of her together and said: "Well, don't disturb my son John or my son-in-law or my daughter that died or my son Hamilton who—" She raised herself to a supreme effort and remembering the only book she knew really in her heart announced astonishingly, "—my son, Hamilton, who wrote 'The Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary—' " Her voice was getting weaker and as they carried the stretcher into the elevator her pulse grew feebler and feebler and the interne knew there would not be any suture, that nature had put its last stitch in that old forehead. But he could not know what she was thinking at the last, and would never have guessed it was that Alice and Phoebe Cary had come to call upon her, and taken her hands, and led her back gently into the country she understood. #



"When yer thru playin' help me haul Gran-pap out from under the mule—they both got a snoot full ag'in"



ETCHING BY HOWARD BAER

"Have you any visible means of support?"

A Breast of the Times

Advertisers in the underworld of women's apparel prove that the way to riches is to go bust

by HERB GRAFFIS

• EDUCATION •

GENTLEMEN who flip through pages of trade papers in the male-trapping industry, such as *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, are deterred in this casual practice by the shockingly frank advertising illustrations of intimate items of feminine merchandise. A true gentleman would no more tarry in deliberate inspection of such gems of commercial art than he would pause after blundering accidentally upon an alarmed female stranger partially immersed in a bathtub off the guest room.

This Victorian modesty has preserved a chivalry costly to gentlemen. It has allowed a development of male gullibility to a pathetic degree. Today, even though children are educated in the facts of life and have no longer a prurient curiosity in the lascivious bumble bee on the pollenizing prowl for a trusting virgin rose, millions of males grow to adulthood in the bashful, blind belief that the female form divine is both female and divine. There eventually comes a time when the penalty of this male ignorance must be paid.

Bewildered, disillusioned young men in the darkness sob convulsively, "Why didn't Daddy tell me?" This black sadness has fallen on men before and will fall again. What is Havelock Ellis doing about it; Ellis who has dealt himself a hand in almost everything that used to be strictly the stork's business?

Let us then fend for ourselves. Let us boldly seize this menace of the most virulent boob-bait of modernity, the arch brassieres and/or its companion harnesses, the sinister, sinuous girdles and corsets of the predatory female. There is more than a hunch that these masquerade costumes for the female meat are doing more than any other factors in civilization to destroy man's faith in the finer things of life.

Consider thoughtfully these camouflages from the viewpoints of the anthropologist and sociologist. Be on your guard as you bravely go after a study of the brazen but insidious advertisements you hitherto have blushingly skipped. The subject has the alluring danger of a "wet paint" sign. It's difficult to keep your hands off despite all warnings.

The far-reaching effect of importance now attached to ladies' lungs one quickly realizes as he ponders on Bali. Bali, where the chests of maiden and matron stick out nakedly like a team of firm generous chunks of chocolate ice-cream cones, has absolutely reversed the old-fashioned idea of economics. Bali has become prosperous by going bust. Quite obviously there have been drivelling tourists who have returned to suggest Bali's economic policy for our own national adoption, notwithstanding the possibility that the United States may lack Bali's natural resources.

To remedy the deficiency one corps of our native brain-trusters have gone thoroughly into the business of busting not from the economic but from the aesthetic aspect. There are at least two interesting and apparently opulent scientific journals devoted to this subject; one, *Corsets and Brassieres, The Foundation Garment Review*, and the other *Corset and Underwear Review*. It will be noted that both publications employ meticulously correct use of the word review. The material in these magazines is such that it is certain to be not only viewed, but reviewed by the forlorn philosopher who wonders what chance he'll ever have to keep from being fooled.

About both of these publications there is somewhat the same atmosphere of the professional military publications dealing calmly with the heartless problem of most efficiently destroying men.

One advertisement points out, "Summer temperatures send up the sales of white foundation garments." This cannot be denied by the susceptible male who feels his temperature mounting to 112° F. because unfair advantage is taken of his credulity by diabolically engineered creations of net, lace, broadcloth, rayon, voile, mesh, elastic, non-elastic, Lastex and divers other materials. Not for nix is the leading article in one of these authoritative journals entitled "Suggestive Selling." No poetic license is employed when another advertisement in the same publication is headed "You completely eliminate sales resistance."

Now, honestly, what chance has a guy got when he is snatched almost from innocent boyhood to come face to face with the Mephistophelian ingenuity of those who plot his downfall with the wily brassiere, bandeaux or whatever trick names happen to be applied to these artful devices? There is little use in the male trying to fight the seductive she-devil with firehose as is being done by valiant cavaliers who swathe themselves with bellybands of elastic mesh. Even a careless female with a naturally lackadaisical contour can don a brassiere and bat over .500 visually, but often the dapper and adipose male encased in a navel-crusher suffers from tallow being squirted in such ridges above the bellyband gunwale that he appears to have been ringed three or four times in a horseshoe game before he put on his shirt and coat.

SPORT MODEL
UE FIX LATS

The utter helplessness of the male, under the circumstances, becomes poignant when one recalls what a fast one was put over on the American male by the eminent Mr. Condé Nast, high priest of the women's fashion journalists.

The Great Conde outdid the Great Ziegfeld as a glorifier by an almost unbelievably great margin. Nast, with his genius in selecting artists and writers and his bravado in turning them loose to do their damnedest, achieved the remarkable success of glorifying the ugly-panned woman.

Women with faces like gargoyles were smarted up in pictures made under the Nast management so even keen-eyed and discriminating men got used to them. These women ultimately shared the destiny of vice according to lines of Mr. Pope:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Now, at the embracing stage of this fantastic development, let us note from the bust-, belly- and behind-casing advertisements what the man gets:

"That graceful uplift, that enchanting silhouette."

"Lines of uninterrupted beauty."

"The ultimate in abbreviation."

"Smooth, slender line of unbroken grace."

"High youthful contour."

"Figure-molding magic."

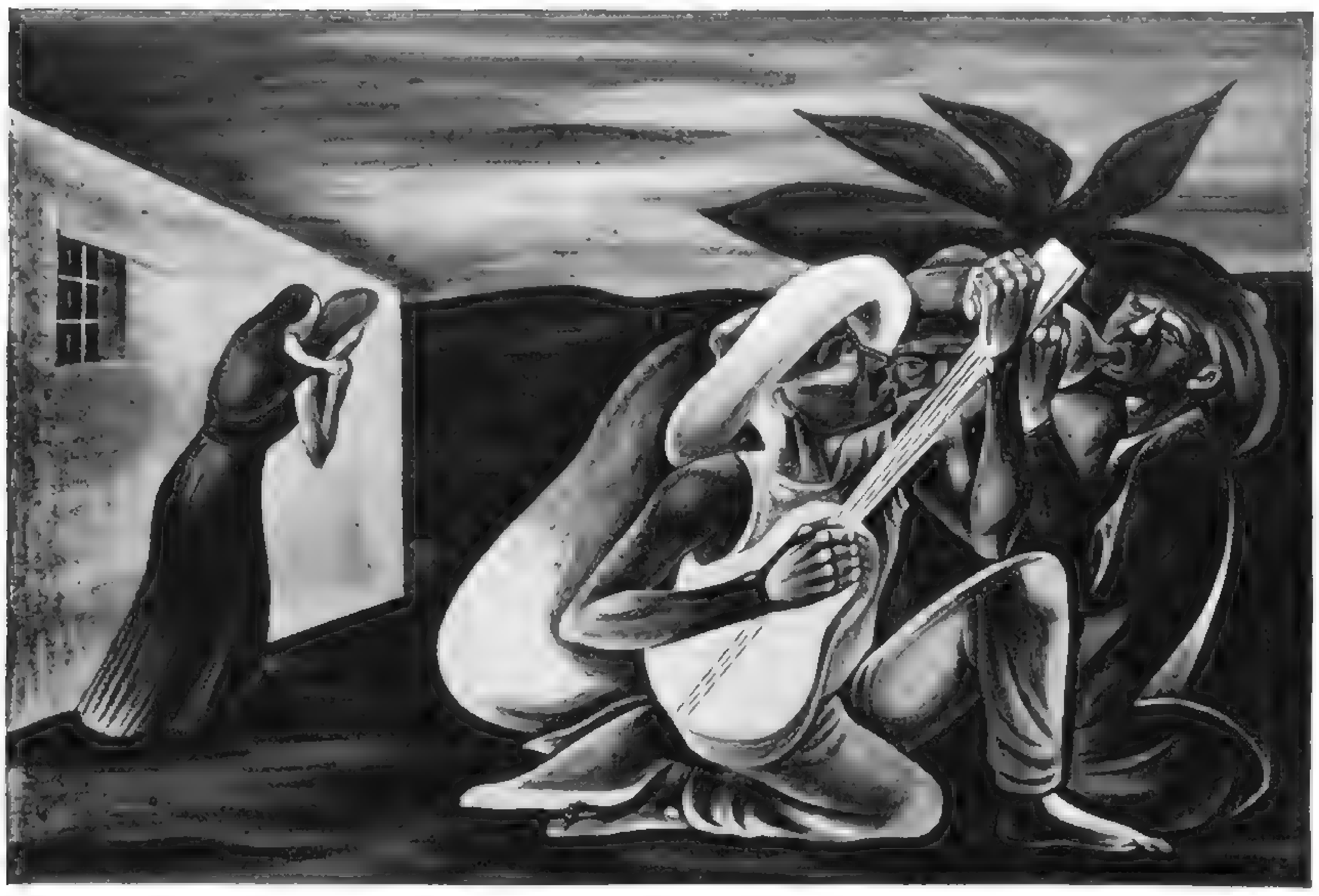
"Gay bits of witchery."

Those are but a few of the thousands of wily descriptive phrases from the advertisements of the false-front merchants. Is mere man proof against this order of guile? Certainly not! He is soft prey of such phonies.

There is an infernal retribution in the way in which the deceitful business engulfs some of those less cynical males who engage in it. Their progress into the whirlpool is perhaps unwittingly described in the words of an advertising man who murmurs in the first stages of his sweet delirium about a set of dainty buckets that "demurely coaxes the breast into charming young curves." Reveals the bard of his business: ". . . the miracle it performs, coaxing a little, yielding a little, persuading a little . . ." The

Continued in center of page 194

Three Poems *by* NORMAN MACLEOD

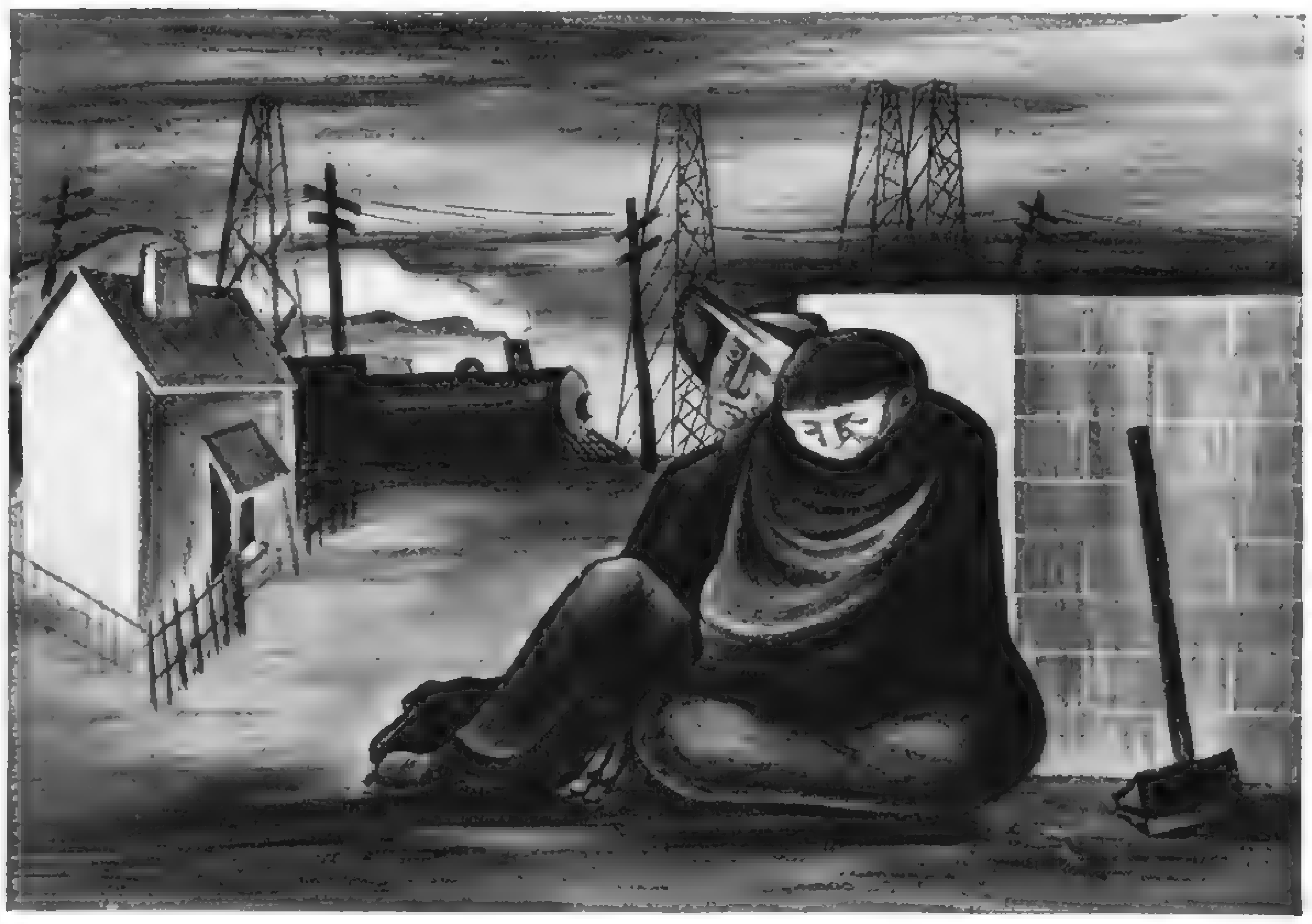


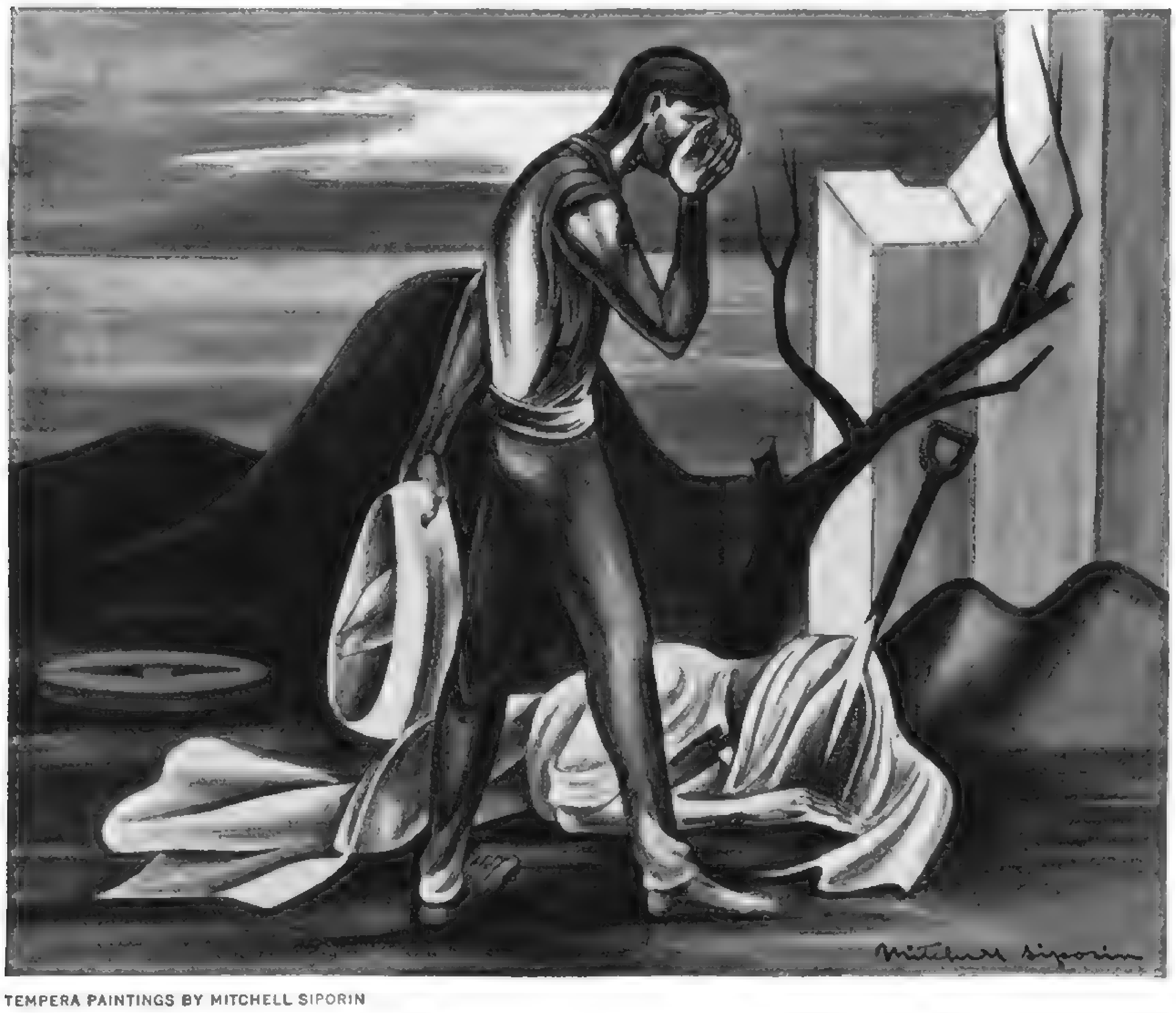
Sweet Georgia Brown In Arizona

Sweet Georgia Brown over the dark pale incense
Of languid moonlight
Impaled upon sparks of cactus,
Splintering the hallow of the land.
In dark shadows of Mexican thoroughfares
The emerald walls are opiate with torpor,
And mongrels curl like tarantulas
Beside adobe. Do we forget how we deceived
The senses? Many there were
Who shared the catastrophes
Of starvation, but we were young:
Repair of romance on wish fulfillment,
Like the skies, so clear there was no truth
In them, and we lived in a dream of health
And hunted desperately
For we knew not what.

Oklahoma Oil Town

I never saw a train on the Oklahoma prairie.
At night there were steeples silver in moonlight
Over the oil fields south and east
Of Oklahoma City, surrounded
By darktown cabins—but no smell of chitterlings
Nor side meat frying: laughter,
But restrained and poverty crying
To be heard. But hunger makes
Such a soft sound on the Plains.
Opposite the bridges of commerce
Dust swirled like a stampede of bison
With tailends of Indians scurrying
In pursuit, and far off there was a whistle
In the night and a tower was beacon
For airplanes coast to coast in flight.
But I never saw a locomotive charging,
Headlight into darkness, furnace
Box stoked with the coal of scarlet.





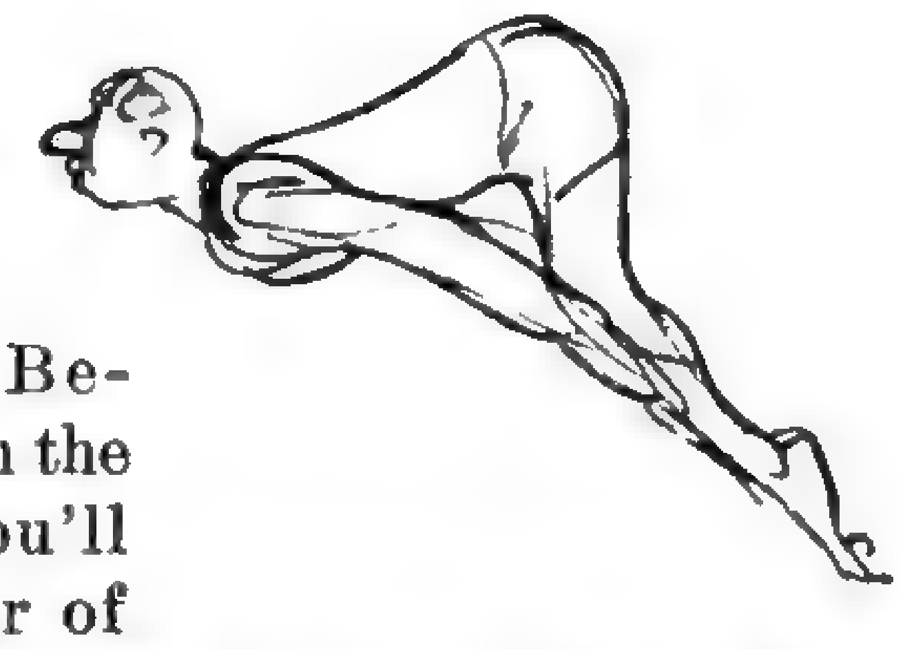
Pale of the Country

It was beautiful to live in easy access
To the mountains: we rode a paint cayuse
Into the hills, forging our way
Through arroyos and canyons
That rose in the steep sierras
Past the muscular bulge of rock,
The body of the landscape.
We had no time for the thought
Of the country: our friends seemed unaware
Of mental and physical complications.
We lived easily in the free stare
Of the sky and the sun was warm
As the daytime and died gloriously
At night. We had no reason
To be ashamed of our actions,
For everything that we did seemed good
And without ulterior purpose.
Here it is not the same:
We are on the make for recognition
Of living fame in the tabloids
Of the city. We are weary with the thought
Of it all and our bones starve
And the flowers of our brain
Are sick with malevolence.

TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY MITCHELL SIPORIN

So Take It Easy

You don't have to be going places when you're swimming so you might as well relax



by SANDERSON SMITH

▪ SPORTS ▪

ALL RIGHT, come on; I see you there. You're not really reading that great big shiny magazine; about a tenth of you is reading. The other nine tenths is out somewhere lying around in a pair of swimming trunks. One of these days the nine-tenths will get control; you'll gallop off and spend a day, or maybe a week or two, at the beach or the river or the lake. Why?

For your health? No; heaven forfend! Swimming is the all-around healthiest exercise there is. It makes you waggle practically every muscle you own without violently pulling any single one. It mends your posture, and it's good for your gizzard and other organs. It takes off fat where you're bunchy, and it puts on flesh where you're scrawny. It makes you husky but not muscle-bound, lean but not skinny. Water and sunshine fix you up outside and in, softening, toughening and clearing up your skin, and of course plastering on the old coat of tan; soothing those frazzled nerves and filling you full of Vitamin D. True, but a dull reason for going to the beach.

For a change and a rest? That's your story, and you almost believe it.

Really, you're going for the purpose of having a good time, and you might better face the fact.

A lot of people go off to have a good time around the water . . . and don't have it. If you take the trouble to look at them you can see with half an eye what's holding them back.

Superstitions. Inhibitions, and that sort of thing.

Take the case of Mr. B, a typical Athletic Compulsion subject. You'll have to watch him closely to notice anything odd in his behavior; it's only when he takes his daily swim that his quirk is evident. Here he goes now. That's him over there on the beach. He takes a deep breath. His jaw sets. He's off!

Down the beach and headlong into the water. A flat racing dive. He's up, now; he's swimming. Zam, zam, zam, his flailing arms pummel the water. His churning feet leave a wake of spreading foam. Zam, zam, zam; he's half way to the float. On he goes, unfaltering. He's almost there. Zam, zam, zam; he reaches the float, snatches himself out of the water, sinks down on his stomach, lies there. Now it's his heart that's going zam, zam, zam; and his lungs are going wheeze. Return to your bridge game for half an hour, then take another look at the float. Aha! B is on his feet again. Again the chest expansion, the facial expression of purpose. The racing dive, and here he comes, zam, zam, zam, zam. When he gets ashore now, and throws himself down panting on his blanket, we can forget him. He's through for the day. Poor Mr. B.

Poor Mr. B. There's nothing that man would rather do than swim; yet once a day is all he can take. Naturally, at the hideous pace he sets himself. Why doesn't he take it easy? Athletic Compulsion.

B is a reader of magazines, a goer to moving pictures, a liver, in other words, of an average life. He reads articles on swimming, he notices advertisements of bathing wear, he sees swimmers in news reels and sports shorts, and in meets and exhibitions now and then. Wherever he notices people swimming, it seems to him, they're swimming fast. It's crept into his subconscious; he's built up, quite without realizing it, the belief—the superstition—that somehow it isn't sporting to swim unless you swim like the dickens all the time. He can't go slow. Athletic Compulsion.

Mr. McL's condition is more obvious than Mr. B's. You can spot Mr. McL any time except when he's in bed, and often then. He's a victim of the Ironman Delusion. Watch him as he arrives from the city, at five twenty-five the afternoon of the first day of his vacation. By five forty-seven he has dumped his bags in his cottage, hung up his dinner jacket to unwrinkle for an evening of dancing, got into his shorts and bathrobe, and trotted half way to the cove. By five fifty-three he has arrived, still trotting, at the cove, doffed his robe, and trotted on into the water. His is no sprinting style, but rather the long and powerful stroke of the marathoner. Darkness, fortunately or unfortunately, forces him to leave the water after only eleven round trips to the float. He trots back to the cottage, takes a shower, puts on his dinner jacket, and steps out.

Ah, Mr. McL—how fortunate you thought to prepare your tux for this evening! You don't know it, but this is your last evening of dancing *this* vacation.

Nine o'clock tomorrow morning will find you on the beach, stripped to the sun, starting your first water marathon (there'll be another around noon, two more only slightly shorter during the afternoon). Ten thirty will see you taking a brisk run on the beach. Between swims in the afternoon you'll have an hour of volley ball, an hour in a row boat, and a couple of twenty minute stretches of calisthenics. You'll go home and fall asleep in the bath tub, and move from there to bed about twelve-thirty.

The next day you'll feel not unbearably crisp and crinkly on your back and shoulders, though you'll be quite red; yes, really *quite* red. You won't discover the blisters until after your three o'clock mile; you won't get out of the sun, of course, until the sun goes down. But you won't feel hungry, somehow, for dinner; "too tired," you'll tell yourself. You won't sleep worth a hoot. And, what with the fever, the weakness and the pain, you won't get out of bed in the morning. But don't worry; it's only a matter of time before someone will discover you and call in a doctor, who will doubtless be gifted enough to cure those burns so you can get out of bed by the end of your vacation.

Don't feel too sorry for Mr. McL; if sunburn hadn't got him, some other result of his idiocy would have. He was doomed from the moment he forgot that it's possible to enjoy vacations just taking it easy—from the moment he became a prey of the Ironman Delusion.

No ironman is Mr. W; no athlete either, and he knows it. Mr. W is a Danger Deviser. Mr. W's mind has two parts, a department of storage and filing where he keeps all the accidents and mishaps he has ever heard of, together with original ones he has invented, and a department of inspiration and creation where he is able to fashion at a moment's notice from four to seven accidents to fit any given situation. Mr. W. sits in the shade of a large umbrella throughout the day, wearing a visor and smoked glasses and quivering periodically with apprehension. Why he ever bothered to take off his clothes and come down near the water is a problem you must solve for yourself if you want it solved.

Now then:

Who are you?

Mr. B, Mr. McL, or Mr. W? Well, you're all of them to some extent; everybody is. Each of them, as you've seen, has been unable to cut loose and have a thoroughly good time. And you're all three!

Look yourself straight in the eye, and say to yourself in a rich baritone, "I realize fully that I am Mr. B, Mr. McL, and Mr. W." By doing that you've cleared half your hurdles.

More specifically, about your Athletic

Continued on page 110

The Girl with the Flaxen Hair

What the most beautiful girl in the world did to the life of a dependable bookkeeper

by MANUEL KOMROFF

FICTION

Every week the proud haughty mannequins were removed from the Fifth Avenue windows of the department store and dressed fresh and new. All week long they stood stiffly exhibiting the very latest creations.

Tweeds, ball gowns, ensembles, teagowns, sport-suits, evening wraps and fluffy negligees from week to week adorned the tall slim mannequins. Sometimes plaids, sometimes velvets or chiffons. Now a new Paris creation and now a touch of ermine or sable; such is the life of a poor girl made of wax and glass and a supple body stuffed with upholstery. Her wooden jointed arms and legs never tire. And the quiet smile on her face never alters. Summer or winter, rain or wind, a war in Europe or a boom in Wall Street, nothing can ruffle these proud creatures. Here is real detachment from worldly things—with a touch of ermine on the side. One could really fall madly in love with such a girl. And this really happened.

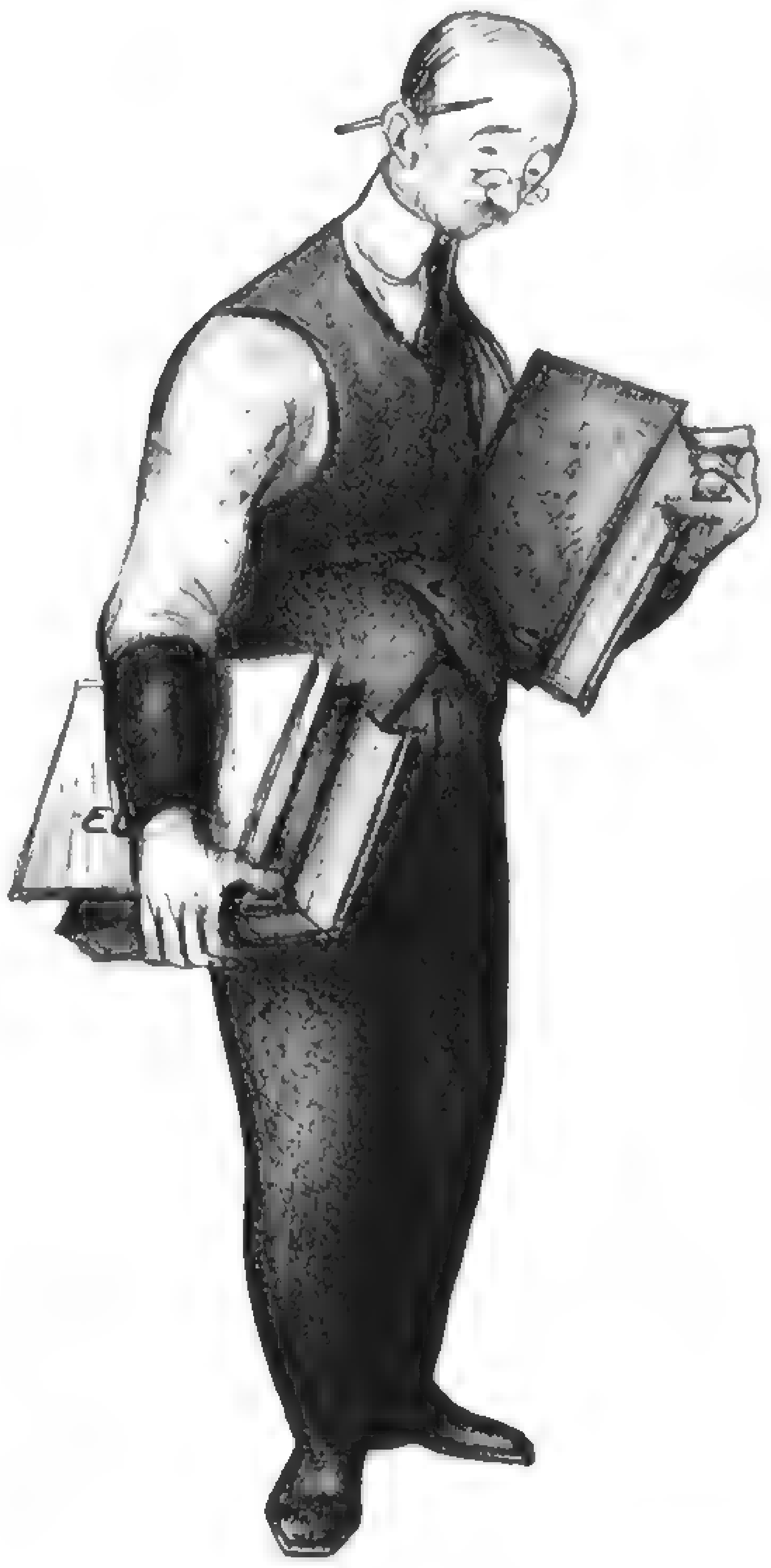
The bookkeeper of Marsh, Fifth Avenue, was terribly lonely. There was nothing new each week in his life. It was all the same thing, columns and columns, ledgers and journals, invoices and bills, day after day. For eight years he was never late, never sick, never out to lunch when he shouldn't be and never fully caught up with his work. Often, very often indeed, he stayed late to finish up those terribly important figures that are thrown in the executive's waste basket the next morning.

And this miserable drudge, almost forty, without a family, without a home, with a big lumpy nose and red eyelids, discolored teeth, with a walk of mincing steps; this timid creature, owner of a cotton umbrella and a green faded mackintosh—he was the one who fell madly in love with the flaxen haired mannequin. Because of the proud tilt of her head, because of her high chin and her spirited glance, the flaxen haired mannequin was the one usually reserved for the smartest Paris evening gowns. She had the carriage of cold Fifth Avenue arrogance, sleek as a race horse, and looked capable of high-hatting the snobbiest of the snobs. And the love that took place between this flaxen haired beauty and that humble bookkeeper, Joshua Bogg, was a very serious affair and very beautiful.

For weeks the torment in his nature grew until unable to stand it any longer he eloped with the flaxen haired mannequin. He freed her from the slavery of a shop window. And he did it so neatly that no one ever knew what became of her. And no bureau of missing persons would have been able to find her. The department store had been closed for some time and Joshua Bogg was working late. Then came his chance. He pulled the cord that drew the window curtain and taking the lady gently by the arm led her to the rear door. He hailed a taxi and in another minute they were gone, gone to . . .

"Drive us through the park."

The flaxen haired girl sat very stiffly and Joshua held her arm and supported her. But he held her too lightly and when they rounded a curve she toppled over and her cold face touched his cheek.



"Take it easy, driver," he said. Then assisting her back in the cushions he said very softly, "I'm sorry my dear."

"You know my darling," he whispered, "it is very nice to ride through the park in the quiet of the evening and have someone beautiful to sit beside you, someone whom you admire and love. Oh, it's very nice."

After they had gone around the park—an expensive ride for a bookkeeper—he directed the driver to take them home. "You won't mind my dear. I am anxious to show you my room. I live all alone and there will be no one to bother us. And perhaps you will like it there and I will keep you for my own. And perhaps you will like me and then, then. . . . Anyway you will be glad to be away from the terrible show window and all those people, hundreds and hundreds of people who stare at you every minute of the day. Oh, it must be terrible. At least if I cannot give you the fine things you are accustomed to I can do one thing and that is to save you from such a life. And I will shield you from rude glances and protect you from the hurly-burly mob. Truly I will do this and you can depend on it. And when you know me better you will know that I am a person of great honor."

Soon they arrived at the rooming house where he lived. He helped her up the stair, opened the door and snapped on the light. "Here is where we live, my darling. I hope you will like it."

He made her comfortable in the only good chair and at once set to work tidying up the room. "In just a minute, my dear, it will all look like a different place." He worked very hard and in a short time the whole room was transformed and the odd bits of furniture rearranged.

"There," he said, "it is better. Tomorrow I will have the curtains washed and then you will not know the place."

He sat down. It had been a full day and he had been carried along by the excitement. First the plot to steal the beautiful model, then its execution, then the ride in the park and now. . . . It was late, about ten o'clock and he had not yet had his supper.

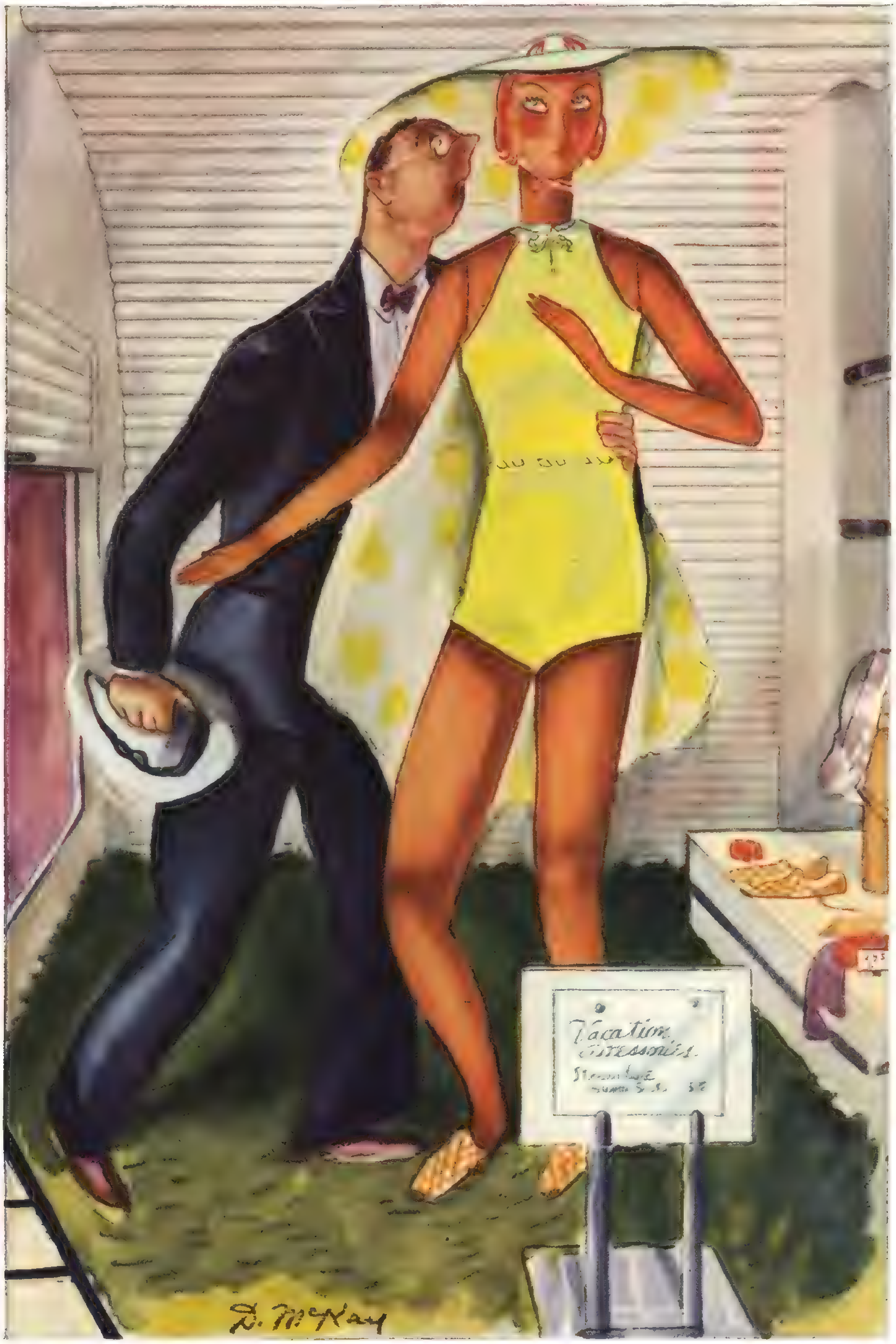
"I will open a can of soup," he said to the flaxen haired mannequin, "and you will watch me eat."

As he was preparing this simple meal over the gas stove he turned about and with great enthusiasm said, "Oh, if I only had someone like you to work for. Someone who liked me. This place would be so different, so very different."

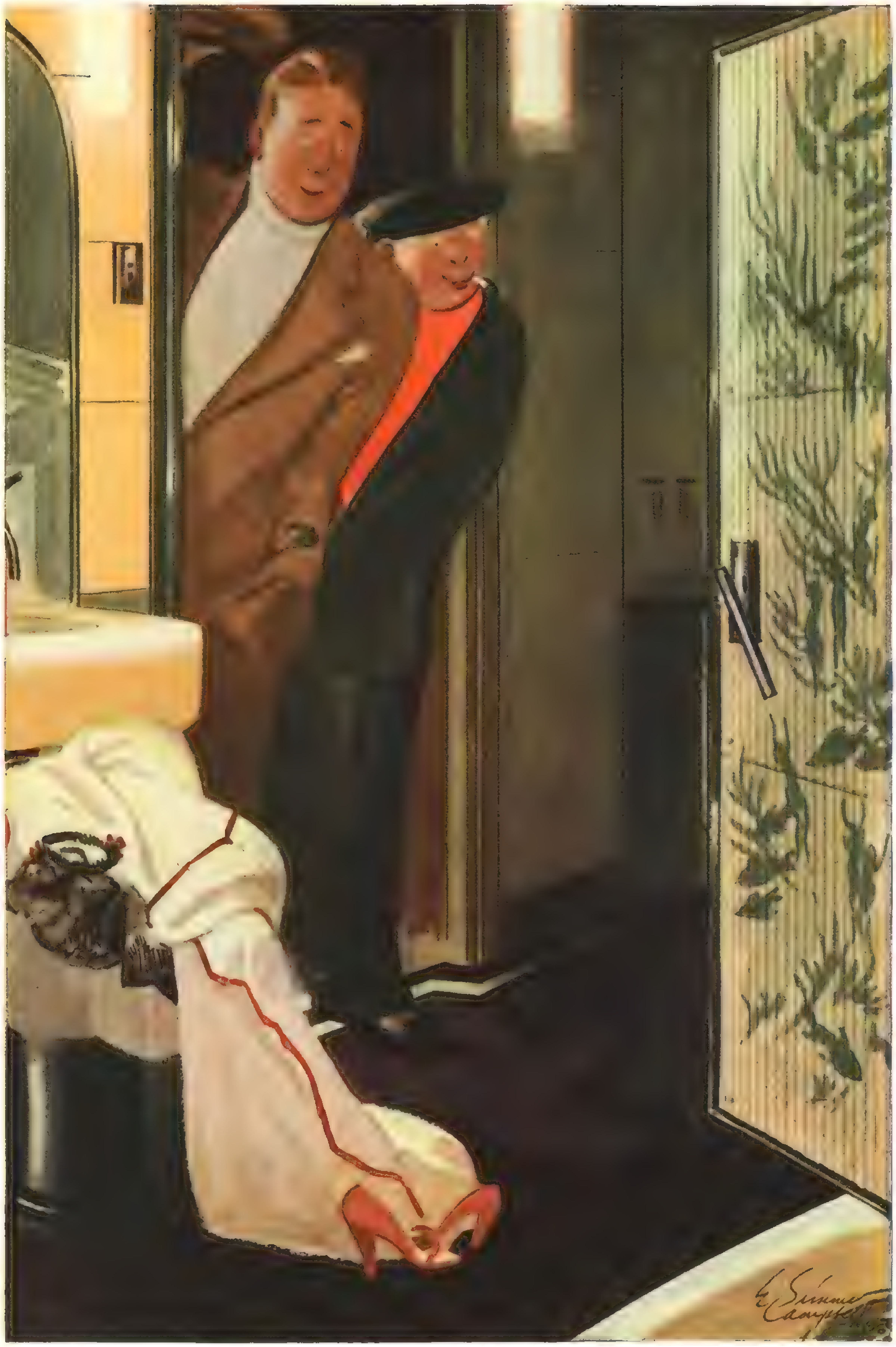
When he was finished eating he cleared away the plates and came and sat down beside her.

"You know my dear, I have a confession to make to you. I have worked eight years in that place and I was never late, and I was never sick and every month the auditors come and look over my books and they never find a single penny in the wrong column. And you know, I'll tell you something. I haven't had a raise in four years. Now that's a long time. And you know the reason for it? Well I do. The reason for it

Continued on page 191


Vacation Accessories
D. McKay

"So long, Sweet—I been fired!"


E. Simms Campbell

"Ahem—we came to rob the house—at first"

Respect of the Lawr

A prison dialogue on the topic of reform, for the attention of the criminal psychologists

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

"I was framed," the big man said.

"Is that so?" said the little man.

"Yeah," the big man shook his head. "A thing like that don't give you so much respect of the lawr."

The convicts milled around in the dusty yard. "I was framed, all right," the big man continued. "I don't claim I am exactly innocent, see. Sure we knocked off that jewelery store. But that ain't the point. What I'm gettin' at is this. They ain't never copped even so much as a watch fob on me fer that bust. They sent me up without no shred of evidence whatsoever, that's what they done. Well, it don't give you no respect of the lawr, things like that don't. That's what I'm drivin' at."

"I guess you're right there," said the little man.

"Have you read this here Doctor Primm's report on crime and the underprivileged?"

"No."

"He says that long sentences fer crimes ain't no right attitude to take. That's Pre-Judas. That's Pre-Judas of the worst type. This doctor is a criminal psychologist."

"Most of them are," said the little man.

"This doctor has tested a thousand or a million convicts all over the United States. He comes to the conclusion that crime ain't nothin' but the result of two things, lack of education and undernourishment."

"What about Lincoln?" said the little man. "He was a poor boy, and didn't start off with so much education. Yet look what happened to Lincoln."

"Yeah," said the big man. "Look what happened to Lincoln. But that is ancient history. Take my case, for example. I guess you wouldn't believe I was one of the sweetest kids in the neighborhood."

"All right," said the little man. "I won't believe it, for the sake of argument."

"Well, what happens? I am awys playin' hookey from school. As fer undernourishment, I been hungry all my life. I don't think I ain't never had enough to eat. So what happens?"

"You get soaked for a five-spot," said the little man.

"The trouble with modern penology is, it's unscientific. Like I said about bein' framed. The first thing that should be done is to give a con respect of the lawr. A con with respect of the lawr is almost reformed to start with. Do you think a con with respect of the lawr is goin' to rob banks or jewelery stores or anything?"

"I don't know," said the little man. "I'm not a criminal psychologist."

"Anyways, a con with respect of the lawr is goin' to think twice about it," said the big man.

"A con that thinks twice about anything is going to be a new experience for me," said the little man.

"What happens is that a con which gits desperate will natchly take things into his own hands."

"He will take anything into his own hands but a job," said the little man, a sly note of satire in his voice as he led the other on.

"That is jist the attitude this here doctor calls middle evil."

"What?"

"Middle evil. The evil of the Middle Ages. Such ideas is outmoded, that's what they are. There is nobody in a better position to know than me. I guess I spent enough time in jails."

"The judge," said the little man, "that gave you that five-spot didn't think so."

"Yeah. The subject of judges is certainly middle evil. It ain't make no difference what crime you went and done, it's who is sittin' up there on the bench which decides how long you are to spend in the can. Is that fair? Is that the way to git respect of the lawr?"

"I wouldn't know," said the little man. "I'm doing time myself."

"Some judges is got a heart of stone, and one look at their face is enough to figger your sentence. How is a man to git respect of the lawr when the judges ain't even grounded in scientific penology?"

"Well," said the little man, "I've been figuring out that if a guy goes straight he won't have to face any judges and so it won't make much difference if they are grounded in scientific penology or not."

"That ain't the point," said the big man. "One fish don't make no ocean. I ain't complainin' personly, even if I was framed. It's the system."

"What system?"

"This whole outmoded system. The whole problem is being attackted from the wrong end. Look what happens. A guy is hungry. He ain't educated so good. Natchly, he don't know no better than to poke his mitts into somethin' which don't belong to him. All right. A judge takes one look at his puss, and he is up fer a stretch. He sits in jail and figgers how he is been framed, and he gits sore. He comes to have no respect of the lawr. What happens? He becomes a con. He gits to hate cops. Finely he is an enema of society. Why?"

"He is probably somewhat slightly nuts," said the little man. "That's only a guess, though."

"They don't go deep enough into this thing," the big man continued. "Now me, I am finely gittin' educated so as to study me own special problem. Society is responsible for crime in the final analysis. That's what this doc says. The con is ony a pawn in the great poker game of life."

"Right," said the little man. "Playing deuces against a full house. And this is the house. The Big House."

"But what do the authorities do to prevent crime. At the source. Tell me that one."

"Well," said the little man, "the same faces come back here time after time. Maybe cons have all got twisted brains, if any."

"Certainly the same faces come back," said the big man heatedly. "That's what I'm tellin' you. It's the system. Take district attorneys. They will frame the innocent convict quicker than a picture store will frame an oil painting. Once a guy has got a record they will hang a stretch on him fer pickin' up a cigarette butt."

"If a guy would go straight in the first place," repeated the little man, "he wouldn't have a record."

"That's all well and good," said the big man. "That's all well and good. But what's a guy gonna do when he gits hungry?"

"Stay hungry until he can find somebody crazy enough to give him a job, I guess."

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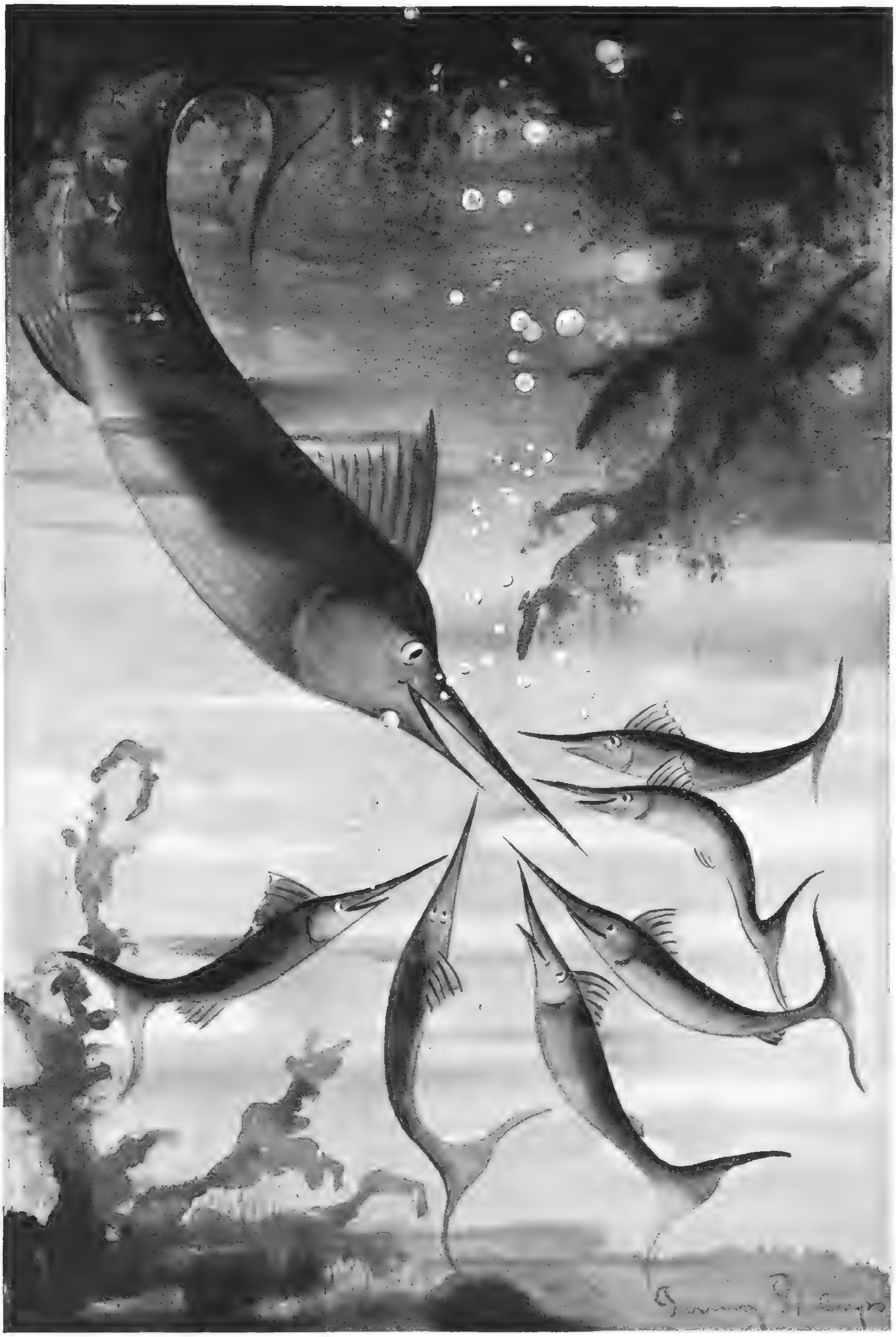

"We can all relax now, children—Mr. Hemingway has gone north"

The Ambuscade

There can be honor between men in wartime until one of them remembers they are not even men

by LAWRENCE WAKEFIELD

• FICTION •

IN THE late spring we had moved up and were lying along the banks of a yellow, swollen stream. I forget the name of it, but it had seen some hard fighting and the banks were pock-marked with last year's shellholes. It was the place where, two years before, the Germans under the Crown Prince had tried for three successive days to smash through the French lines. Down the stream there was the ruin of one of the bridges they had put up, under fire from the French artillery. Only the spiles were left standing. The French had blasted two other bridges out of the water. And afterward the Germans came across the river, wading in the waist-deep water with their rifles held high over their heads, and the French shot them down with machine guns and choked the stream with their bodies.

It was a historic place, but it looked peaceful in the bright spring sunlight. As we moved up we were impressed by the stillness. It was as quiet as any ordinary French countryside in peacetime and unlike other sectors at the front, seemed to hold no threat of death and disaster.

It was a quiet spring all along the front, not apocalyptic like most other springs I had known, but heavy and sad with the remembrance of battles and death. We had been sent to relieve a company of war-weary French and opposite us, across the turgid stream, were the Bavarians. Looking across the wire we could see the dark line of their trenches on the opposite bank. But we could see no movement there; the trenches looked deserted and it was hard to realize that they were filled with men and guns. The country stretched peacefully beyond, the green hills rolling into dark chestnut forest, looking calm and peaceful in the morning sunlight. There was a long, low, yellow house about half a mile behind and to the left of their trenches—untouched, through some minor miracle, by the heavy shelling of previous years.

Before we moved up we heard a story that prepared us, to some extent, for the events that followed. The war in this sector seemed to be at stalemate; no one had been able to cross the stream, so it was just a question of digging in and awaiting developments. It was said—so the story went—that the French in this sector were being removed because they had become too friendly with the enemy. One of those affairs of mutual tolerance, they said, that had gone beyond tolerance and approached something like mutual sacrifice.

I had heard the story from a British second lieutenant. It was a most amazing business, he said. The beggars did everything but come out of the trenches and play cards with each other. What about the officers? I asked him. Oh, the officers were in it too, he said. Everybody was in it. The whole bloody company was in it. Bloody French had got tired of fighting and wanted to make up and be friends. Maybe, I said, but it sounds like a lot of baloney to me. Delightful word 'baloney,' he said. But really, it was most emphatically true. A most amazing business, he said.

But I did not believe it. None of us believed it. It was just one of those stories you heard in wartime. You heard all kinds of fantastic stories in wartime. The thing was not to believe in anything until you had the proof before you.

However, in the days that followed, as we went through the routine of strengthening our position, the peace and quiet continued, and there was something uncanny about it. We had that strange reaction as after walking into a dark room after a burglar, expecting to be shot at any moment, waiting for the sound of the gun, listening for suspicious footsteps—and then having nothing happen. Among the men there was a feeling of mingled relief and surprise.

Then, after three days, we got the message. The Bavarians had tied the paper to an empty cartridge case and had thrown it over into our trench. It was written in English, with phonetic German spelling, short and to the point. It seemed the Bavarians had made the same bargain with the French there before us and that the story we had heard was true. The Bavarians proposed that both sides were to bathe and get water unmolested. It was all to be on a fraternal basis. There was to be no shelling and no raids unless the opponent had been forewarned. In other words, actual hostilities were to cease, and only a kind of sham war, to beguile the higher authorities, was to continue.

It was Corporal Tony Lambert who brought the message to Captain Oglethorpe. The Captain was looking over his maps in the dugout. His face hardened as he read the note—he also had heard the story—and he said, "So that's their little game, is it? All right, we'll show them there's a war going on."

His face looked tired under the shell of hardness as he said this, and he was feeling sick after the hard winter fighting. But he was a soldier and his business was to kill men, and there was something shameful and unethical about such a proposal as this. It outraged his sense of values. He decided to teach the Bavarians a lesson in the ethics of warfare—"What do they think this is," he said, "—a picnic?"

"I don't know, sir," said Corporal Lambert.

"Well, get out of here," said the Captain. "Find Lieutenant Biddledow and send him to me."

"Yes, sir."

While he was waiting for the Lieutenant, Captain Oglethorpe reread the message and made plans. He could have machine guns planted where we could ambush them when they came down to bathe. We could easily put them into position during the night, he reasoned, and the tall grass and ruined hulks of peach trees along the bank would provide satisfactory conceal-

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What Is Obscenity?

Shifting social practices prove that obscenity is an idea born of ignorance and superstition

by HAVELOCK ELLIS

ARTICLE

NEEDLESS to say, that question is not here asked for the first time. I ask it afresh simply because it has never yet received any generally accepted answer. The origin of the word itself has puzzled the philologists, and the idea behind it remains today equally puzzling to moralists and sociologists. It is a vague abstraction as to the precise meaning of which no two people can easily agree.

That would not matter if no precise meaning were ever demanded. What is the "universe"? What is the "soul"? Most people disagree as to what these large words mean; they even sometimes disagree violently. But no one nowadays is imprisoned, heavily fined, or disgraced, because he disagrees on these points. No one finds himself in the position of being able to set up an arbitrary definition of these abstract terms, which other people can only disagree with at their very concrete personal peril. That is why it still remains of much practical importance to ask: What is Obscenity?

Twenty-five years ago (in 1911) a New York lawyer, Mr. Theodore Schroeder, produced a large and valuable book, *"Obscene" Literature and Constitutional Law*, in which this whole subject was most comprehensively studied. During the years that have followed, other slighter though often useful books in the same sense have appeared, but it is by diving into the multifarious facts and vigorous arguments contained in Schroeder's book that we may still find the most suggestive answer to the question which here faces us.

In the first place Schroeder argued that "obscenity" *per se* has never been an offense under the common law. That is so, as regards the United States, because down to the American Revolution it was not an offense *per se* in English law. It only became punishable when it assumed a shape likely to disturb the peace, or was associated with an impiety calculated to disestablish religion or government.

That ancient English legal view, even for those who would not accept it, remains an entirely intelligible and justifiable view. As Lord Auckland in 1771 in his *Principles of Penal Law* very reasonably declared, "the mere speculative wantonness of a licentious imagination, however dangerous or even sanguinary in its object, can in no case amount to a crime. It is a passion inseparable from the essence of the human mind to delight in the fiction of that which the actual existence of would please."

TEMPERA PAINTING BY MITCHELL SIPORIN

If only those wise words could have been indelibly printed on the minds of subsequent lawyers and legislators! We should have been saved innumerable exhibitions of absurdity and folly by police officials, magistrates, judges, and juries, not only in Great Britain and the United States, where the survival of Puritanism is sometimes put forth as an excuse (illegitimately since the ancient Puritans were guiltless in this matter), but in other countries also. A constricting evil hand, from which the great writers of earlier ages were free, would not have weighed on pioneers in art and science in the effort to suppress works which were soon to be held in the highest estimation. Some of the leaders in human thought and art, whose lofty aims none now question, would not have had their lives embittered and perhaps shortened by persecution and neglect. The men of earlier ages, Chaucer and Rabelais and Molière and Shakespeare, whatever other evils they encountered, were at all events free from this, and, as most of the best judges might admit, their work is the better for it.

But that is not the whole, even if it is the worst, of the change that has taken place in the conception of "obscenity." When it was a legal offense only if it tended to lead to some definite anti-social action, everyone knew where he stood. But when it became an offense apart from any practical results in social action, we were plunged into obscenity. Everyone was free to define for himself what "obscenity" might mean; everyone might define it differently; the law was compelled to leave it vague. Magistrates, judges, and juries now laid down the law, and always variously, as to what was or was not "obscene." The road was thus again opened for Schroeder's attack.

His argument here was that to impose on magistrates or juries arbitrary law-making functions is to infringe on the right of legislatures. It is therefore unconstitutional, and the pronouncements thus reached of no validity.

This argument is not of special application to the United States, for in Great Britain also it is an established principle that neither judge nor jury can make law though here it is scarcely correct so far as the judge is concerned. Yet the varying and often contradictory chaos of law court decisions on the meaning of "obscenity" is an international phenomenon. A book may be suppressed in one generation and become an acknowledged classic in the next. France is supposed to be in this matter a liberal country; yet Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* and Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*, which are now among the glories of French literature, were once pursued in the courts. In more recent times my own *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* were judicially condemned in England as "lewd, wicked, bawdy, scandalous, and obscene," but since then they have been published in the United States without any objection ever being raised in any quarter, and have also been freely translated into all the chief languages of the world. On the other hand, Dr. Marie Stope's *Married Love*, which has always been freely published in England, has until recent years been strictly prohibited in the United States. It is easy to bring numberless examples of gross inconsistency in this matter.

If we go further afield we find that even in progressive British Dominions, where we might expect opinion to be at least as liberal as in older countries, it is even less so. Thus in Australia (as Miss Christine Stead and Mrs. Nettie Palmer, the Australian delegates to the Paris Congress of Writers for the Defence of Culture, stated) the Government prohibits books which are freely circulated in England, while "obscure Customs officials, even if scarcely able to read their own names, are empowered to ban what books they choose."

Let us seek refuge in Japan! We have perhaps gained the impression that very different conceptions of life prevail in Japan, and that the idea of "obscenity" itself is banished, perhaps even to an undesir-

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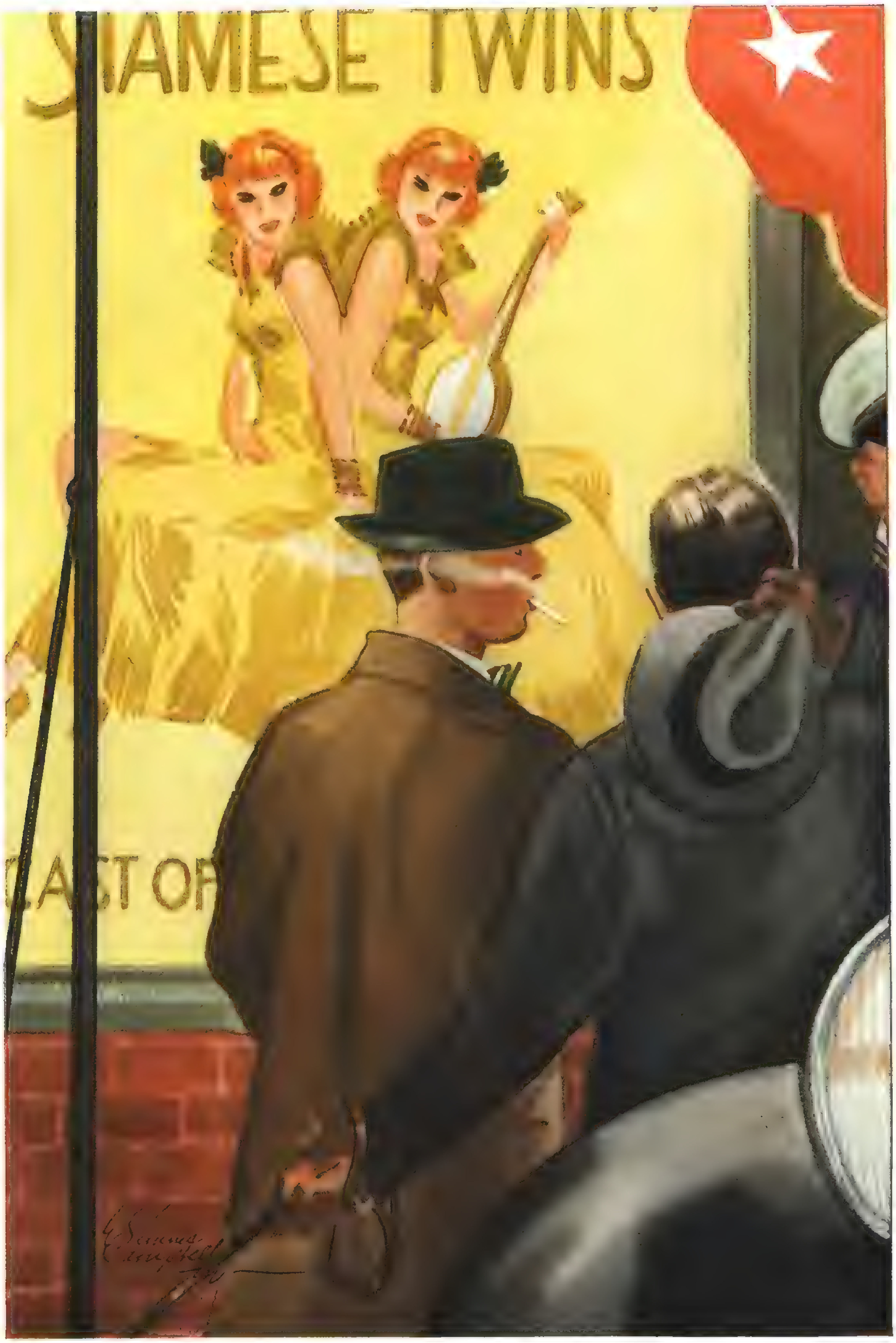
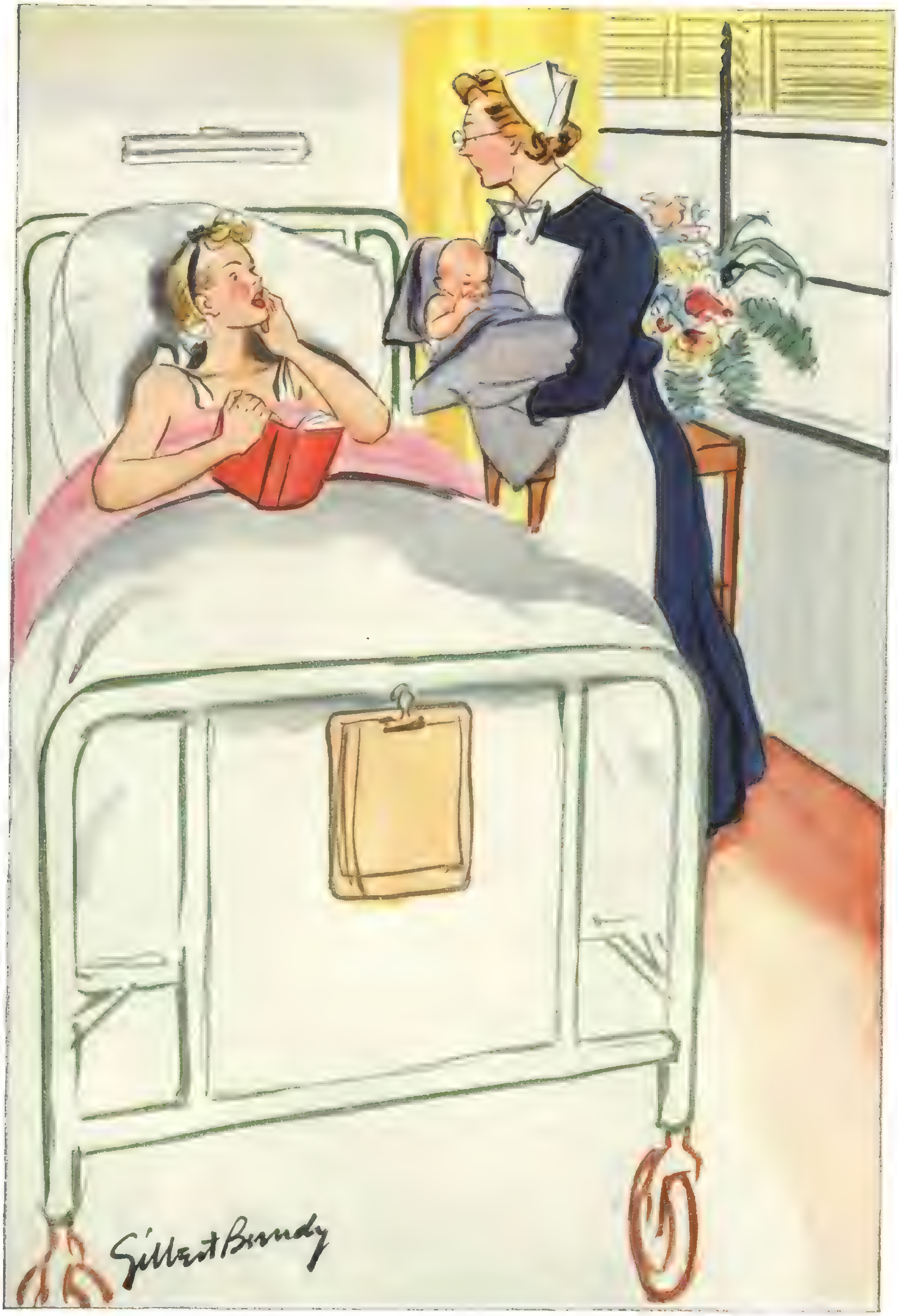

SIAMESE TWINS
CAST OF

"That's what I've often wondered"



"Then it wasn't my appendix after all!"

When We Get Married

The hitch is as simple as this, and yet man will never get it completely explained

by S. KRYVICKY

FICTION

THE red plush of the davenport prickled Joe Duchin's warm cheek as he rested his face on it and angrily watched Mary Olchs slowly regain her self-control. Her cheeks were tinted with a flush that burned her freckles a brown russet, and her lips were swollen ripely red with desire. She bit the lower one hard with wet-gleaming teeth as if it were a red berry while she put her hair in neat order. Joe knew that there was no use trying any more. He might as well admit defeat and go home.

"What time is it?" he asked.

She looked at her wrist-watch. "Ten after ten."

"Ten o'clock Saturday night," he said slowly. "I guess I better go home. There's nothing for me here."

"You mad at me, Joe?" she asked anxiously.

"Why should I be?"

"Then why you want to go home so early?"

"I don't know."

He twisted around irritably on the davenport. She knew what was the matter with him, she needn't pretend so much. He had been coming to see her for the past two years, and she knew why he had been coming all right, for he had made his intentions clear enough. Maybe he had made himself too clear.

"You're mad, Joe."

"I ain't, only—"

He didn't know what to say. She knew what was on his mind for she had seen him thus many times in the past two years, and yet she sat there and innocently asked him stupid questions. Sometimes he felt he hated her, for he had the feeling that she was putting something over on him, that she was leading him as if he were a tractable animal into a prison from which he would never escape.

"Why'n't you talk? Go ahead, Joe."

Talk. What was he going to talk about? She knew what was on his mind, what he wanted, he had made himself clear enough in the past.

"I been going a long time with you, Mary."

"Two years, Joe."

"And you ain't so dumb."

"I know, Joe, but I just can't. Honest."

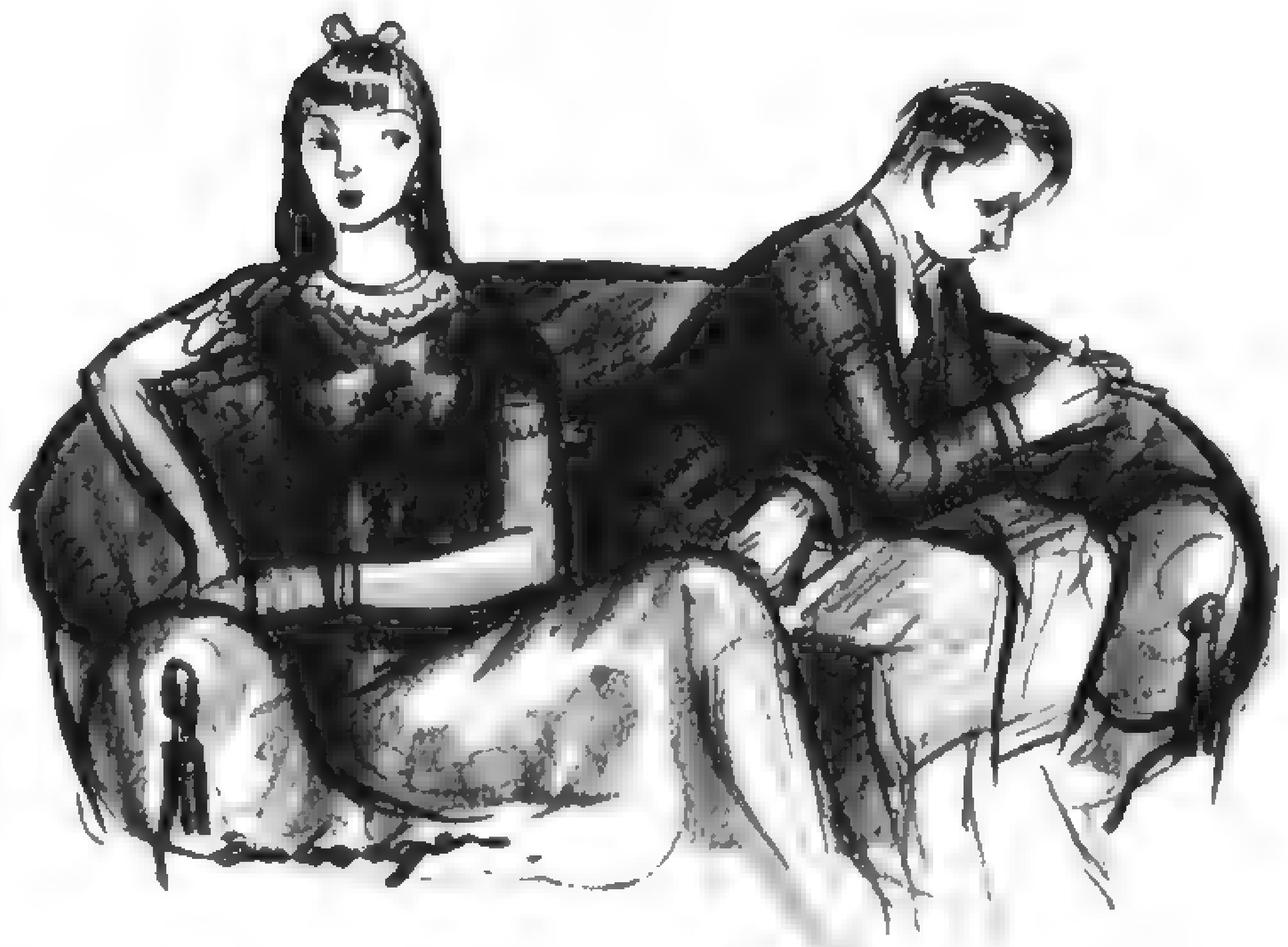
"You act as if I was asking for a million dollars," he said grievedly.

"If you only knew," she spoke quietly, her eyes watching her nervously-moving fingers in her lap. "I'm human too."

"You don't act like it."

"But I got to act this way."

"Why?"



"Just because, that's why. I'll tell you better some day."

"Yeh, when?"

"When we get married."

"You know yourself," his tone didn't reveal his inward anger, "that's a long way off. I ain't got enough money saved and you know it."

"We'll wait, Joe, if you want."

"You'll wait, you mean."

"What do you mean?" she asked quickly, afraid.

"You know what I mean."

"We'll wait together," she begged him. "We got to, Joe."

"Why?"

"I'll tell you some day."

"Yeh, 'When we get married.' I know. I been hearing it for two years, and I'm tired of hearing it."

"I know," her eyes blinked to keep the tears from falling out of her eyes. "Gee, if only we was married," her eyes begged him to understand her meaning.

She wasn't pretty or anything, but when she talked like that she always got him. Sometimes he suspiciously thought she was pretending for he had seen her act the same way and whisper the same words before. And when he was away from her and thought back about it, he was sure she had been pretending. And he always vowed he would never go to see her again, but when Saturday night came around seven o'clock always found him ringing her doorbell.

But this Saturday he did not take her into his arms and kiss her into happiness. He watched coldly as her eyes slowly filled with tears. He had never seen the tears fall; they just filled her eyes and shone there like jewels in the lamp light as she looked at him without shame. He knew that it was just as hard for her as it was for him to keep holding back, but she was afraid that if she did what he wanted her to do, bye and bye he would get tired of her and never come to see her again.

He hated himself for a weak fool as he took her in his arms, and hated her for making him so weak with her tears and quivery chin. He hated himself for liking the way she abandoned herself in his arms, and the funny way her hair tickled his nose.

"I better go home, Mary."

"No, please, Joe."

"But I got to."

"No, Joe, no," she snuggled closer against him. "It's early yet."

"But gee whizz—"

"What is it?"

"I can't stand it long with you so close."

Her left arm moved around his neck and her body pressed hard against him. She was making him weak intentionally, he knew this because she had done the same thing in the same way every Saturday night for the past two years, still he could not resist her. Every word, every action was perfect because it had been done so often before.

"Gee, Joe, I love you so much," her voice was muffled against his neck.

But he didn't love her. The only reason he had ever started going with her was because her well-formed figure had attracted him. And after two years it was still her main attraction, and she knew it.

"You love me, Joe?"

He twisted his neck around uncomfortably and drew his arms tightly around her. "Sure," he said. "Sure I do."

She kissed him. With a practiced twist of the head her lips were formed into his and for a moment everything was forgotten. Then she rubbed her cheek against his like a contented cat rubbing its body against a trousered leg, and her warm hand began to caress the back of his neck.

"You're so good to me, Joe."

"Not as good as I could be if only you'd be different once."

"Honest, Joe, I'd like to but I just can't."

Anger welled up in him again. He had been a fool such a long time. Gee, if some of the guys in the shop only knew how long he had been trying to make her without any results they would call him a sap. He was tired of her evasions, and he wouldn't stand for them any longer. He had gotten angry every Saturday night for the past two years, and he was angry tonight, but this time he would act differently. He wouldn't let her work around him again with her tears. He would work on her until she wouldn't give a damn for anything. It would *have* to be different tonight, else he would be lost.

"You're so still, Joe."

"I been thinking."

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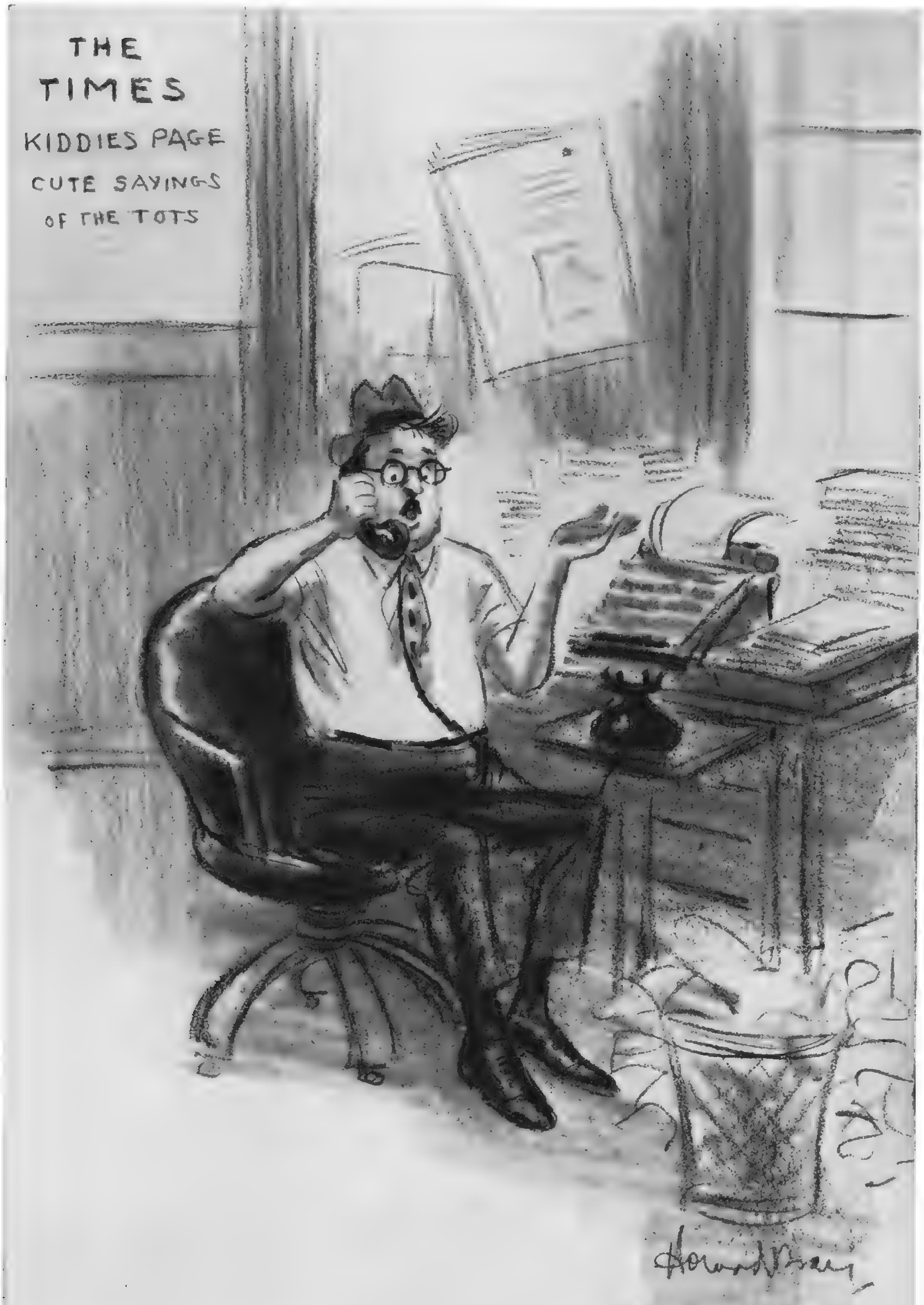
THE
TIMES
KIDDIES PAGE
CUTE SAYINGS
OF THE TOTS
Howard Baer

"But, madam, even if your baby did say it, we couldn't print that!"

Three Men on a Nickel

The showman's moral is: don't buy new shoe strings until the old ones are all full of knots

by WOLFE KAUFMAN

▪ SATIRE ▪

WELL, I don't know about that. I think you're wrong. I think money can be very important. And I don't mean big money, either. I mean pennies, nickels, dimes.

I know there was one time when a lousy nickel stood between me and a whole future. I'll tell you about it and you can see for yourself. One lousy nickel.

This was about four years ago. Nate Lubin and I were sharing an office in the Sempire building. We were both producing in those days, on our own, only neither one of us had any plays or any coin. We were waiting for a break.

We were sharing this office between us. It was kind of a small office. There was only one desk and two chairs in it, but we got along swell. We had an agreement. If he wanted to see anybody I would leave and go to the men's room for a while, and if I wanted to see anybody he would go into the men's room. If we were reading scripts this wouldn't bother us because we could go right on reading after we left the office.

There was a pay slot telephone on the wall, so there couldn't be any arguments about who should pay the bills.

Also Jed Miller, who had his office next door, and was also looking for a play, didn't have any phone at all and he used ours and we would call him in when it rang for him. For this he fixed us all up with breakfast. He had a little canned heat business in his office and every morning he would cook up some coffee on it and bring in three doughnuts and we would all have breakfast, one at a time.

It had to be one at a time because we only had one cup.

We had an agreement that whichever of us was the first to get a break and find a good play to produce and clean up with it, would buy a half a dozen cups for the coffee, in case some guests should drop in.

We got along pretty good in those days and we even had a lot of fun. It was tough going for all of us, but what the hell. That's show business. If we could just get a break, any one of us, we'd be all right. We had an office, we had a front, we had a telephone—what the hell!

And we didn't even have to pay any rent, because the office we were using belonged to Bill Parker, who was away on a round-the-world trip.

Anyway, there we were, and we were getting along fine, until one day this fellow comes in.

He came in just at the wrong time, too. Nate and I were having an argument about should he lend me a nickel to make a telephone call, and he claimed he didn't have a nickel, and I knew he did have, the chiseler, and it was very important for me to make this call. It was a call to an uncle of mine uptown in the mattress business. He's always good for a five-spot and my landlady had been raising hell with me.

Nate wouldn't give me the nickel and finally I decided to go and borrow it and just as I started out the door this fellow came in. He looked like a stranger in town and as if he might even be bad news with a capital S (like in summons server), so I pointed to Nate quick and walked out.

And right there is the difference between Nate and me. He's one of them Midas guys; everyone he touches comes through. But me, if it was raining manna, I'd have a bellyache.

It turns out that this guy is the break. He's got a roll and he wants to sink it in a show and he's walking around looking for somebody kind enough to give him a piece of turkey for his bankroll.

When I came back to the office Nate and this guy were getting real palsy-walsy. Nate gave me a knockdown. The guy's name was James Winwood—yeh, the same Winwood, that's how he got into show business, like I'm telling you—and we all began kibitzing.

COLOSSAL PRODUCTIONS

After Winwood left, Nate and I talked the thing over. Nate, of course, is a born robber. Well, you know Nate, anything you don't hook onto the wall with calcimine he'll grab. Nails he eats like chewing gum. So I figured I better get the thing settled with him straight. And right away.

"So you found a sucker?" I asked him.

"Yeah," he said, picking his teeth with an old toothpick, like as if he had eaten something for lunch.

"All set?" I asked.

"Practically," he said. "All I got to do is find a play and get going."

"Well, that's great," I said. "I'll find you a play this afternoon and tomorrow we can get started."

"So what is that we business?" he said. "Who invited you in all of a sudden?"

"What do you mean?" I said. "You mean to say you're gonna go ahead on this without me? You're gonna freeze me out? You're gonna be a lousy cheap chiseler like that, after I found you the guy and brought you the bankroll and practically got it in your hands?"

I guess I got him with that, because he began softening up, but it wasn't easy.

"You found him!" he said. "You brought him in! That's a fine howdoyoudo. A guy walks into the office cold and you don't even stop to pass the time of day and I have the politeness to talk to him and make a deal with him—so you brought him in!"

"So whose fault is it that I had to run out and leave the office?" I said. "If you had lent me that nickel to make my telephone call I would have been here myself, wouldn't I? And it's my morning to use the desk, isn't it?"

"But I didn't have a nickel," Nate said. "So how could I lend it to you if I didn't have it?"

"You didn't have it!" I said. "You didn't have it! What am I, deaf or something? I didn't see Willie Clark give you half a dollar yesterday afternoon?"

And just about this time Jed Miller, next door, began banging on his wall and shouting.

"You two chiselers stop arguing," he said. "How can a man do any work in this lousy building with punks like you raising hell all the time?"

So we both turned on him and we gave it to him good and then we went back to figuring it out among each other.

And finally there wasn't no other way out of it so I agreed to become the director of the play. Nate would produce it and I would stage it. And I would get fifty smackers a week—starting tomorrow—and a piece of the play.

Nate, being a soft-hearted guy, wanted to put Jed Miller in as stage manager or something, but I told him no. I told him there wasn't any sense getting mixed up with a bunch of cheap chiselers. A guy that's small enough to make coffee every morning for a couple of other guys just in order to have them call him to the telephone once in a while—a guy like that is too small-minded, too cheap, for me to bother with.

Continued in center of page 202

Deaf But Not So Dumb

The author is glad of having been spared the necessity of building a sound-proof room

by FRANK SCULLY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

J. P. McEvoy, a humorist who has his serious moments which sometimes, happily, run into hours, was telling a group of us at a Hollywood *soirée*, that after a year in the Orient he found on returning to America that our outstanding contribution to world-culture was noise.

After he thought he had proved it by citing, as nearly as I could make out, everything from loud-speakers at political conventions to sirens on baby carriages, I had to ask him to speak louder as I was a little hard of hearing.

"Oh, so you've found the cure already, have you?" he asked with what looked to me like a badly concealed outbreak of envy.

Al Lewin, producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Malarey of such noise-epics as *Mutiny On The Bounty*, who was listening to McEvoy, began to take off his hearing gadget. If McEvoy was going to talk louder, and not funnier, Lewin decided he'd better put his portable microphone and battery to bed for the night.

"I have one of those too, Al," I said before he got it into dead storage. "I rarely wear mine, though. I'm deaf, you see, but not so dumb. If producers generally ever got hep to the fact that I never heard what they said there'd be hell to pay."

The super-salesman who sold me the idea of buying a hearing aid, I explained to my inattentive audience, was Rupert Hughes. He had one on at a dinner to Liam O'Flaherty, and I asked Hughes why he bothered at his time of life to catch all the dumb things said at dinners.

"Well, you see," he explained, "I often act as chairman of these things and frequently other speakers make oblique remarks to which I am expected to respond in my witty way. I found I wasn't hearing them half the time, and when I got up to talk I didn't respond as everybody expected. That left things much as if a printer had published a book of conundrums and had left out the answers."

I said I thought that was a good idea too.

"Well, it isn't in the opinion of those who pay to hear you at banquets," countered Author Hughes.

In the end he talked so eloquently that I, a sucker for any mechanical aid to overcome an infirmity, bought one. It set me back one hundred bucks, not counting the batteries which always burn out just as the chief character on the stage stops shouting and goes into a whisper so that the other characters on the stage won't know the plot.

Imagine my chagrin to find that the first time I used the thing in broad daylight I should be at a speakers' table with Rupert Hughes. I started to pull the various pieces out of various pockets when I saw Hughes fixing his gadget in place before rising to speak.

That stymied me. I couldn't very well go on with the act after that without being mistaken by the audience for Vince Barnett, the ace ribber in a world still in love with horseplay, so I explained the dilemma to the audience, showed them a whole handful of hearing aids, stuck the pieces back in my pocket and went on talking without having the undoubted pleasure of hearing the magic of my own voice.

There are, the guy who clinched the deal that Rupert Hughes started assured me, twenty million persons in the United States who are partially deaf. I told him that couldn't be so terrible as it sounded.

"After all," I calmed him, "nine-tenths of what people say isn't worth hearing and the other tenth if it is good enough will get into books, and probably is there already."

"But," he countered, "three million of these hard-of-hearing humans are children, and a deaf child tends to become mute unless he hears the sounds he is expected to use later in life."

"What's the matter with that?" I asked, having two fairly noisy offspring forever around the upper story of my Bedside Manor.

"Don't you see the tragedy of what will happen in your own case?" he continued. "You'll lose your *sound vocabulary*. As deafness progresses the memory of sounds that has been stored up in the mind over a period of years is more and more lost. With the passage of time the sound memory, or *sound vocabulary* as we call it, gets fainter and fainter, with the result that if a person long hard of hearing were restored to perfect hearing he would find it difficult to understand or interpret certain sounds. You know how it is when you don't use a foreign language for a long while. If suddenly forced to listen to people talking it rapidly, all you get is a fast flow of unrecognized sounds. That's because through disuse a faculty has become atrophied. Well, the same thing will happen if you continue to neglect your hearing."

He had me there. After that I was a push-over for the sale.

Later he sent me a booklet, as part of his service and underlined certain passages. One was that: "The nervous strain of trying to hear gradually undermines the health."

That wasn't true in my case because I rarely try to hear. What I do instead is to ask the Mrs. as we're driving home, "Was there anything anybody said tonight worth repeating?" She thinks hard and if there were she tells me.

This is no strain on either of us because in a car I can hear very well. The noise of the motor cancels out the noises in my head and so in an automobile I hear as well as the next one.

Maybe a little better.

Another thing the service salesman underlined was: "The diminishing sphere of frequency begins to exercise a smothering effect on the spirits, nerves and activities of the individual."

I wrote him that it wasn't the fact that I can't hear straight that smothers my spirits, but the fact that I can't think straight.

Apparently he had no gadget which could overcome that, though he may be working on it.

Having been lug-eared for twenty years, increasingly in the last ten, I'm not trying to be funny at other people's expense when I say that after forty it's really a break in your favor.

Noises continually pounding at people drive them crazy. More than half our hospitals are devoted exclusively to cases of nervous breakdown and insanity. And they are on the increase. Now, it may be argued, that's because people live longer than they used to, and thereby have more chances to go crazy, but the weakness in that defense is that deaf people live longer than others and *never* go crazy. They rarely commit suicide either.

So I haven't much compassion for people like Beethoven who thought deafness the worst possible affliction, though I have plenty of admiration for people like Edison who didn't think it mattered a hoot.

How Lord Byron felt about it I don't know and how Coolidge felt about it I care less. Carolyn Wells and Idwal Jones, Nick Schenck and Tom Broadhurst seem to take the misfortune with fair humor, and old Carl Laemmle, the most lug-eared of the lot, hasn't been caught in an unsmiling pose in twenty years.

Kirke La Shelle, the son of the man who wrote *Arizona*, was at least fifty per cent off

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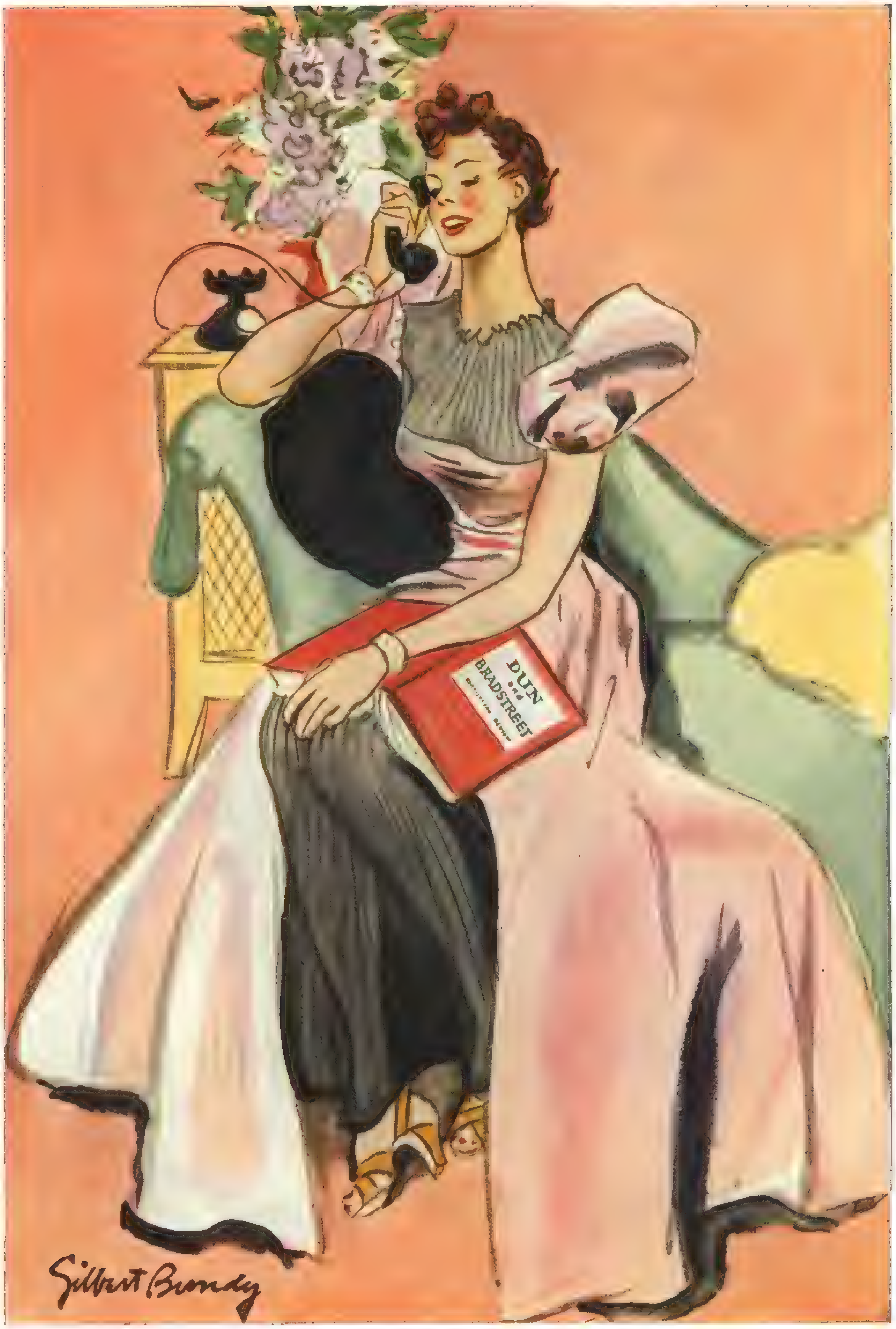
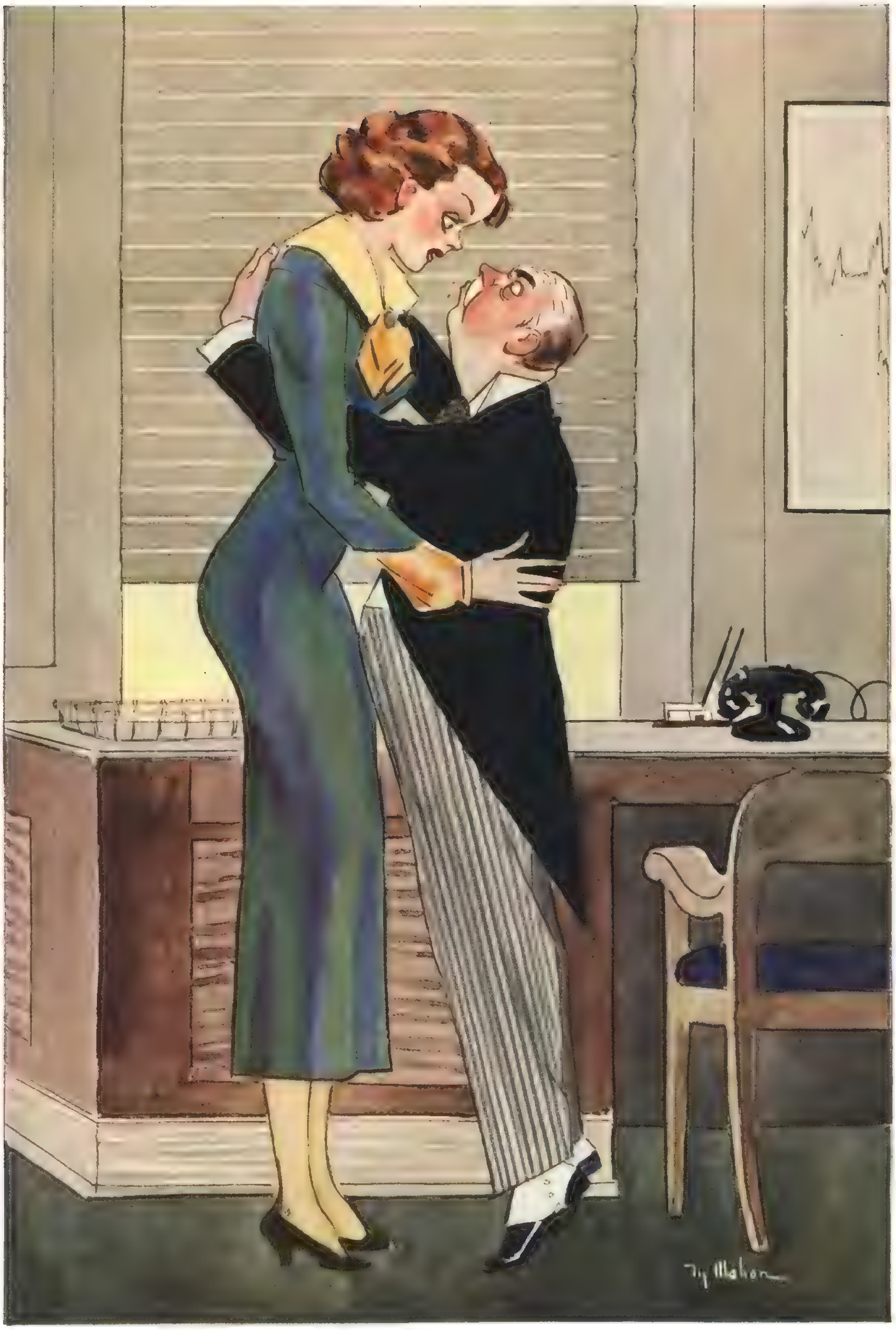

DUN
and
BRADSTREET
Gilbert Bundy

"Oh! Yes I'll be here Mr. Van Gates—I'm reading the most interesting book"



"It's no use—I'll have to get another stenographer"

Training School for Lovers

Offering a curriculum for lovers from the kindergarten to the postgraduate stage

by DR. ALFRED ADLER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Our schools boast of professors of mathematics, aesthetics, physics, of physical culture, etc. I am not jesting when I suggest that we should also have professors of love. Why not a School of Love beginning with the Kindergarten and winding up with a postgraduate course for university students?

The school boy who has not prepared his lesson cannot answer the teacher's questions—he flunks. This holds equally true in the great school of life and its three great subdivisions: Occupation, Society and Love. An indulgent examiner may occasionally permit a defective student to pass; the student, if lucky, may evade some difficulties. But, other things being equal, the man or woman who is well equipped in every respect, will excel in his work, in his social and in his amatory relations.

I remember the case of a much-married lady who, in spite of disastrous experiences, attempted matrimony again and again. Every time she marched down the aisle, her venture ended in the divorce court. One ended in the morgue—with the suicide of the husband. Yet, every time on the surface, the husband was to blame. She herself was convinced that such was the case. When it was pointed out to her that her own psychic maladjustment doomed every marriage to failure, she refused to admit the contention. She insisted she had at last found an ideal husband in No. 4. That was two years ago. She is now "residing" in a fashionable divorce resort, waiting for the law to free her from No. 5!

Love, like hunger, is a deep fundamental instinct; like hunger, it is not in itself an infallible guide. We carefully cultivate our appetite for caviar and other culinary delights. We should cultivate our amatory instincts in the same fashion. Love, and its supreme expression, marriage, presuppose a careful adaptation on the part of the individual to the entire complicated social and biological structure within which we have our being. Training for love should begin in the nursery. It should be continued in primary school, in high school and college. The love student must be guided in such a way that he will seek the satisfaction of his libido in a well-balanced marriage.

I propose to begin with the baby, not merely because the sex urge, in one form or another, expresses itself even in infancy, but because our pattern of conduct in life or in love is established in the first few years of existence. The child who is interested solely in himself will not change into a satisfactory husband or wife. He will be as unready for love as he is for other tasks imposed upon him by society. The child who is unable, or unwilling to coöperate in the household or in the school, will be equally unable to coöperate in love or marriage. He (or she) will be a spoil-sport in every human relation, an amorist, not a lover. Incapable of mutual devotion, he or she makes love a task for one, instead of a task for two. He or she may have innumerable love-affairs, but all these will be deviations from the normal structure of love.

The love-life of the self-centered egotist is a continuation of the childish beginning of self-centered sexuality. Self-centered individuals are prepared for love badly, or not at all, even if they pose as great lovers. Casanovas of the Campus, Don Juans of the motor car, co-educational Messalines, are poor frustrated, unsocial types, collecting loves as the Indian collected scalps. The Indian Lover, like the Indian Giver, demands but makes no returns. In the end he imposes upon himself the penalty of psychological solitude. From the self-imposed solitary confinement he can never escape until his pattern of conduct is altered. But to alter the pattern requires much labor and the guidance of trained psychologists. Adult education in love presents more difficulties than training in childhood.

Before a child is six years old, her or his approach to love is determined. In its own little world the child faces problems not unlike those that the adult encounters. Love, marriage, the physical and mental response of its parents, or its brothers and sisters, and other persons with whom it comes into contact, shape—if they do not determine—its outlook.

In teaching young children about love, avoid forcing upon them physiological details for which they are not yet prepared. Gratify, without stimulating, natural curiosity. Too much undigested parental instruction makes children afraid of love. Children who experiment with love too early, or ponder problems of adult relations too intensely, recoil from experience when they should be prepared for it. They are apt to look upon physical attraction and bodily sensations with the same fear as before and with more alarm than a child who has gradually acquired knowledge about sex relations from other children.

A healthy child is not corrupted by information it picked up from its playmates, even if it is sometimes picked up in the gutter. It is best to leave something to the child's own search than to foist upon it knowledge for which it is not yet ready, and to inculcate in it an attitude toward love or sex which is essentially adult or abhorrent.

The best training which adults can give their children is by living a harmonious, socially responsible life themselves. Obviously the child is deeply influenced by what it sees. A boy's interest in girls, the selection of types that appeal to him, is largely shaped by the positive or negative reaction to his mother and to his sisters. Similarly, a girl's ideal in love is influenced by her male progenitor and by her brothers. There is no necessity for calling these obvious facts by fancy Greek names and investing them with a sinister significance. No child brought up under normal and harmonious conditions will develop into an Oedipus or an Electra unless it is too much pampered

One of the things which should be taught in the Kindergarten of Love is the Dance. Dancing promotes both the interplay between the sexes and their coöperation as a task for two persons of different sexes. We should not discourage children from seeking playmates of the opposite sex. We should neither ridicule, nor over-emphasize their

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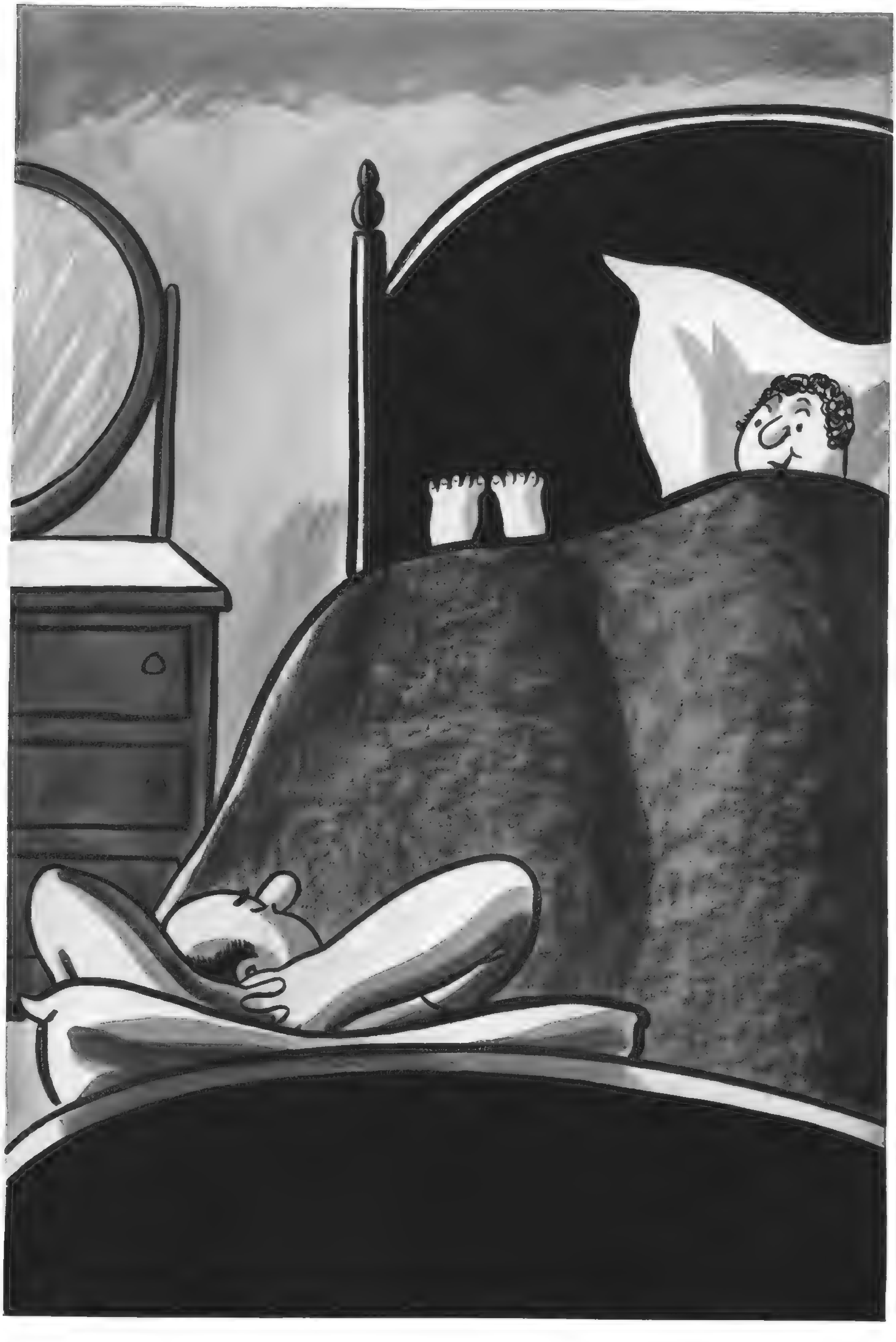

"Still mad?"

When the Wind Dies Down

From tennis champion to grocery clerk, and he'd do it again if he had the choice to make over

by JOHN FRANCIS HENNESSEY

▪ SPORTS ▪

WIMBLEDON . . . Biarritz . . . Cannes . . . Paris . . . Sydney . . . Newport . . . Hollywood . . . Yes Sir! And there I am on the White House lawn, receiving the congratulations and good wishes of President Herbert Hoover. . . . A moment later the tang of ocean breezes comes to my nostrils as our luxurious liner cuts the swelling waters of the Atlantic. . . . Say, another fizz *would* taste swell . . . I was about to pull the bell-cord that would bring a Filipino boy instantly to my side—and then, a raspy, grating chime down in the hallway startled me out of my glorious scrap-book fantasy.

My gosh! Could it be 10 p. m. already? Must be. Two things in this boarding house were unerring in their regularity—the hourly clock chimes and the landlady.

John F. Hennessey jumping for the sheets at 10—impossible! Why only a short time ago it was scarcely dark out yet at this time of evening. But now it was different—I wasn't a big shot tennis player any more. I was just another grocery store clerk. Like any other person so occupied, my routine called for rising at 6 a. m.; on the job at 8; and on the toes 'til 6 p. m. Two and a half hours of reclining in a comfy old low-swung easy chair made the process of rising and preparing for bed a difficult one. And besides, as dog-tired as I was, I didn't feel much like going to bed. I just wanted to sit there, puffing my pipe and basking in the glory reflected in yellowing scrap-books. The realities of a long day's work on insufficient sleep prevailed over glowing memories. Soon I was in bed. I was weary. My feet hurt. I wanted to fall off to sleep—to dream some more—to go back a few years to the time when attentive trainers would have jumped into action at so much as a hint that my feet ached . . .

Before I realized it, I was off on a new tangent—arguing bitterly with myself.

"No, this 10-o'clock-to-bed, 10-hours-a-day grocery clerk isn't the same John Hennessey about whom all those scrap-book articles were written. It just can't be. Why, he was SOMEBODY. He palled, hobnobbed, socialed with millionaires; he motored, cruised, danced, sipped tea with debutantes. He spent the winters in warm, sun-bathed playgrounds. John F. Hennessey, the Davis Cup man, went to bed and arose when the spirit moved him. He ordered breakfast in bed. He rode in cabs and limousines. Other people came to him—solicited his favor.

"John F. Hennessey, the man who had beaten Henri Cochet, Bill Tilden, Gerald Patterson, Hawkes, and others . . . he had been offered $1,000 per month in cold, vital cash to play professional tennis. Yes, Bill O'Brien, the big mogul of pro tennis, had laid before that John Hennessey the opportunity to take up trouping; and at more money per month than John Hennessey the grocery clerk was earning in a year. Furthermore, it was easier money, by far."

This mental battle of the Hennesseys—John the clerk and John the former National champion and Davis Cup player—was by no means the first that had occurred. It had been fought and refought. On this particular night of May, 1934, the scrap-book reminders of glamorous days gone by stirred up unprecedented internal agitation.

This day I had stood for nearly half an hour, taking verbal abuse from a woman. Her only gripe was that radishes happened to be one cent more per bunch in our store than at a cut-rate spot down the street. My Irish blood boiled. My hair crackled. I couldn't talk back. For all the trophies I had won, I was just another tongue-target clerk. This woman, like a couple of million other people, wasn't the least bit interested in whether my name was John F. Hennessey or John F. Nobody.

This galling pill of disappointment (the realization that a fickle public has forgotten so soon and so easily) is a tough one to choke down. It takes months and years. Yet everyone who drinks heavily of the sweet wine of fame and exaltation must sooner or later bring himself around to it.

My lot, through this process of weaning myself away from old pleasures, friends, and occupations, was very much that of the lone sheep. I alone of the ranking players of that golden era of amateur tennis from 1926 to 1930 had chosen to disrobe myself of all tennis vestige, in favor of a civilian career.

My old Davis Cup mate and the greatest shot-artist of them all—Bill Tilden—had some time since jumped over into those fertile pastures of professionalism. George Lott, my brilliant partner through two Davis Cup campaigns, was still trying to make good his vow to cop the Davis Cup back from the Frenchmen. Wilmer Allison, Frank Shields, Sidney Wood, Johnny Van Ryn and the other headline boys with whom I associated so long, were still taking their tennis seriously, and are to this day.

Don't misunderstand. I'm not trying to set my case up as unique in sports annals. Very much to the contrary, my purpose in writing this article is that there are thousands of athletes and aspiring athletes to whom my case might well apply.

Donald W. Ryan

You, Mr. Sports Fan—it is you who plays the role of "builder-upper" and then, ironically, "letter-downer." It is your concerted indulgence that goads legions of youngsters and youths on to achieve the hollow greatness of a champion athlete. Most unfortunate is the misconception of these aspiring athletes that greatness will bring them everything to be desired in life—that it will set them apart as super-beings to whom all mankind shall be everlastingly indebted.

Like virtually every youngster, that little punk of a kid (who was I) measured a man by his athletic prowess. I particularly admired those dynamic, graceful, co-ordinated players who dominated the public tennis courts near my home in Indianapolis. Like any normal, hero-worshiping, ambitious youngster, I concealed within myself endless dreams of future stardom—a position in the public limelight. Because I didn't have a substantial bankroll behind me, the glamour of travel, conquest, and social recognition worked hard on my imagination.

When I won my first Indianapolis City Tennis Championship, "Happiness" and "Big Shot" took on new meaning in the Hennessey vocabulary. My personal elation reached a new high when I came out of the Western tournament at Chicago with my first victory over George Lott. It was then for the first time that I experienced the thrill of having my name elevated in triumph over that of someone already famous. That was my first encounter with George, who was later to become my Davis Cup partner. He was then a sophomore at the University of Chicago and coming up fast in athletics.

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Hollywood at War 1915–1918

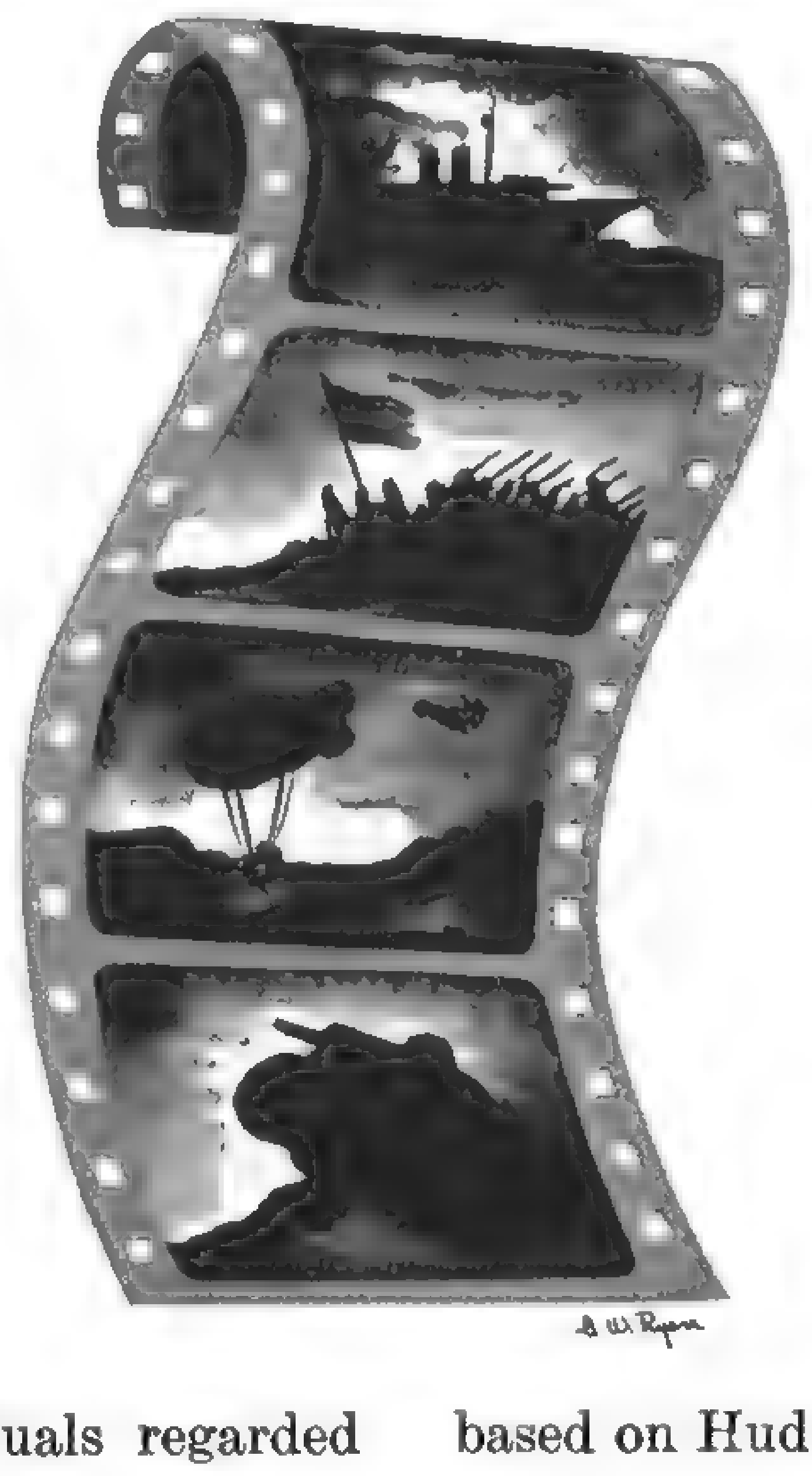
A little reminder of what the movies could do in the days of the Beast of Berlin

by CREIGHTON PEET

▪ ARTICLE ▪

After fifteen years of exposés of everything from Teapot Dome to Jimmy Walker's ornate administration, and munitions lobbies to artichoke and chicken "czars"—to say nothing of an increasingly caustic attitude on the part of the press toward tainted and damaged news—we think we are moderately safe from war propaganda. Since 1918 we have become keenly alive to the shabby and absurd rumors which were circulated by interested parties to make us take sides during the World War. We remember about the phony Belgian "atrocities," the manufacture of some of which have actually been confessed to in recent years.

Maybe you recall that by 1918 "Germans" had all but disappeared from the American press? There were only "Huns" and "Boches" beyond the barbed wire. In this country any unlucky German who annoyed his neighbor, immediately became a "Hun spy" and his every move was watched with rapt attention by a delighted populace. In fact *all* Germans were "Hun spies" in the lurid, melodramatic state of mind of the day. It was like living a bad movie. The harmless, sluggish delicatessen keeper on the corner was suddenly transformed into a sinister international agent. Ahhhh!



Of course all agencies of public intelligence were only too eager to participate in this fine patriotic work. A fighting spirit was as essential to winning the war as saving tin foil or economizing on sugar or knitting wash cloths for the boys in the trenches. Men of God came down from the Mountain with the reassurance that the war was spiritually O. K. We had Right on our side. This was virtually a new Crusade. The Germans—beg pardon, the Huns—were only the unhappy slaves of that monster, the Kaiser, whom many individuals regarded as the anti-Christ in person. George M. Cohan wrote *Over There* and Elsie Janis did nobly in taking Broadway to the A.E.F. The magazines and newspapers let go with both barrels, the latter every few hours all day and night with extra after extra.

But our movie industry, which was progressing rapidly due to a lack of competition from abroad, was already the most powerful single medium in the land. Children and the semi-literate, those who can read but never do, now found themselves watching what almost amounted to an interminable and bloodthirsty movie serial which might have been called *Kicking the Hun Around.* As usual, Hollywood came through flamboyantly. If "news" stories told lurid tales of cruelty and debauchery, the movies not only brought these to life but tricked them out with all the gaudy devices of cheap melodrama, in which logic, facts, and even simple common sense were quickly tossed aside. The Kaiser (familiarly known as Kaiser Bill) turned out to be the best villain Hollywood ever had presented to it on a silver platter of government and club lady approval. Not until the Chicago gangster turned up years later did Hollywood uncover a villain as powerless to sue for libel or effect economic reprisals.

The Kaiser, it turned out, was a leprous-looking individual with an arm so withered he could not pick up a telephone (let alone chop wood at Doorn) and, as one subtitle had it, "we all knew his weakness for soft white hands and we shuddered." Sex was a trifle coy in 1918, even where such a fiend was concerned. As for the Crown Prince (whom subtitle writers of the day tagged the Clown Quince) he was portrayed as a horrid lecherous young man, always on the point of despoiling a pure American girl. As for the cause of the War, one movie called *Kultur* revealed the amazing fact that the whole business arose from a quarrel over a girl between the Archduke Francis of Austria and the Emperor of Austria. This made another girl jealous and she hired an assassin who killed the Archduke—and the rest is history.

Of course Hollywood did not take the lead in this matter. Hollywood never takes the lead in anything, one way or another. By August 1915, when the film *The Battle Cry of Peace* based on Hudson Maxim's book *Defenceless America* appeared, the war had been under way about a year, during which time the Allied press agents had been filling our newspapers, magazines and newsreels with the "right" sort of material. Moreover, the *Lusitania* had been at the bottom of the Atlantic for three months. But while thousands read Hudson Maxim's book, millions saw the vivid and bloody film depicting the invasion of America by a very German-looking enemy. (We did not enter the war until April 1917, twenty months later.)

Hudson Maxim, an inventor famous for his work with smokeless powder, and one of a family of distinguished inventors, was a firm believer in bigger and better-equipped armies. On the frontispiece of his book is the slogan "The quick-firing gun is the greatest life-saving instrument ever invented." The book also boasts of a chart showing that in the first year of the war 4,000,000 men were killed and wounded, but, as the chart points out this is less than the birth rate of these countries by 1,000,000! So you see, war isn't so bad after all. Only 4,000,000 dead and wounded in one year.

Mr. Maxim himself appeared in the film delivering a lecture on preparedness which was of course relayed to the audience by means of lengthy subtitles. The picture was straight military propaganda and was immensely popular. Pacifists were all yellow-bellied cowards, anyway, and every American was made to realize it after seeing Vitagraph's lurid chromo which ended up with a mother shooting her two daughters to save them from attack by drunken soldiers (enemy).

In view of the recent investigations of the armament industry, it is interesting to note that in his book Mr. Maxim took many pages to defend such manufacturers. They were all patriots, he said, and any such petty or selfish business as trying to turn governments against each other was impossible "after all these years of civilization and Christian enlightenment." And I believe he meant it. Mr. Maxim seems to have been a gentleman of the old school. He disapproved of bobbed hair, perfume and modern dancing, but he thought the rapid fire gun a lovely gift from the Goddess of Peace. Unfortunately Mr. Maxim is dead and it is up to us of the present generation to deal with the rapid fire gun as best we can.

During 1915-16-17 we were of course treated to a large assortment of Allied army newsreels such as *The Italian Battle Front, How Britain Prepared, France in Arms*, etc., etc. There were even a few German reels such as *Germany at War*, sponsored by the *Fatherland Magazine*, and *The Battle of Przemysl*, but they never got very far or cut much ice. Besides, the Allied reels outnumbered them and beginning with *The Battle Cry of Peace*, Hollywood and Fort Lee, New Jersey, began turning out melodramatic fictional movies in which the "enemy" was German in everything but name. We did not enter the war officially until April 6, 1917, and until then some slight effort was made to preserve a veneer of technical neutrality. But it was a very transparent veneer. In theory, Thomas Ince's *Civilization* (June 1916) was a pacifist

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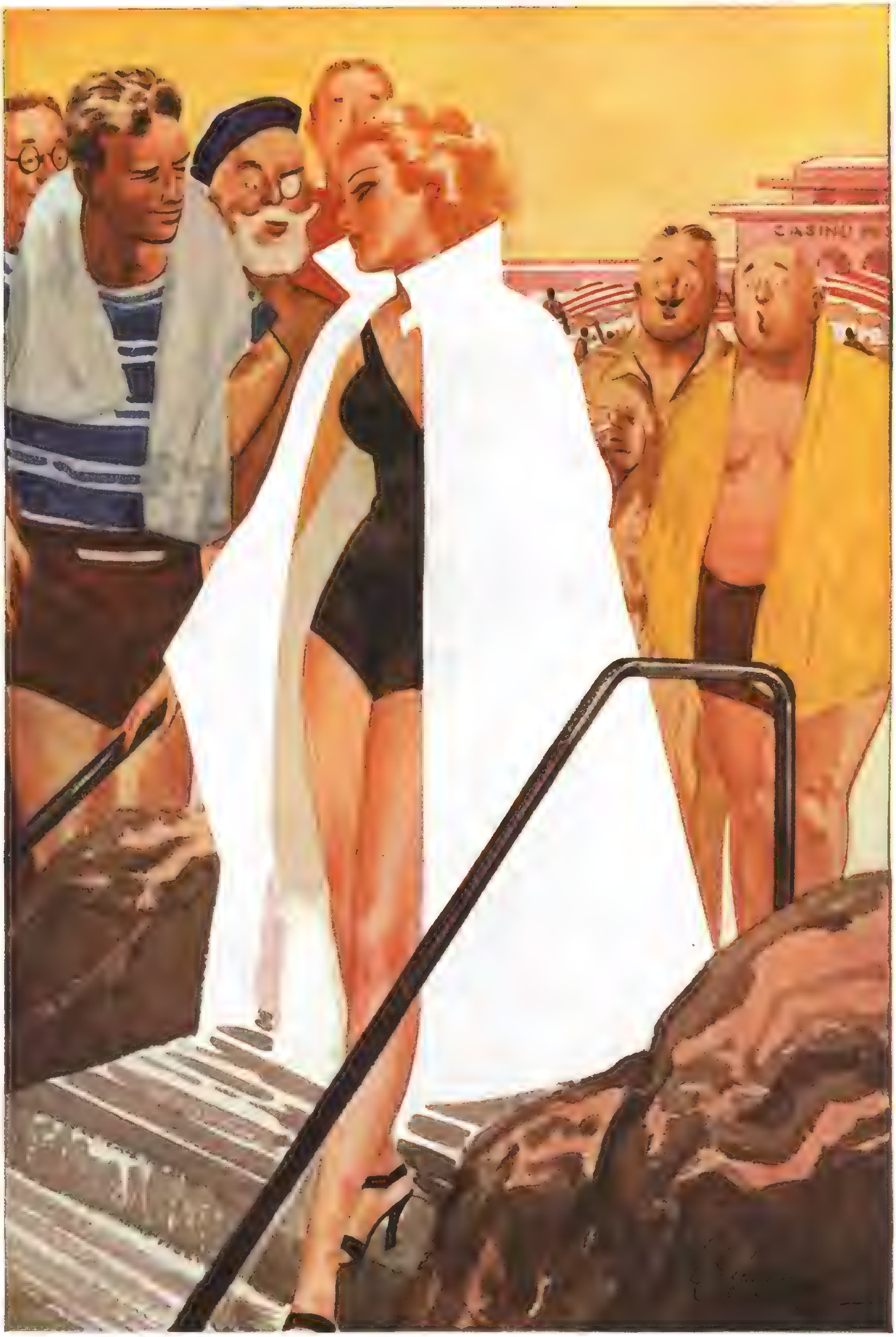
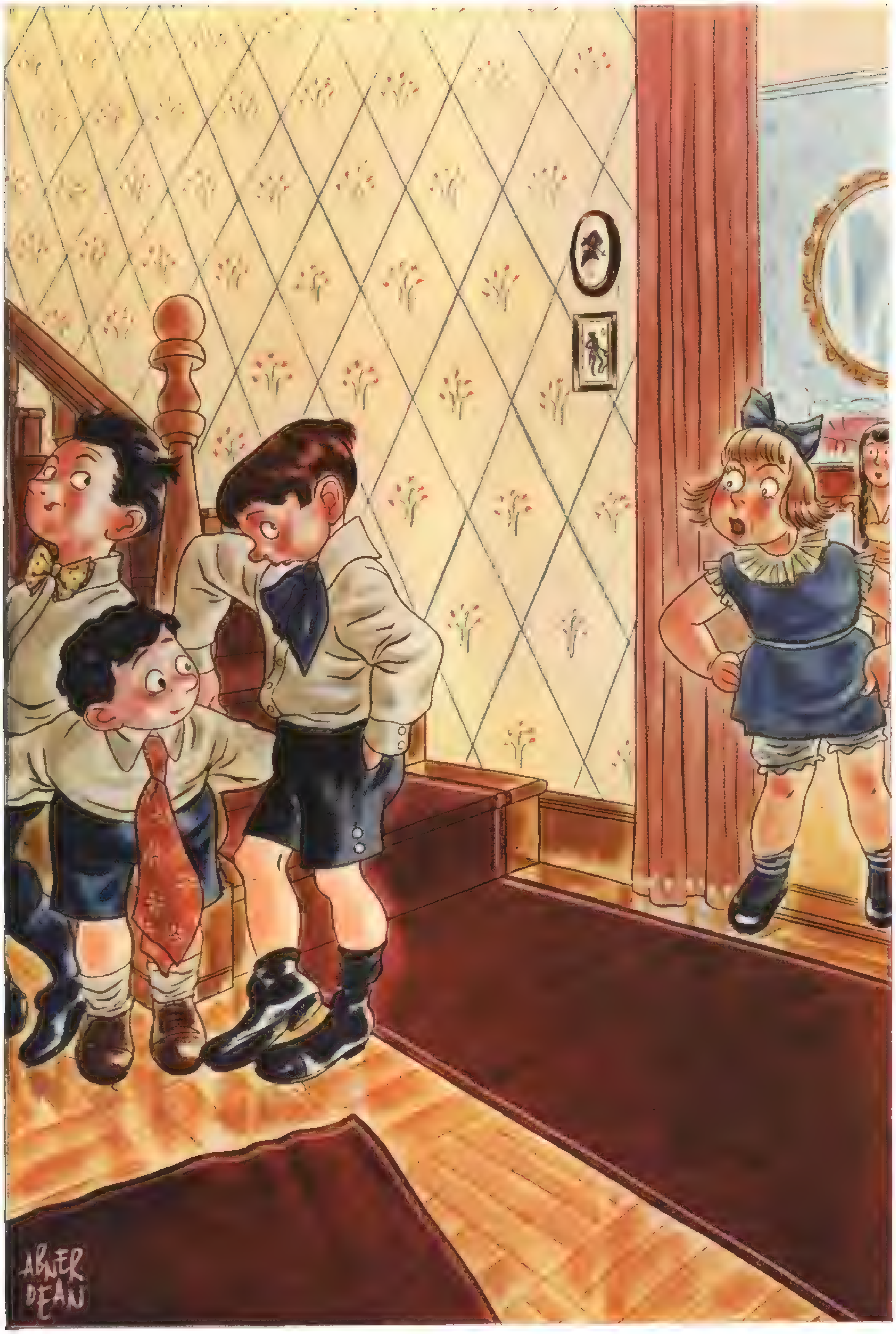


"I used to know her—four checkbooks ago"



"You men make me sick—standing around talking while the party goes stale"

Grandpappy Say Simply Starved

Take a look at the well-washed anatomy of a sex-novel heroine who is hungry but never eats

by JOHN P. FORT

• SATIRE •

"You got a secret sin of some sort," say Alice to Grandpappy. "It show in your eye. If you got a sin, bring it out in the open and then it disappear."

Grandpappy blush. "I'm in the novel-writing profession," he say in a low, sort of shamed voice.

"Oh My Lord," say Alice, "now you is into something. What sort of a novel is you writin'?"

"A sex novel," Grandpappy say in a hot, proud voice.

The rest of the chilluns were gatherin' 'round. "Read it to us," say Alice.

Grandpappy blush again. "It ain't fitten to read to all you chilluns," he say.

Alice giggle. "Now Grandpappy be your age. You knows that we has the run of the house and there's all sorts of sex novels scattered about."

Grandpappy look sheepish but he fetch a paper out his pocket and commence. "The title," he say, "is *Simply Starved* and it going to be in thirty chapters. I just got three done."

"The title's good, Grandpappy," say the littlest chile. "Starvin' is down my alley and right now I could do well by a hot-dog."

Grandpappy stop and scowl. "Maybe you better take him out and set him to eatin', he say. "He's powerful young for a sex novel."

Alice just laugh. "Grandpappy you sho' is old-fashioned. All the modern psychologists advise bringing the facts of life to the childish mind as early as possible. That stuff about the dear little birds and flowers is out of date. Let him hear it. It will be good for his libido."

Grandpappy blush heavy. "He ain't old enough to have a libido yet," he say in a low voice, "if I understands what you means. However," (and he clear his throat) "here goes."

SIMPLY STARVED

Hazel lay in her warm, but poor bed, her delicate limbs drawn up in a knot with her white knees close to her soft young chin. Hazel's deep blue eyes swam with an opalescent, misty glow. Hazel, her young body all aflame, was thinking about what her chum had told her only the night before. Her chum had gone out to dinner at a night club with Bill Harp, the cynical, dark-haired and handsome newspaper reporter whom Hazel knew only by reputation. "My dear," her chum had said, "we finished dinner and then Bill said 'let's go out to my bungalow and fix up a few sandwiches.' It was the cutest little place, a trifle disorderly of course, as you would expect such a place to be. We stumbled through the front door. Bill couldn't find the light, or pretended he couldn't. I felt his strong arms close around me."

Over and over again as she lay in her poor bed Hazel thought about all the exciting details which had followed. She thought about her own life, how at sixteen she was practically without experience. "On the pretense of getting sandwiches," she said, to herself, "it all happened." She looked down at her white knees so close to her chin. "Knees," she said, "you've been missing something. You belong to a clergyman's daughter, but white knees you are simply starved. Today you shall take me places. I feel it. I know it."

"Doggoned if that make sense," say the littlest child who was in a crosswise humor. "A person gets starved in their tummies and not their knees and my tummy could do for a hamburger right now. If that Hazel was starvin' why didn't she get up and eat, instead of talking about her knees being hungry?"

Grandpappy hear him but he drive right on.

Hazel glanced out the window and saw that it must be nearly ten o'clock. Lazily she got up, took off her poor, frayed nightie which was full of holes and tripped into the bathroom where she took a stinging cold shower. When it was done she looked at herself in the mirror, touched her smooth white body with approving fingers. "You are beautiful," she whispered to her body, "if only you had clothes."

"That's good psychology," interrupt Alice, "somehow, Grandpappy you understands us women."

Grandpappy raise one eyebrow but he go right on.

Hazel dusted some powder over her slender young body, all aglow from the bath, and went hurriedly down stairs—

"Like she were Grandpappy?" a boy-chile interrupt. "I thought you said she were a clergyman's daughter. What sort of a house were she in?"

Grandpappy got a pencil and make a note on the margin. "I forgot to dress her," he say, "but it don't matter."

Hazel went downstairs and out to the mail-box. There was a letter for her which she opened with idle fingers. It was from the Smarty department store. Hazel opened it and right suddenly the blood rushed out of her face. The letter said—

'Dear Miss Hazel Dawn,

We are pleased to inform you that you hold the winning ticket in our recent sales contest. You have credit to the extent of one thousand dollars in this store and another one thousand dollars has been put in the bank, subject to your order.'

Hastily Hazel dashed back into the house, put on her hat and her imitation rabbit skin coat. The color came and went in her cheeks.

"It is my day," she whispered to herself when a little later she tripped lightly up the steps of the Smarty. "I am sixteen. I am beautiful and now I shall have fine clothes. Today my hunger shall end."

Hazel went to a sales girl who was powdering her face behind a counter. "Some dresses please," said Hazel.

"Third floor back, sister," said the girl yawning, "or if you want a real bargain go to the basement."

"I want to see the manager about *my* dresses," said Hazel in a hard voice. "I am Hazel Dawn," and then she sat down for her delicate limbs could no longer sustain her.

"Needed some ham and eggs," said the littlest chile. "Hurry up Grandpappy, she ain't had no breakfast yet and doggone if I ain't gettin' ravenous."

Grandpappy wall his eye but he go on.

The manager was all smiles and turned the entire store over to the trembling Hazel.

"Of course, Miss Dawn," he said, "you want the very best."

"The very best," said Hazel languidly. Soon she was surrounded by wispy brassières, silk scanties, panties, huggies, snuggies, dozens of pairs of sheer silk stockings so thin that they seemed to fairly caress her white skin and Hazel, who a short time before had looked at bare knees, felt a sudden stab of anticipation shoot through her as she saw them encased in the silken fabric. "This is your day," she said to her knees. "No longer will you be starved." But to the manager she said,

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The Variety Mugg

To Variety, all the world truly is a stage, and all that counts is the yardage of sold tickets

by ABEL GREEN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

STIX NIX HICK PIX!
PREZ
ABEL

Life may be a bowl of cherries to Harry Richman but it's a gaff and a gimmick and a Big Show to *Variety* Mugg.

Some 25 or 35 or 50 years ago any *Variety* mugglet was being conned by his mother into eating that oatmeal. Those were the first contacts with the premise-that-was-to-be in future life that everything on this terrestrial sphere is one big ballyhoo. It was written in his porridge that *Variety* Mugg one day would accept life as a great big con game. His mother's promise of reward via a new sled or a nickel, or perhaps some coercive threat of what might happen if the mugglet didn't consume his endorsed-from-Battle-Creek breakfast food, was translated to him as something portentous for all his future days.

The same cynicism translates itself in *Variety's* news columns on any and all branches of show biz. Mr. Roosevelt may be Mr. President to statesmen but he's the Prez to *Variety*. So is Harry Cohn, prez of Columbia Picts, only *Variety* respects the distinction through lower-casing prez Cohn vs. Prez F. D. R.

The philosophy of life being a gaff and a gimmick is a heritage from carny lingo. Just as *Variety's* unique lexicon of slanguage is a medley of all branches of show biz.

The 1929 debacle was translated in *Variety* as WALL STREET LAYS AN EGG.

A page 1 streamer in *Variety* that STIX NIX HICK PIX means a load of contemporary show biz to any *Variety* reader. Translated: the bucolic belt refuses to patronize mustang mellers, giddy-appers, horse operas or bronc pix (any and all of which means a western film), along with other rural themes, manifesting their tastes at the b. o. (boxoffice) to be decidedly partial to the society meller, or other pseudo-sophisticated film fare.

When *Variety* mugg Joe Bigelow of the home-office editorial staff, for instance, reviews Ann Corio, *Bige* (his nom-de-*Variety*) sees beaucoup b. o. behind Corio's strip 'n' tease.

Variety mugg Jack Pulaski (*Ibee*), of the first-string specialists in legit (drama) reviewing, takes an assignment to a Guild show or a Hollywood-financed meller—palpably primed for ultimate filmization—with the same b. o. equation. It's the boxoffice sense in everything.

STREAMLINED 55
RED LIGHTED TWICE
GOTTA GIVE TIK

Any of the Seven Lively Arts is quickly and frankly interpreted into the b. o. equation. Even *Variety's* home-office muggess, Cecelia Ager, who has successfully surmounted the handicap of writing pretty good English, interviews visiting celebs from the Coast and abroad, strictly with an eye to giving them a once-over-lightly in printer's ink. A femme iconoclast, if ever there was one, her interview with the autograph-beseeched satellites is the more barbed if the celeb lets his or her fan-mail make 'em sound ga-ga.

When Cecelia was assigned by this writer to cover the première of Elsa Maxwell at the Versailles club, N. Y., it resulted in a barbed piece which fetched the caption: B'WAY VS. PARK AVE. CHEEK-TO-CHEEKING, SOBBIE AT ELSA MAXWELL'S NITERY. Miss Ager saw naught of the Park Ave. swank, but the contrasting manners of ballroom terping of the mixed Broadway (Georgie Jessel also opened coincidentally) and Park Ave. (the Maxwell draw) turn-out.

GERRY GANDERS GALS GAMS
?

Editor and Publisher Sid Silverman (son of *Variety's* founder, Sime Silverman) directs the destinies of *Variety* strictly with a b.o. eye. When he catches (reviews) a first-run flicker, he has an eye chiefly to the b. o. values for the exhibs and distribs (as does every staff member on any assignment). The contributory screen artificers are made incidental to the sole Ultimate and Penultimate—the B. O. Then only do the stars, director, scriptists, photog, producers and technical crew rate any bends for their efforts.

This seemingly mercenary emphasis on what is broadly considered as one of the popular arts is stripped of all its hooey and tinsel because *Variety* knows that the reason Wall St. has so long and so heavily invested in show biz (particularly pix) is because of B. O.—and not for the same altruistic and artistic reason that, perhaps, an Otto Kahn b. r.'d the Met op.

Pix biz particularly combines a generous b. r. and s. a. into marquee values for big b. o. That's true of almost every other branch of the show trade (s. a. in radio is perhaps the lone exception, among the artists)—and it's true, practically, of life in general.

The old s. a. (sex appeal) and b. r. (bankroll) have been an historical affinity for aeons. The marquee values (tungsten display space in front of the theatre) were usually attended by a combination of both elements and with resultant generous dividends (b. o.).

Sime Silverman in the 28 years of *Variety's* 31 years' existence (he died Sept. 22, 1933) that he shepherded his staff referred to them as the Muggs. *Variety* Mugg has become a brusquely proud nom-de-guerre for the far-flung theatrical news organization which has had some humorously perverting effects on some of its sundry foreign correspondents. An English newspaperman in Calcutta and a native vodka correspondent in Moscow, who cover their respective theatrical fronts for *Variety*, are variously imbued with the al fresco spirit of the muggery, and sometimes their attempts at assassinating the academic English they'd been taught outdoes some of the mayhem regularly practiced by the American staffmen.

Variety mugg in making the rounds is limited to one phrase, "What's new?" In Times Sq.; around Radio City; in the Loop; around Hollywood and Vine or in the commissaries of the studios; in London's West End; around the Blvd. des Italiens and Blvd. des Capucines and the Etoile sectors in Paris; around the Eden hotel's bar in Berlin's west-end, or in the Bristol-Adlon sector in Berlin's midtown; around any of the key hostelries in every key city of the world, where there is some form of show biz, there's a *Variety* mugg asking, "What's new?" of almost anybody.

There are vaudfilmers, legits, circuses, carnys, niteries, danceries and filmusicals enjoying b. o. in every corner of the world. The bigger keys have their dramatic and opera and concert troupes. The depresh may be brutal, still, in some spots; in others the situash is terrif. *Variety* wants to know why, how much, and where. If the deluxers

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ON THE PTARMIGAN TRAIL

Glacier National Park, Montana

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

SUNSET ON LAKE ST. MARY

Glacier National Park, Montana

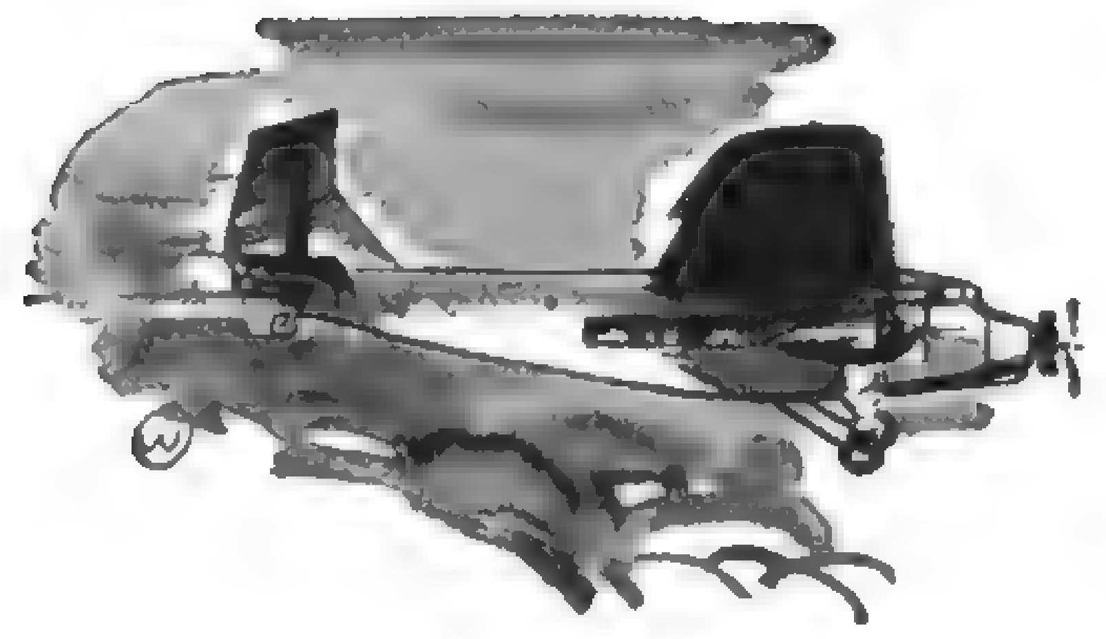
PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

A Crack-Up Alibi

Not exactly a movie story about a girl and a pilot in a night flight over peaks

by T. BENSON HOY

• FICTION •



WHAT'S the idea of the Spanish? *Como esta*, yourself . . .

I left Buenos Aires seven years ago. I'm flying out of Newark, now. Besides, I never could learn Spanish . . .

How'd you know I cracked up down there? . . .

The New York papers had it. That was seven years ago, you have a good memory . . .

The passengers were going to sue the company? Oh. I didn't know that. When I returned to Buenos Aires I was fired pretty quick. I never could figure out why. All the explanation I got was that the Argentines would be afraid to ride with a pilot who had cracked up.

I'll have a Scotch. What are you smiling at? . . .

The passengers said the company let a stupid boy fly the plane? So that's why you remember it. The papers never get a crash story straight, though. There was only one passenger. She couldn't speak English and I couldn't speak Spanish, but we were getting along swell, I thought. A stupid boy. I'll be damned . . .

Yes, a girl. I didn't know there was anything in the papers about it. I thought I was getting along swell before we crashed. I didn't see her afterwards . . .

A pilot never tells the truth about a crack-up, you know. They always excuse themselves . . .

Okay. I'll tell you what actually happened and it will explain, maybe, her calling me a stupid boy.

The passengers had all left for the field in the big cars. I was driving the company flivver because the chauffeur was sick. A traffic clerk came running out of the office just as I was starting. He told me to stop at the Plaza Hotel and pick up Señorita Dolores Corbeda. He threw a kiss at the sky and seemed excited. He rattled a lot of English and Spanish but, I gathered that this Dolores was very important in some way to the government or the president of some country down there. I stopped at the Plaza and figured some eagle-faced old duena would come plumping out to raise a fuss about riding in the flivver. Boy! What a surprise. She was tall and walked as though she hadn't spent all her life sitting behind a barred window. I thought of pictures I had seen advertising Carmen, and here was the real thing. Hollywood couldn't have anything better.

She had a pink complexion, but sort of like cream over a rosy tan . . .

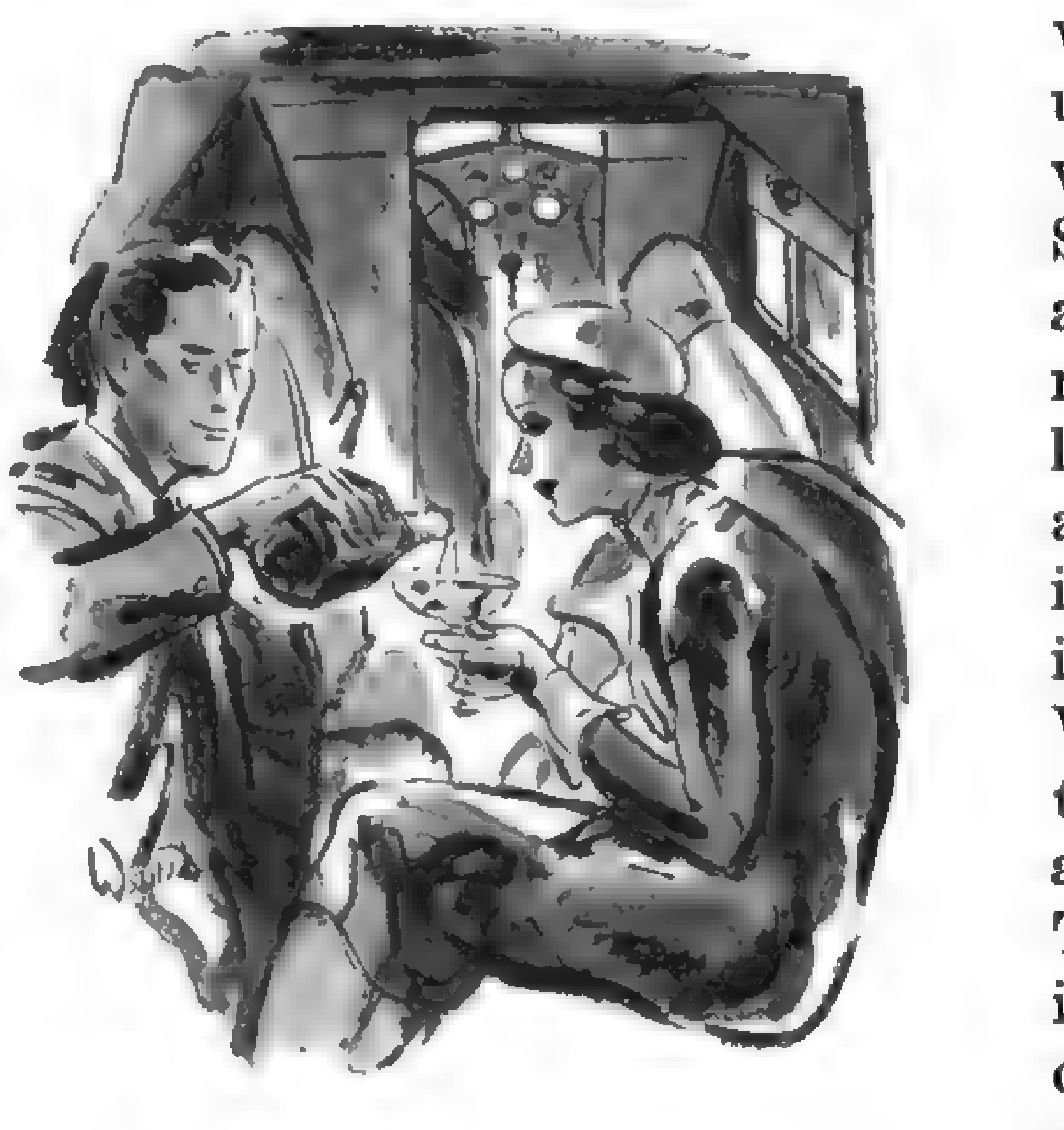
What's funny about that? Anyway she was a knockout. When she saw she'd have to ride in the front, her black eyes kinda sparked with amusement. She got in matter-of-fact and we started . . .

The back of the car was filled with the lunch boxes and the champagne . . .

Sure, the line served a pint of wine to each passenger with lunch.

I was in a hurry and the streets were still wet after three days of rain. The flivver was a right hand drive because traffic keeps to the left down there. I had a couple of close scrapes driving that way. She didn't seem to mind them. But when I grinned and said something in English, she snapped something in Spanish and froze up. I didn't know why.

The airport was a cow-pasture on the outside of Buenos Aires. Two narrow dirt roads led to it, through a lot of trees. I took the road I thought was the higher one and we skidded and jounced and plowed through the mud and barely made it. Señorita Dolores Corbeda apparently didn't like the ride much and got out kind of cool and distant.



"*Gracias*," she said and held out her hand.

I thought she was sorry for being so cold and took her hand and grinned. She jerked it away and left me holding a peso bill. I guessed she thought I was a chauffeur . . .

No, we didn't wear uniforms on that line. They did on the seaplane divisions up the coast, but I never did on the Andes run.

She climbed into the cabin and I went over to ask Pete how the ship was. It had just been overhauled after a crack-up . . .

No. I didn't crack it up. Another pilot ran it into a ditch on the Salta run. Somebody was always cracking up in the planes we had down there in those days. A big tri-motor job was pretty hard to handle in some of the fields down there.

Well, we waited a couple of hours and the other cars with the passengers didn't show up. They got stuck in the mud, I guess. But the mail must go through and we had to leave to get over the Andes in the daytime . . .

I know the movies showed a night flight over the Andes but that was the movies.

It probably surprised her when I walked through the cabin to the pilot compartment. Because when we were in the air I let Pete fly . . .

He was my flight mechanic. He couldn't land or take off, but he held the ship on a course in the air fairly well. It wasn't exactly regular to let Pete fly, of course, but anything went in those days.

When I went back into the cabin she looked up at me with a lot of astonishment in her eyes. She had beautiful eyes. I saw her lips moving and I leaned over her chair. The cabins of those old tri-motors were too noisy to hear very well unless you got close like that.

"*Usted es el piloto?*" she said. Even though I knew she must be yelling her voice sounded soft.

"*Si*," I said and grinned. I understood *piloto* and guessed what she meant. This time she smiled back, and when her lips moved I leaned close again.

"*Marveloso*," she said, and in spite of the roaring motors it sounded as though Dietrich had said it.

We tried to talk for a while but mostly I would start something in English, without realizing she wouldn't get it, and end up in a chuckle. She would do the same in Spanish and laugh about it. Then our eyes met in one of those long looks that seem to be appraising a far-away idea, at first, and end in a warm, intent glow. When you get real close to black eyes they aren't really black. There are a lot of glinting lights away down deep that make you sort of want to go to sleep in them. You can get along pretty well that way, just with the eyes. Better, in fact. You don't have to mumble a lot of nonsense . . .

Oh, all right. I thought it might help you sometime to know that.

I looked out the window a couple of times. Pete was staying on the course. Once I went to sleep on a trip and he started following the wrong railroad track across the Pampas. When I woke up he was half-way to Patagonia. Apparently, I didn't have to watch

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Fatherland Into Motherland

Twenty million baby makers form the first regiments in Hitler's unashamed production campaign

by RALPH THURSTON

ARTICLE

> "Without polygamy now and then the German people would never have arisen in past centuries. . . Today is again a period in which women far outnumber men. Should these millions of women, given a pitying smile as old maids, struggle through existence robbed of their right to life? No! . . . Though retaining the single-marriage, we shall see that equal respect be given the mothers of German children outside of wedlock. We shall know how to place illegitimate and legitimate children on an equal footing before law and before society."
>
> —from *The Spirit of the 20th Century*, programmatic book by Alfred Rosenberg, National Director of Philosophy and Education in the 3rd Reich.

> "But the unmarried woman too, with her often inexhaustible store of motherliness, shall not lead the life of a drone in the new Reich."
>
> —Front-page editorial in the one official *Teachers' Magazine* of the 3rd Reich.

> "The goal of female education must unswervingly be The Coming Mother."
>
> —Hitler before the annual Nazi Party Congress.

Twenty million Germans are goose-stepping into doctors' offices throughout the Third Reich this year. The vanguard was marched there by a single peremptory order of the Hitler government. 20,000 specially appointed physicians thumped their chests, measured their pulses, and determined the exact blondness of their hair—to decide scientifically which should have the right to marry under Hitler's new and unique wedding-laws.

Since this medical mobilization was the largest human roundup in history, the 20,000,000 were "called up" on the model of draft-regiments during the War. The first call to peacetime service thus commanded only the twenty-four-year-olds and twenty-five-year-olds to rally in doctors' offices; the other age-groups are being marched up in regular succession.

This novel "health-examination" en masse is thorough. Those who gain a mark of "passing" on their report-card will receive official testimonials, or tickets, permitting them to take a wife in Hitler Germany. Those who do not, may resign themselves to a life of "patriotic bachelorhood or spinsterhood for the good of the nation." Those whose mark is particularly low—by present average, 1 man or woman in 800—will be sterilized "at their own request," as the supreme sacrifice for Hitler's "Greater Germany to Come."

The 20,000,000 first to take the family-test were, fittingly enough, all members of the "Labor Front," Hitler's all-embracing union of Germany's workers.

The first million, nervously waiting in doctors' offices for the moment they would be pronounced either blue-ribbon stock or useless for breeding purposes, were able to read a plain announcement by their Labor Front chief in all Nazi newspapers: "We simply want to establish a picture of the potency of the German people. Our goal is to produce not only the non-sick man, but—so far as is biologically, racially and hereditarily possible—the healthiest and most powerful man."

By new Third Reich law, no German may go to the altar henceforward without first showing his "testimonial"-ticket to the marriage police.

In outline, Hitler's marriage-control sounds like the most painful knot in the Fascist strait jacket. In practice, however, it is the main policy which brought him to power, and the policy which is bound to increase the power of Nazi Germany steadily for the next ten years.

Other politicians in war-riven Europe have promised free-land, permanent peace, division of wealth, and fifty different brands of Utopia. Hitler was wiser: he promised every woman a husband. He promised even more; he guaranteed a husband who would be able to produce children.

But Hitler's "Make More Mothers" Campaign meant more in Germany than it could in any other land in the world. Let the Nazi statistician, Dr. von Leers, speak: "A part of Germany's women will never celebrate a wedding, simply because there are no men here for them. These are perhaps the unhappiest victims of the World War. When what was left of our soldiers came home from the trenches, there were in Germany just 770 marriageable men to every 1,000 marriageable women. In 1925, there was still a woman surplus of 2,200,000 in Germany. Today, among the 12,000,000 professional or working women in the Reich, well over 7,000,000 are single, divorced or widows. And of these, 5,000,000 alone are between 30 and 65, or at an age in which marriage seldom ensues."

Germany's war-widows and war-oldmaids have not found Hitler's marriage drive ludicrous. They welcomed it with open arms, and their votes were one of the main forces in the landslide which swept the Fuehrer into the Chancellor's chair in 1933.

The immediate goal of Hitler's Baby Drive was clearly announced by National Physicians' Fuehrer, Dr. Wagner, at the great Nazi Party Congress in September. "Our aim," he said, "is early marriages and as large families as possible. We must achieve a *permanent* increase in births of at least 45% in comparison to 1933. A birth figure of 1.4 millions per year is required. Our best efforts in 1934 brought only a birth figure of 1.18 million, which is an increase of only 23%."

A production quota has thus been set, and every part of the immense machine of Nazi government placed in motion to push the "Make More Mothers" campaign over the top.

Several of the methods used are eminently practical. A special "Children Charity" Loan has been floated, for the aid of families containing four or more children under 16 years of age. By it the nation pays to "needy, Aryan, healthy families" 100 marks (about $40) cash for each child—providing the quota of four offspring has already been reached. This government cheque is meant as a reward for services rendered, and is not to be repaid.

Families containing four or more children under age also receive special rebates on the government-owned railways—the third child travelling at half-price, the fourth and all others riding free as honor-guests of the nation. Similar reductions may be obtained by prolific parents at the government-operated opera-houses, swimming-pools, etc.

Most spectacular of the many "baby bonuses," however, is that originated by the city of Berlin. The Nazi capital "adopts" 2,000 new-born children each year—if they are the third or fourth child to be produced by the same parents. The city treasury pays to the patriotic parents 30 marks per month for the first year of the new citizen's life and 20 marks per month till the child celebrates its fifteenth birthday—a total of 3,480 marks (or about $1,392).

Berlin's Baby Bonus is especially remarkable in that it is awarded not only to needy but even to wealthy parents, and solely to mothers and fathers who have registered in advance as "trying for it." For the purpose of the arrangement is "not charity, but to induce the birth of sound children where none would have been begot without this encouragement."

To this end, the old City Health bureaus have orders that "the energetic search for fit and willing parents is to be placed ahead of all other duties." They are to classify parents in each Health District according to their "value to the nation," and then persuade the fittest to try for the bonus.

Careful precaution has, of course, been taken that unscrupulous couples, already expecting increase in family, do not muscle in on what is meant only as inducement to those who would ordinarily have ceased production. By city law, Baby Bonuses may be issued "only if by affidavit it is proven that the birth of the child, reckoned from the date of the parents' first application at a city Health Office, does not fall short of the normal gestation-period, as defined by the city code."

Not less practical is the unique "Rich-In-Children League" whose flattering name and mammoth organization have been invented by the Nazis. Growing every day, this organization of productive parents already numbers 500 branches and over 50,000 active members.

Its requirements for membership are remarkable. They are literally:

"(1) Guaranteed hereditary health (medical affidavit attesting freedom from all hereditary diseases).

(2) Richness in children (minimum of four, widows may have three).

(3) An orderly family life.

(4) German-Aryan descent.

(5) Joyous confirmation of the idea of Wealth In Children."

The League agitates for tax-rebates, free tickets, straight subsidies, and all other possible privileges for big families. As indicated above, the Rich-In-Children League has already had much practical success.

With the Nazi love for the symbolic, the League's leader for Bavaria is a man whose name is Dr. Storch (the German word for "stork"). At the last mass-meeting of the League, he defined the aims of the League as follows: "Our fight is directed not against the childless and the poor-in-children. Our fight is directed in first line against those who—both by material and natural gifts—are able to have children, but stubbornly refuse to give them to the state."

Alongside these practical inducements of prize-moneys, honor-titles, and public privileges, Goebbels' famous propaganda department has built up nothing less than a seven-ring circus of publicity. His stunts for the benefit of the Make-More-Mothers campaign range all the way from the ridiculous to the sublime.

Patriotic business houses, for example, are expected to cooperate in the Big Parade to the altar. The famous photographic house of Porst in Nuremberg fell into line recently by marching fifteen of its employees "up to the altar in unison to take their marriage vows en masse." For the honeymoon the firm hired one large omnibus—painted yellow—in which the newlyweds "toured all Germany, in one happy group."

Even the stage has been mobilized behind the campaign with the production of a "population" play at the Augsburg State Theater. This play, *The Stream of Inheritance*, by Dr. Konrad Duerre, depicts the "deplorable conditions prevailing under the previous 'Marxist' regime" and "embodies the race policy of the Third Reich." It is enjoying a long and triumphal run.

Hundreds of thousands of lines of newspaper and magazine type carry on unrelenting propaganda to raise the nation's birth-rate. Most of this is Teutonically blunt; some of it, such as the typical article, *Geniuses Are Born Only in Large Families*, highly popular in the South German press, is more subtle. This feature article proves by illustration that "especially among the Nordics," geniuses occur in large families. "Albrecht Duerer," it points out, for example, "was the second child of seventeen children, Bach the eighth of eight, Schubert the twelfth of fourteen and Robert Koch the third child of thirteen."

It is interesting to note that the writer fails to mention that Hitler, Goebbels and Goering, the Nazi "Big Three," are all either members of small families or have no brothers or sisters whatever. Goebbels himself is the only one of the Third Reich trinity to have produced a child.

Perhaps the most remarkable item in the Bigger and Better Babies drive, however, is the recent celebration in Mosbach in Baden, where the entire town turned out en masse to pay tribute to the day-laborer Adam Schnetz and his 58-year-old wife when she gave birth to her 25th child, a baby boy.

Led by every member of the town administration, in full Nazi uniform, a vast parade was organized including every inhabitant in Mosbach and three separate brass-bands. The festive procession called at the Schnetz house and escorted Frau Schnetz and her 25th baby triumphantly to the church for baptism.

There, as pre-arranged, the members of the Mosbach fire-brigade jointly stood sponsor to the child, and solemnly obligated themselves to provide the child's clothing throughout its youth. Next, both the Municipal Bank and the Athletic Club ceremoniously presented the parents with cash gifts.

Goebbels' official press pointed with pride to the fact that all 25 children had been produced by the same mother and father "who himself has lost none of his vigor at the age of 60."

In Nuremberg, the Rich-In-Children League has presented the new annual Hitler Prize, "a two-foot square bronze plaque of the Fuehrer," to machinist Jacob Buecher for "his untiring efforts in the forefront of the rich-in-children movement in his native Wuerzburg." Buecher, active also as an administrator, was blessed with triplets late this spring.

Hundreds of the new Nazi "Schools for Promoting Motherhood" are now flourishing throughout the country. The ranking Nazi woman physician, Dr. Reber-Gruber, made a surprising commentary on her own professional activity in the speech opening the newest school in Bavaria. She said: "In Bolshevik Russia, women are members of the Red Army and even of the secret police Cheka. Such is the outcome of acquiring so-called women's rights. . . . The German woman feels herself venerated and respected once more by being returned to her holiest and most natural calling, that of Motherhood. Through her Germany shall wax mighty!"

By special ordinance passed by the City Council of Munich, every bride in the famous capital of South Germany is ceremoniously presented with two wedding-gifts along with her marriage-license. They are two books: *The German Mother and Her Child* and *The Baby and Its Care*. A dedication penned by the Nazi Burgomaster reads: "German marriage must mean a family. Joyful readiness for children must again become the simple duty of every citizen toward his own blood and own country. These books are calculated to awaken the will to children and to prepare their readers for the profession of motherhood."

The German woman's future is not always painted in romantically rosy colors, however, in the grand campaign to turn the Fatherland into a Motherland. The *Bavarian Teachers' Journal*, official teachers' organ for South Germany, declares, for instance: "No German woman can live for herself, the will to have children must be part of her." The Nazi magazine adds: "The woman of the future must be the healthy, strong-willed Nordic woman, free from masculine aspirations and ready to give her life for the Fatherland on childbed as our soldiers always have on the battlefield."

Even logicians and economists have been drafted into the ranks of the "Make More Mothers" campaign. They have constructed a complete philosophy to serve as smoke-screen for the campaign's most obvious weaknesses. The immediate aims of the Baby Drive, according to the official teaching, are to insure the peace of Europe and to raise the standard of living in Germany!

The unique reasoning behind these main dogmas has best been stated by the chief of the new National Bureau for Race and Population-Policy in Berlin, Dr. Gross. "A decline in the birth-rate," he officially ex-

Continued on page 138

Hearse of the Speedway

Only one driver could overcome the evil fate that inhabited the fastest car in the country

by PETER GRANGER

▪ FICTION ▪

We had just finished making the final checks on the new Bugatti and Maseratti the Old Man had sent over from Europe. The Old Man, that's Timmons, he owns the stable, had an idea they'd be good on the dirt tracks because they were so fast on the pick-up. I was willing to follow orders, but we had tried those light foreign cars before.

Saunders, head mechanic, looked up at me. His face was shiny with grease and two black oil daubs were over his eyebrows. His eyes squinted up like a seaman's.

"O. K., I guess. Good cars. Be swell if they'll stay on the track."

I nodded and turned away. With all the cars in the stable already, the Old Man had to send me a couple more to worry about.

Then I saw someone coming toward me, picking his way through the pools of oil that hadn't drained off the floor yet.

He was just a kid, twenty-two or three, maybe, and looking just off the farm. His clothes were brand new and looked like a stage costume for a country boy in Sunday-go-to-meeting-best.

He came up to me, walking with a little swagger that I thought put on for the occasion. When he got closer I saw his skin had a hard time showing itself on his face because of the freckles. His hair was a dull, goldish-red and needed combing pretty badly. His teeth showed through a half-scared grin.

"Are you Mr. Blane?" he said. "They told me I would find him in here." (They probably told him, too, that I'd be the guy with the horn-rimmed glasses, the funny nose, and the prison haircut.)

"That's me, Sonny," I said. "What can I do for you?" thinking he probably wants to see what a racing car looks like close up.

He gave me a letter he had been clutching tightly in his hand. It was from the Old Man, and right away I began to feel bad. It was written to this kid, whose name is Williams, but written for me to read, too. It told him to report to me for work, and me to put him in as driver for the Thomson "16" Special.

Things sort of dropped inside me then. I took another look at Williams who was standing there with most of his weight on one foot and staring at the two foreign cars like a farmer seeing a giraffe for the first time.

He seemed even younger. I reread the letter to make sure I had been right the first time. I had been.

"Ready to go to work?" I asked him, wishing to God the Old Man would let me pick my own drivers.

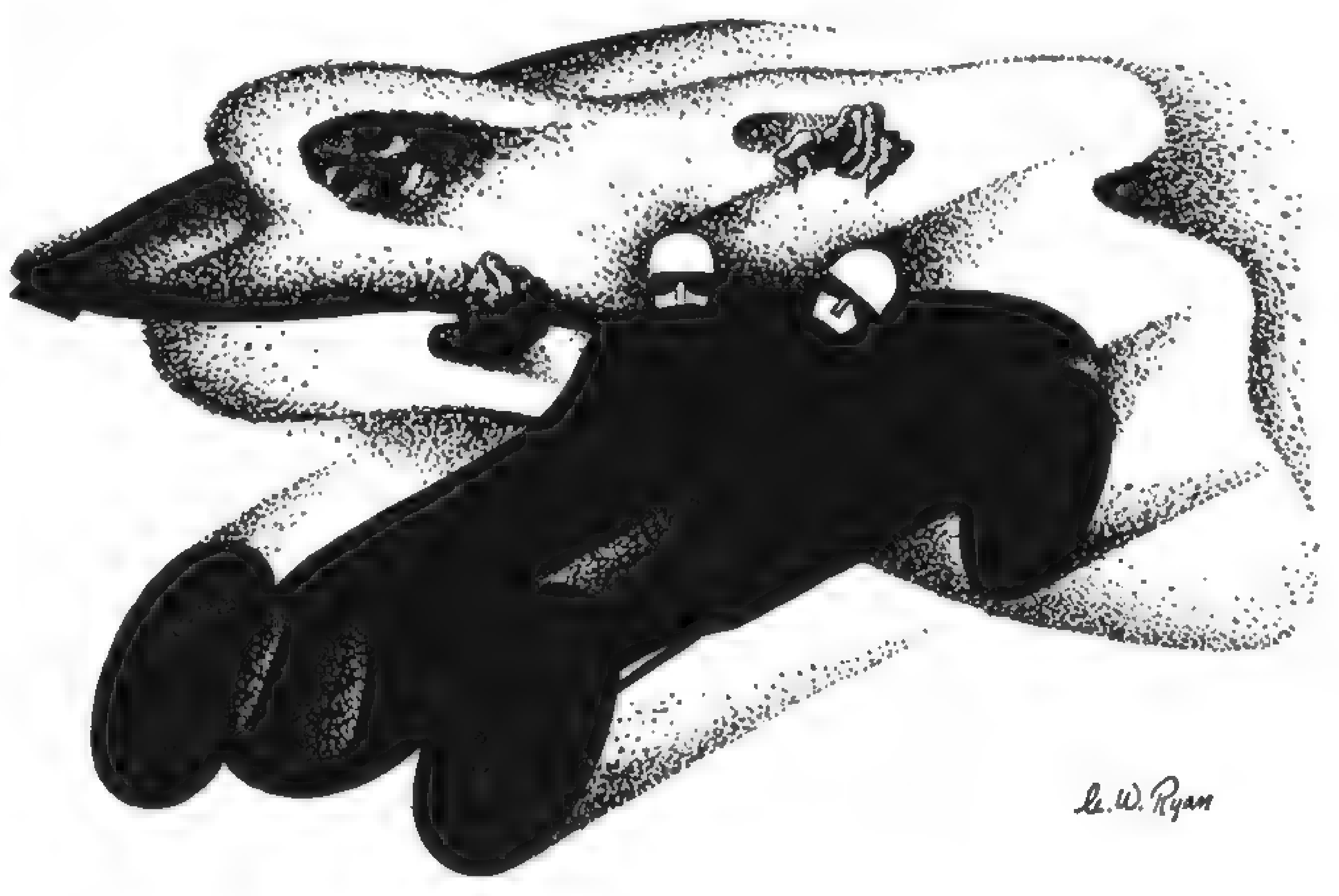
"You mean you'll take me, Mr. Blane?" the Kid was excited and I could see he had been pretty anxious.

"What experience have you had?" I answered, figuring it would be better if I did not tell him I had to take him, like it or not.

The Kid's grin spread out till most of his teeth showed.

"Not very much, I'm afraid. I did some dirt track work last summer. Not a real racing car, but I had a Model A Ford I converted. Another fellow helped me. Made a clean sweep of the field at the Newberry track. That was where Mr. Timmons saw me. He took my name and address and said he would get in touch with me later. I thought he had forgotten all about it until this letter came the other day."

"The Old Man, Mr. Timmons, that is, keeps his promises," I told him. Under my breath I said, 'worse luck.' Then I introduced him to Saunders who had been listening with one ear, but hadn't been able to read the letter over my shoulder.



"Williams is going to drive the new Thomson job. Take the covering off so he can see it, will you?"

Saunders' mouth fell open and he moved away. He knew as well as everyone in the stable did that I had planned to put "Ace" Kennedy in as driver. Ace was the best chauffeur we had, and had been with us the longest. I had practically promised him the car, and, besides, a car like that needed a driver like Kennedy.

But the Old Man's orders are the Old Man's orders. I'm only the manager.

The Kid's eyes kind of popped when he caught sight of the Thomson. He didn't say anything that I could understand, though he did mumble something. I guess he really expected to be put in some old giloppie for a season or two till he got to know the ropes.

The "Tommy" was something to make the eyes pop, too. Even had spectator appeal, you know what I mean, long, racy lines, plenty of chromium splashed around, and a jet black body. The red and gold unicorn rampant, badge of the Timmons' Stable, looked pretty high class.

Saunders had sized the Kid up by this time, so he opened the hood of the car like he was unveiling a war monument. The Kid gasped a little and moved closer.

There's a lot of difference between a converted four cylinder engine and this "Tommy." The Kid was taking it all in without saying a word. It was one of the sweetest sixteen cylinder engines ever made, two cycle, and with a supercharger almost as big as the flivver motor he had been running the year before. A thing like that can be impressive, if, of course, you have the speedway in your blood. The Kid evidently had, so I couldn't blame him for going into a trance.

I knew Saunders had been sore when he found Williams was to drive "Tommy." It had been his pet since coming from the factory. He had worked himself and the other mechanics ragged getting it in shape. Not that it needed much, they're pretty thorough at Thomson's shop, but you know how a racing mechanic is with a new car.

I could see the way the Kid had been impressed with the car had warmed Saunders up a lot toward him. With Saunders' help the Kid could save himself a lot of trouble, save me a lot, too.

I didn't get by without trouble from Ace, of course. He blew up. He calmed down a lot, though, when I got the Old Man's consent to have him take charge of the team we were sending abroad. Hell! I was a top kick during the war and got used to getting the buck passed from each end. This job's worse, though.

"Tommy" hadn't been out on the track yet, not even for a test run. Now that the Kid was to drive it, I thought it just as well to begin because he would have to get accustomed to it.

The Kid could drive, I'll say that for him,

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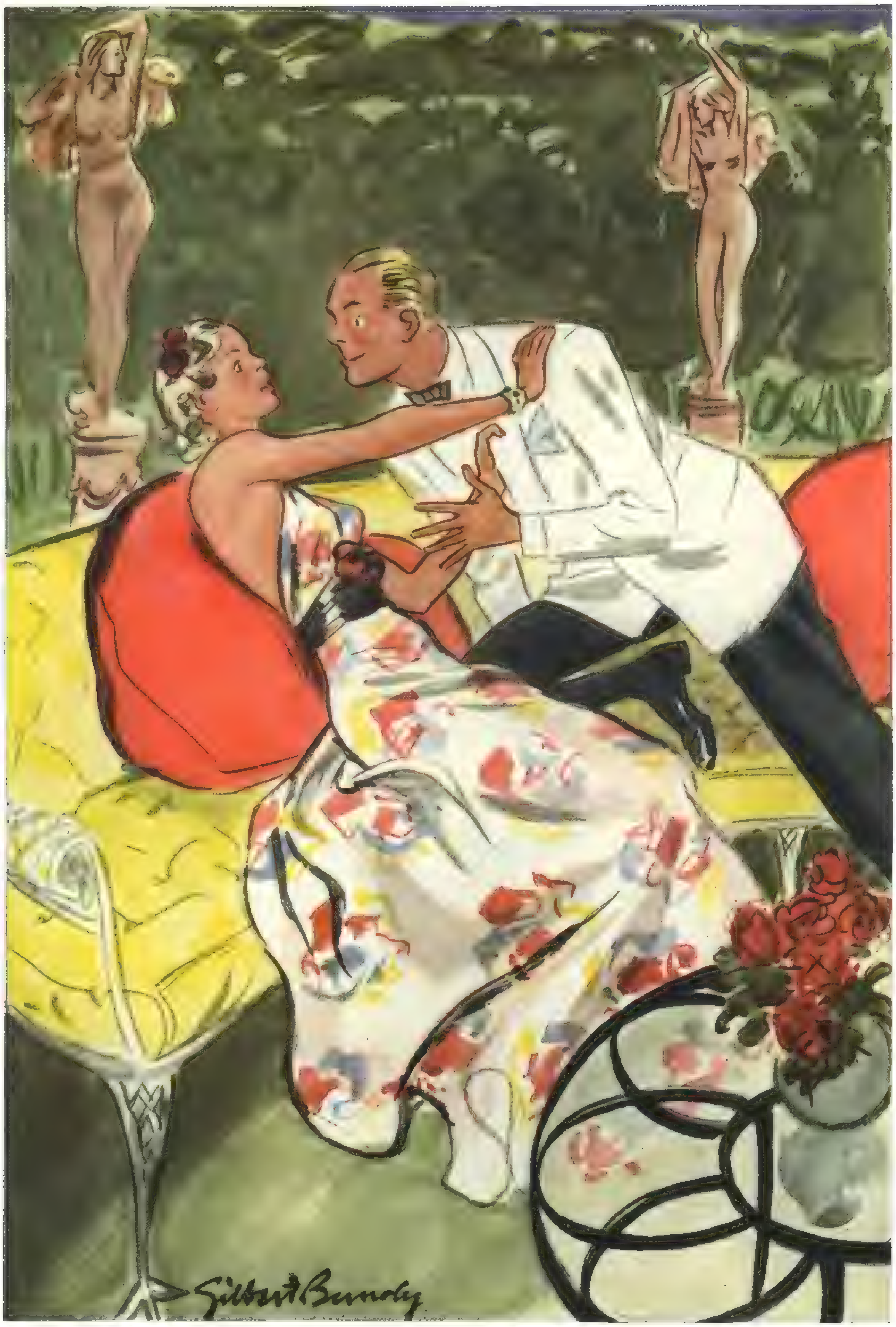
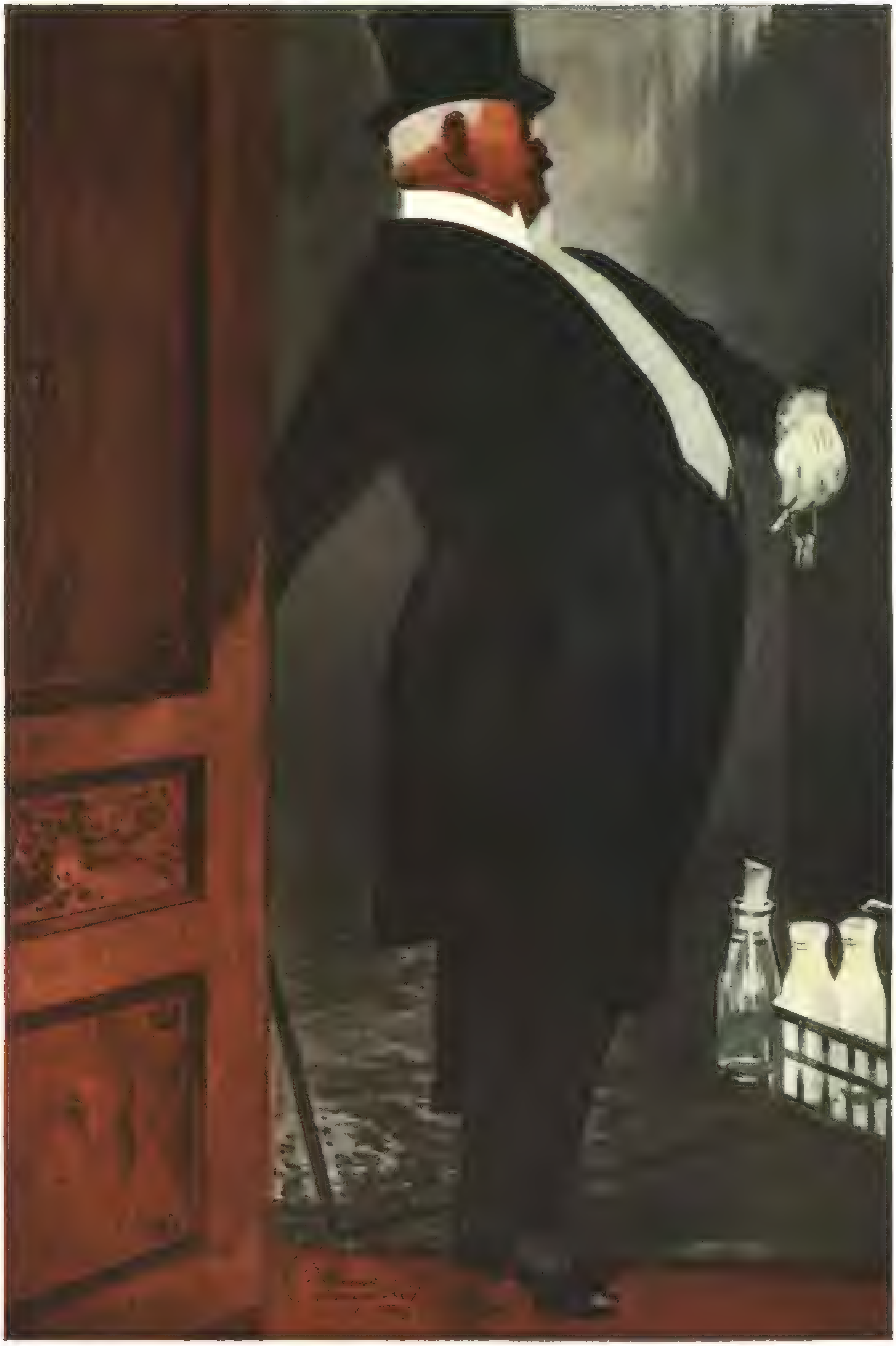


"Be careful, Mr. Springfield—I tell everything to my diary"



"Dolores! I resent tradesmen!"

She's No Longer Faithful If—

Little drops of observation wear away great stones of complacency in the mind of the married male

by MARCEL DESAGE

ARTICLE

126 Your handsome male friend is an "intellectual" but he obviously likes your platinum-blonde showgirl mistress. After an absence of a week you return to hear her make these remarks at dinner:—(a) "I think Russia is a great country, and it would be greater if they would only allow a certain amount of Capitalism," (b) "I think Gertrude Stein and James Joyce are the greatest writers in the world," and (c) "I have been spending all my time reading Shakespeare because Shakespeare is the greatest writer in the whole world," etc., etc.

127 You purchase a popular novel which you intend to read, but which your mistress finishes before you. Then, apparently, her girl friend borrows it, and according to the tale you are told someone else borrows it from her; it never returns. Upon later occasion you buy the book again and actually read it. It seems to be based upon the life of a famous murderess who was, to all intents and purposes, the most contented and devoted wife in the world, and whose husband, as a matter of fact, stuck to her through thick and thin, never believing a single word against her, although it was obvious from the very beginning that she murdered the other mistress of her lover. The book makes a point of the well-known truism that the usual adultress is the most perfect of domesticated women, being a "professionelle" so to speak. Your mistress's copy of the book, however, was never borrowed, for you subsequently find it hidden in her drawer.

128 Upon a warm summer evening she has disappeared into the garden. It is very dark, you cannot see her; you call out into the dark loudly. After a moment she answers; she calls to you that she is in the swimming pool where your flashlight subsequently discovers her, swimming in the nude.

Walking about the pool's concrete frame, however, you come upon a new glistening splash of water. Just before you arrived a body has dragged itself out of the pool and run away . . . upon large masculine feet. Last month a handsome young gentleman moved upon the estate adjoining. . . .

129 You are a chauffeur and you have come home unexpectedly from a long and irksome trip. It is past midnight and you do not wish to awaken your good wife. Peeling off your cap, coat, and shoes, you creep up stairs and sleep in the extra bedroom.

Next morning in the vestibule closet, you are surprised to find that your chauffeur's cap and coat have been exchanged for those of a full fledged major in the U. S. Army.

130 Your best friend has a mistress who is a member of the Follies. This girl spends a good half of her conscious life in the arrangement of her hair which is always just as if she were about to step before a motion picture camera. Your own mistress, however, wears her hair in the wildest disorder.

Since you have brought your friend home to Philadelphia for a prolonged visit, your mistress visits the hairdresser every day, and her hair is a miracle of Broadwayesque arrangement.

131 You catch her looking at you sadly and tenderly.

"Why do you look at me so?" you ask, astonished.

"Norman dear, you are *so good. I don't really deserve you."*

She thinks by saying so she makes her sins whiter.

132 Such-and-such-a-friend, she tells you, is in love with her. Isn't that funny? You think it is. She thinks it is too. Freddie. Imagine that! It is adorable; she mentions it more than a few more times, and then is *suddenly* silent. This strikes you and you ask her about it.

She replies calmly "Oh I talked him out of it—he's gotten over it."

The two fallacies contained in above statement are more apparent when he next visits the house. Gone is the old camaraderie; they are unctuously gentle and well-behaved towards one another. As a matter of fact, they now *completely understand one another* and are rather overdoing the "merely friends" act (with daily performances specially for you). Had he really been wounded in love, even though he were "talked out of it" he would not continue to visit your house.

133 You are oversexed and your wife has discovered that you are carrying on an outside affair with a pretty but superficial mistress. You are discreet, however, and your wife is not humiliated before her friends. If she says nothing, she is anxiously waiting for you to tire of the other woman. But if she makes you feel as badly as possible about it, she is insuring herself against the day when you *will find out about her.*

134 A wife is much more likely to fall in love with the first lover to succeed her husband, than the husband is likely to fall in love with the first mistress to succeed his wife. Through the first adultery, she burns all her bridges behind her; she feels in her secret heart that she has lost the protection of her husband and is at the mercy of society. Her only remaining certainty is her lover who holds her every thought and attention; he is her Galahad, her secret stronghold. Consequently her thoughts limited exclusively to him, she really falls in love with him.

135 In your early adventurous days you once rendered a most important service to the Paris Prefecture, and were made, in consequence, an Honorary Perpetual Member of the French Police. This does not make the slightest impression upon your mistress who knows that you, as a detective, are a most excellent garbage collector, but upon a certain occasion when Monsieur "F" is present, she says

"Do you know that my husband is a policeman?"

She then brings forth your credentials.

There is a little malicious gleam in her eye. "F" has been jumping his tether a bit lately.

136 When you first married her, she was distinctly Rabelaisian. Today, however, she frowns upon all off-color jokes; her tastes have either become severely purist or exquisitely romantic; her present world is that of elegance, dress, art-salons, extremely modern novels, and still more extreme modern music. Nevertheless when the handsome Mr. "X" and his wife were present last night, she astonished everybody by telling an off-color whopper that literally dropped everyone in their tracks. Mr. "X" (a former traveling salesman) immediately became quite skittish, and his wife seemed a little grim. Next week he will become one of your dearest friends, suddenly adopt your hobbies, counter to your foibles, show an incredible intelligence in understanding above other men your life work, and in the shortest time possible become The Third Most Familiar Household Face.

137 She met your best friend last summer and obviously liked him very much. Since then he has attained a high visibility. However, outside of his first official entry into her diary, she never makes a single mention of him.

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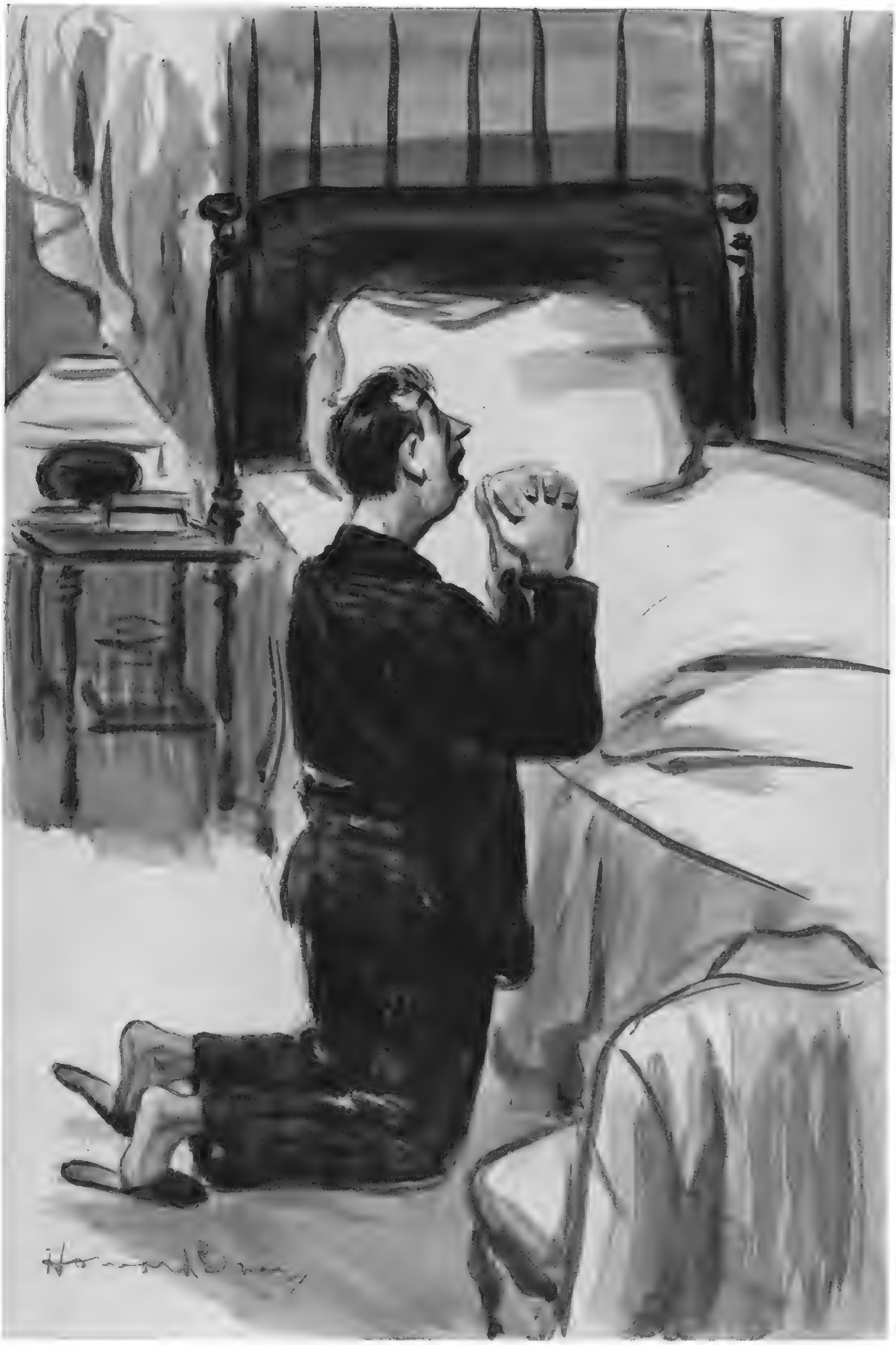
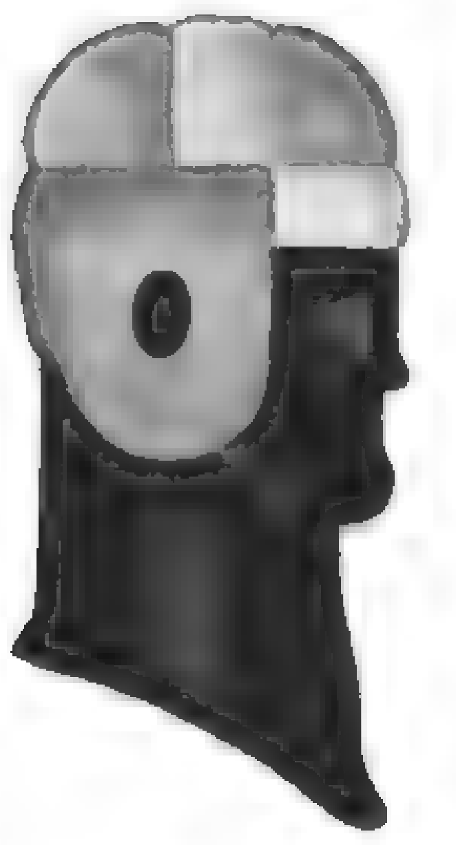


"And please let Sleepy Joe come in first at Saratoga so I can go back to college"

The Vanishing All-American

With a thousand teams instead of three to pick from, the All-American is just a guess



by LYNN WALDORF

SPORTS

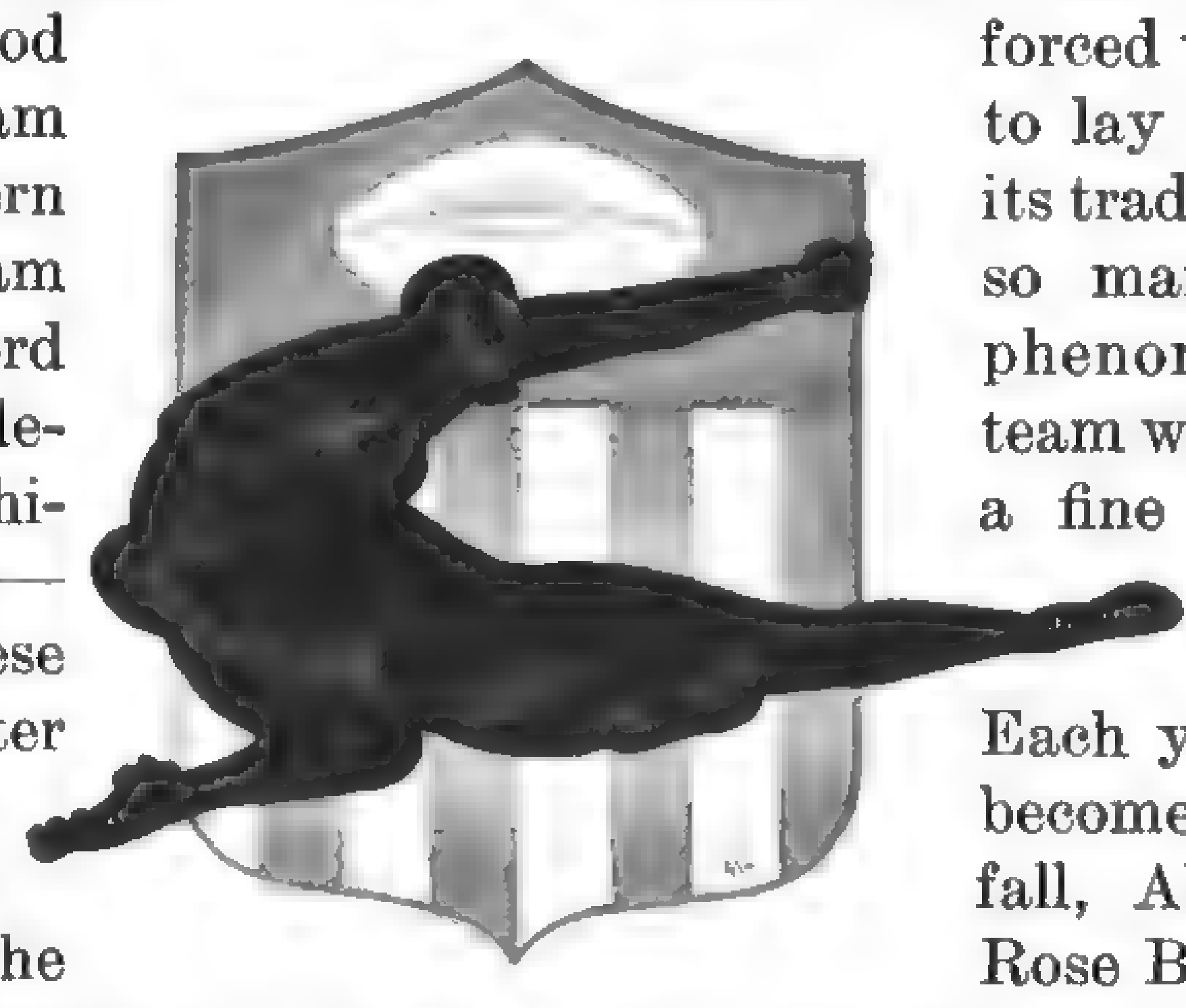
About the time the Original American was making his last stand in the West, the All-American was just getting a start in the East. When Walter Camp selected his first All-American football team in 1889 he picked five men from Princeton, three from Harvard and three from Yale. Not many colleges had the interest, the material or the coaching to produce good football teams at that time. Practically all of the best football was played in the East and it was possible to look over the comparatively narrow field and select a representative All-American. The Big Three of the East monopolized the early All-American teams, although Pennsylvania broke into the lineup in 1891 and Wykoff of Cornell was selected in 1895. The first western man to enter this select company was Herschberger of Chicago in 1898. Gradually men from other teams were selected, but even as late as 1909, Yale was represented on Camp's All-American by six players.

The All-American of 1936 is a logical absurdity. In the first place, which of the many All-American teams selected by the several press associations, national magazines, individual newspapers and others, is to be regarded as official? Picking an All-American is the great national indoor sport for the month of November. If you don't like any of the fifty-seven varieties on display, you may and probably will pick your own. Candidates have changed since Camp started the Annual Autumn Guessing Contest. Good football teams and star players are now no longer the monopoly of any one section of the country or any select group of schools. Good football material and good coaching are just as likely to be found at the small school as at the large university. An ambitious army of college players estimated at 60,000 will shortly start sweating under the September sun. The best eleven men from such a number represents just a guess even to the All-American selectors who have the facilities to receive accurate reports from all parts of the country.

One important consideration in the rating of players is the strength of the team upon which they play and the strength of their opponents. But even this factor does not help the All-American picker much. Few of the one thousand or more teams playing college football can meet in an eight or nine game schedule, and comparative scores are very deceptive. It used to be possible to play only three or four hard games and to place these games at strategic points on an eight or nine game schedule. Now, most teams play six or seven hard games on a similar schedule and the "breather" is rapidly becoming extinct. It is almost impossible for a college team to be mentally and physically at its peak more than twice per season. Every Saturday in October and November, startling upsets take place. A team that is either over-rated or crippled or not psychologically "right" on that particular day, meets a supposedly inferior team playing in peak form and the prophets take another beating. Even in the same conference or the same section of the country "upsets" are now commonplace. Last fall, to cite just a few examples of this type, Ohio State defeated Northwestern 28 to 7. A little later an inspired Notre Dame team beat Ohio, 18 to 13. That should have made Notre Dame 26 points better than Northwestern, but the scoreboard read N. U. 14; N. D. 7. Similarly, Michigan State beat Temple, 12 to 7. Marquette beat Michigan State 13 to 7, and Temple beat Marquette, 26 to 6.

The Southwest Conference is always a headache for those who follow the form chart. In 1935 Rice beat Texas 28 to 19, Texas beat Baylor 25 to 6 and then Baylor turned on Rice to the tune of 8 to 0! One could find many such examples of the folly of comparative scores in every section of the country.

Crowning a national champion football team even with the aid of complicated mathematical rating systems is practically impossible and always leaves plenty of room for argument. With an increasing number of good teams, tough schedules and the natural wear and tear of hard competition, it is more good fortune than good football which guides a team undefeated through a modern schedule. Even the best team may have an off day. A record such as Minnesota's—undefeated since losing to Michigan in the last game in 1932—is almost unique. All of these considerations make for better games and greater spectator interest. In fact the real strength of a team is not the ability to go through undefeated, but the ability to look good even when losing.



The last fifteen or twenty seasons have featured a steady rise in the strength of the smaller schools. Scores of colleges which receive little national attention put strong teams on the field which can and do hold their own with the bigger and better known schools. Such schools have more than their quota of real stars. Look over the roster of any of the strong professional football teams and you will find some All-Americans to be sure, but far more "unknowns" who have proved to be better players than the publicized graduates of the big teams. The leading scorer of the National Football League last fall was "Dutch" Clark who played at Colorado College. In third place was Burnett of Emporia Teachers College, Kansas. Musso of the Bears had little reputation as a college player at Millikin, but he has been one of the best tackles in pro football. Men like Cliff Battles of Boston (West Virginia Wesleyan), Ace Gutowsky of Detroit (Oklahoma City University), Sheperd of Detroit (Western Maryland), Richards of New York (Simpson College), Corzine of Cincinnati (Davis-Elkins), Tony Blazine of the Chicago Cardinals (Illinois Wesleyan), Bill and Steve Owens of New York (Phillips University), Keith Molesworth (Monmouth), Bill Pollock (Penn Military College), Cal Hubbard (Geneva—now a baseball umpire), Arnold Herber (St. Regis), and Jim Barber (San Francisco University), are others from small schools who received very little recognition in college days.

Every fall in the early games we note an increasing number of "upsets" in which the small school defeats the big university. Aided by players of the caliber just mentioned, developed by improved coaching and fired by ambition to reach a place in the sun, the small school comes into the game in a far stronger position than most people realize. With a smaller squad brought along faster and pointed for an upset, the little school enjoys every psychological advantage over the large school which is forced to develop more slowly to lay a good foundation for its traditional games. It wasn't so many years ago that a phenomenal Centre College team with "Bo" McMillin and a fine supporting cast beat the then mighty Harvard eleven, 6 to 0. Each year this type of upset becomes more frequent. Last fall, Alabama, fresh from a Rose Bowl victory over Stanford, was held to a 7 to 7 tie by Howard. Cornell was beaten 12 to 6 by St. Lawrence. Ohio University with a fine team and one of the best tackles in the country last year in Lewis defeated Illinois 6 to 0 in the opening game. Wisconsin lost to South Dakota State 13 to 7, Cornell College tied Iowa State 6 to 6, a veteran Ft. Hays team beat the crippled Big Six champions of Kansas State 3 to 0. Such early season results are now commonplace. The team from the small school is frequently the equal or stronger

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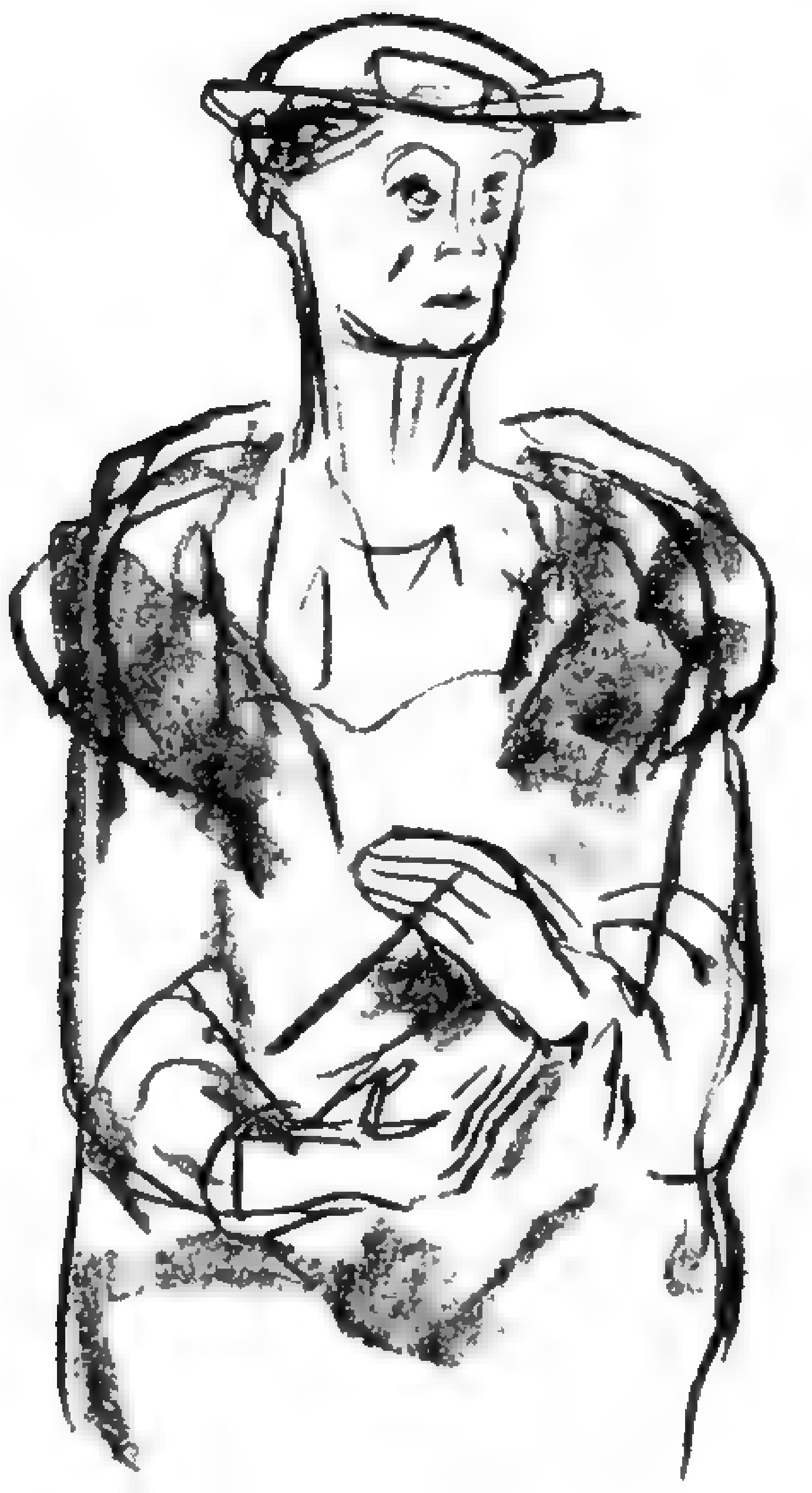
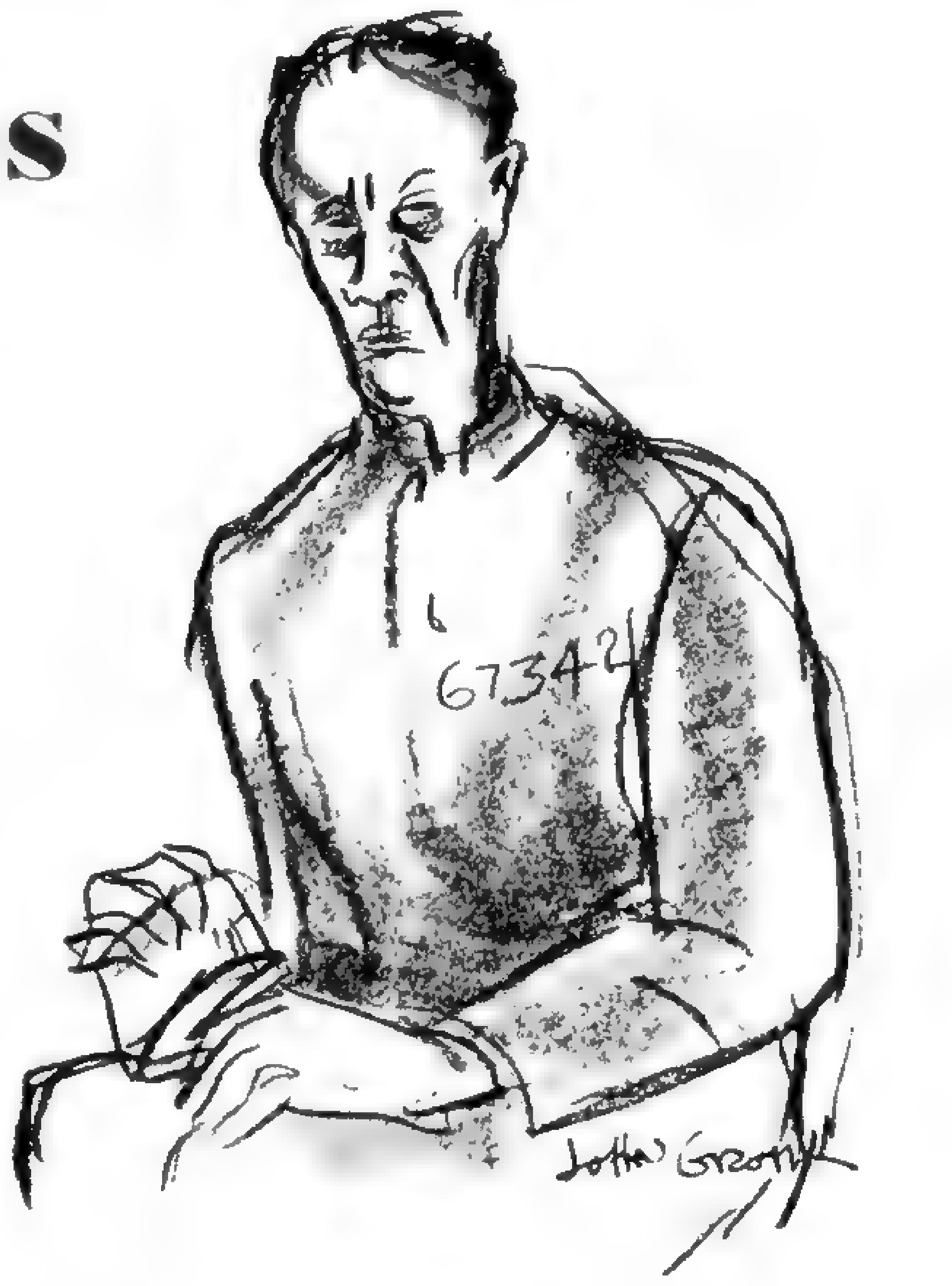
The Visiting Hour

The words a man really means to say to his wife can't come out in those few caged moments

by CHESTER B. HIMES

• FICTION •





HE SAT hunched forward on his stool, taut nerves drawing his body into a tense question mark, chin out. Muscles were shadowed roots, springing from the open collar of his blue prison shirt to his jutted chin. White skin drew away tightly from his hot eyes. Smoke streamed thinly from the end of his forgotten cigarette, clung for a moment to his fingers, drifted up into the glare of yellow light. Stone-gray trousers, drawn tight by the bend of his knee, cut his groin.

She sat across the long, slate-top table, twisting a damp handkerchief to shreds in her lap. The curls of her blonde hair were a glowing puff-ball in the spill of light. Angles breaking at crazy perspectives, formed modernistic planes of light and dark-shadowed background. Straight, clear-cut, vertical shadows etched the prettiness of her white face against the grayish brown walls. Her fur coat fell from one shoulder, revealed sepia dress material. She fidgeted under the accusation of his stare.

A maze of black bars at the entrance cage to his back threw a prison stain over the tableau. The gray cement of the hallway was a dark bottom for their emotions. Gloom was the keynote.

He thought: Jesus, she hasn't changed a bit. Not a day older, not a line in her face—eight years. And me? Damn, I'm turning gray—found a gray hair this morning, one yesterday. She couldn't be doing a hell of a lot of worrying about me. . . . He turned sidewise in his chair, crossed his legs. His gaze followed the black stripe down his trousers, rested contemptuously on the dull top of his bluchers—how he hated the sight of them, the feel of them . . .

His eyes raised, saw tan shoes and the bottom of brown, creased trousers coming down the hallway; saw black bluchers capped with blue denim coming the other way; saw the break in the bluchers' gait. He heard the faint tinge of servileness in the voice: "Good morning, Mr. Caperon." He saw the tan shoes walk ahead; saw the bluchers falter off; saw gray concrete, a dull-colored plane under yellow light, the faint shadow of bars . . .

He said: "Damn!" under his breath and looked up at his wife across from him.

He heard her slightly protesting voice saying: "But you'll have to control yourself, Harry. Where's all that control you're always boasting about?"

His white fingers threaded his black hair, neck arching like a cat's back under the motion of his hand. He felt air collecting in his lungs. Nerve tension jerked his words: "Dammit, Hazel, it ain't a matter of control. I can control myself. Hell, it ain't that . . . I just want—*out.*"

She said: "I know, I know," wearily. "We're doing the best we can do. I sent the letters to the governor like you asked and your mother was over to see him Wednesday. She didn't get to see him so I saw his secretary yesterday. He said your case was being considered . . ."

He said: "*Being considered* . . ." flatly, then his voice took life: "Damn, Hazel, that's what they tell *all* of them, I don't want to be *considered*. I want to be *pardoned* . . ."

"We're doing the best we can do," she repeated, her voice rising hysterically. "Mr. Smith said he sent in a recommendation for you and the foreman down to the construction company where you used to work said he would give you a job when you get out."

"Did you tell the governor *that?*" he demanded.

"We haven't seen the governor yet but we will tell him when we see him." His head snapped up in quick anger . . . "I'll write to the governor and tell him about the job no sooner than I get home," she added hastily.

Anger burned his face. "You must want me to stay in prison," he shouted accusingly. "All of you. You're trying to keep me here. You took the money I got from dad's will and spent it, dammit, and now you're trying to keep me here because you think you might have to support me." It didn't sound unreasonable to him.

He spit the air out of his mouth, continued in a strangled voice: "Listen, I know you could have gotten me out. You can get me out right now. 'Strong-Arm,' a guy in here doing the same sentence I'm doing, got out this morning. I beat him here a year and he's been down twice before. His people didn't have a hellava lot of money, but they got him out. Smitty got out day before yesterday. The governor's letting out a whole mob of guys for Christmas . . ."

"We're doing the best we can do," she said like she was chanting a litany.

Her words rocketed through his brain for a full minute while he just stared at her. Then he choked. Heat exploded in his head. He felt the hot, sticky wetness of sweat on his scalp, under his hair. He felt sweat breaking out on his face, all over his body . . . She wilted under his glare . . . Damn you! Damn you! Damn you!—the curses spun in his mind. His right hand began motion . . . A heavy key in a lock made clicking sounds. The cage door swung open as someone came into the hall. The tension snapped in his brain. His hand stopped. His sweat chilled at the thought of what he might have done to her. He felt like a dog.

"Sure, that's O. K.," he said. "Just let it go." Then he made his voice theatrically despairing: "I'll make it. Just let it go. And if I can't, I'll make it anyway. When I can't stand it anymore, I'll go—"

"You'll have to control yourself, Harry," she said resentfully. The glow of her hair moved with the quick, irritated jerk of her head. "Your case is being considered. That's the best we can do. We did what you said—*everything!* We can't make the governor let you out."

"That's O. K.," he repeated. "Just let it go. The best you can do ain't good enough." Cruelty threaded the monotone of his voice.

She began to cry. Low, stifled sobs wracked her body. Her head bowed, the glow went out of her hair in the shadow. Her fur coat slipped farther down her drooping shoulders . . . Contrition clogged his heart. Poor kid. She couldn't help it because he was blowing his top with prison years. He reached his hand across the table and took her soft, limp hands and patted them. "Don't cry, baby, don't cry," he pleaded softly.

But she refused to be comforted. "We're doing the best we can do," she wailed.

Sudden hate blazed in him at the repetition

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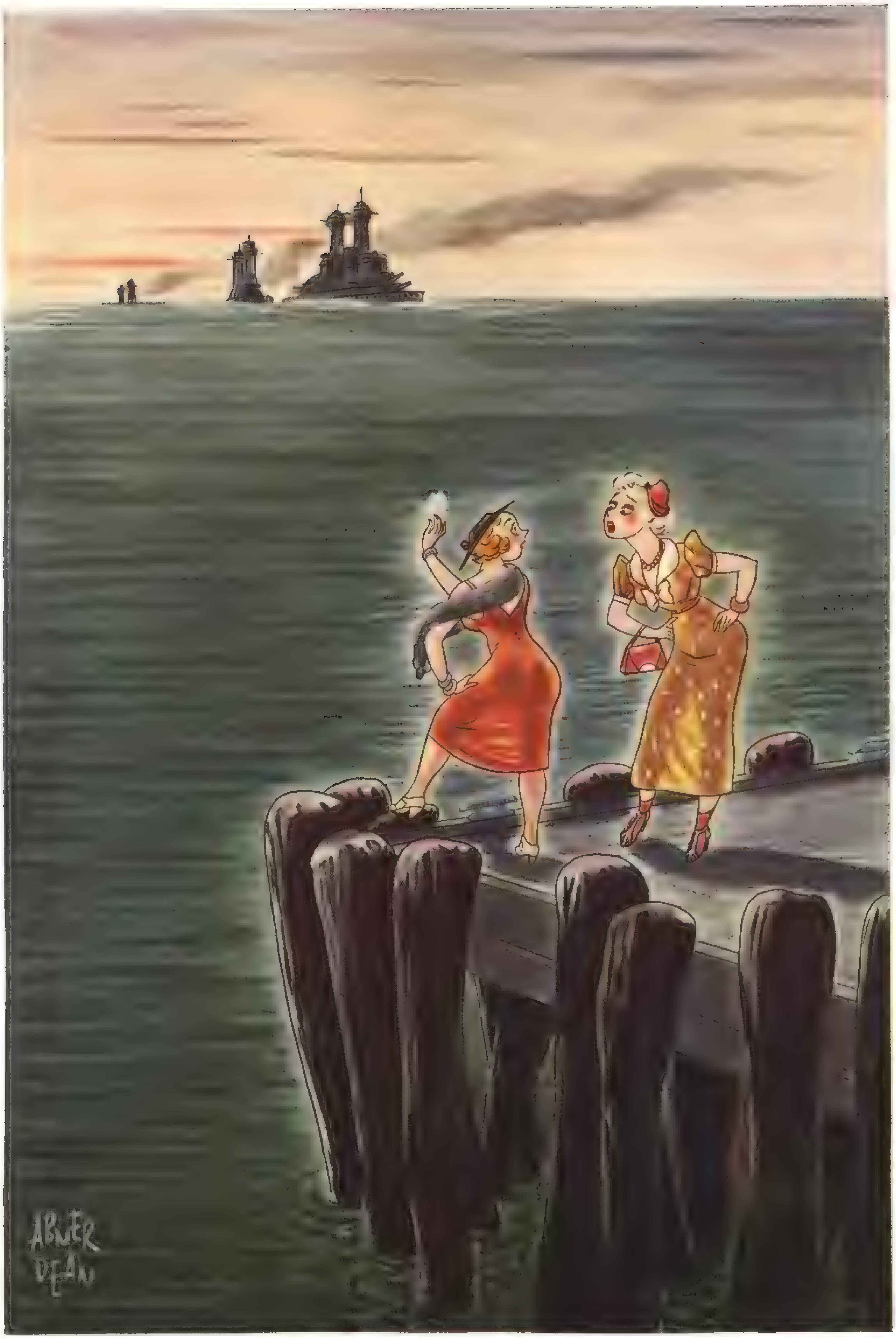
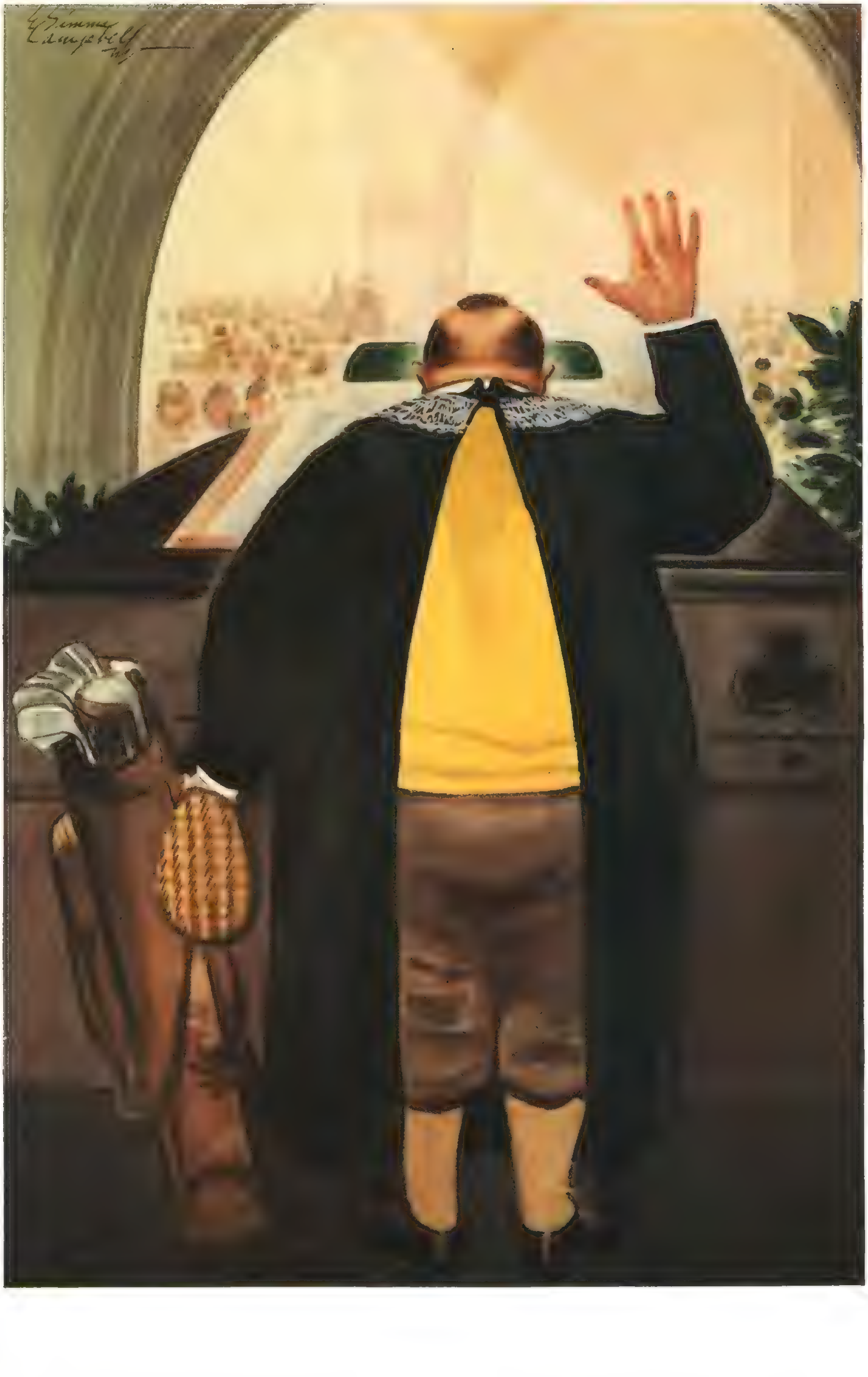


"Well they're gone!—Now we start worrying"


E. Simms Campbell

"Amen!"

Backstage with Revolution

The simple truth about the mechanism of membership in the Communist party, U. S. A.

by BYRON BISHOP

• ARTICLE •

Suppose you were down in the mouth, your wife had left you and you wanted something to believe in, how would you go about joining the Communist Party? You can't ask the nearest policeman. Every newspaper columnist in America would use your letter asking for information as a peg for a sermon. Perhaps you'd read in the Hearst papers where a traveler just returned from Soviet Russia was lecturing. If you didn't come away from there frothing red, white and blue at the mouth you'd find out where the *Daily Worker* could be bought. And so with your world in ruins about you you'd fill out the coupon which was your application for admission to the Party.

A week would go by and another. You'd begin to wonder if maybe the Red Menace wasn't an occupational disease of the very rich like gout. But one evening you'd come home to discover a strange gentleman calling on you. In my case he was a very cordial, ingratiating young man, American to the core and inclining you very favorably towards the Bolshevik personnel. In the average case, he would explain, there were a few questions to be asked. First, if you are employed what is your occupation? By any chance do you employ anyone? You do? Your interviewer would be sorry but the Communist Party excluded employers of any description. Its ranks are open only to the workers, farmers and unemployed. We'll assume you meet specifications on that point. Do you belong to a union, the American Legion, any fraternal organizations? What were your former political affiliations? Have you ever belonged to a mass organization such as the International Labor Defense or the American League Against War and Fascism? Experience of that kind, the Party feels, is often the best preliminary training. Certainly it helps to prevent the admission of a police spy. In sections of America where Communism is actively fought, the South, California, New England, knowing the wrong sort of people may disqualify you. In several cases an applicant has been rejected for having the gendarmerie among his callers. This is far from snobbery but is dictated entirely by caution. In Los Angeles a leading Comrade proved to be a member of the Red Squad. He had ploughed his way through the ranks to a position on the section executive committee. When the key men in various Party projects were picked off by the law week after week suspicion hovered here and there until it lighted on a Mr. Kinder. And Mr. Kinder proved to be on the side of the civic angels. Similar situations have revealed themselves in every busy proletarian sector. In the face of such evidence a charge of deliberately romanticizing entry into the Party, of impressing the novitiate with melodramatics, is exploded.

With all the shoals and reefs behind you, you are now admitted to the Communist Party. The night of your first unit meeting the unit organizer will call on you to convey you to the meeting place. Until your integrity is established beyond doubt you do not know where the unit meetings will be until you are actually there. In most cases they are held in the homes of the members. The Party membership has been exhorted time after time to make new arrivals feel at home so before you have had time to note your surroundings six or seven people have pump-handled you, assured you that you couldn't have been assigned to a livelier unit, and that you are at perfect liberty to join in the collective solution of their problems.

The meeting opens. The chairman reads the agenda, which more often than not consists of the organizer's report, a detailing of what plans have been made for the next mass meeting, the literature agent's bad news (most units are never out of debt to the *Daily Worker*, the *New Masses* or the *International Press Correspondence* bulletin), a call for delegates to this or that United Front conference, and a cultural discussion. The representative unit meeting is dry as alkali. Its reports bristle with organizational findings, section, district and Central Committee directives, lists of statistics and pleadings by the organizer that the membership put its shoulder to the wheel. A revolution is popularly considered to be a human cataclysm, a titanic upheaval, but to the Comrades themselves it is just patient plodding, grinding labor, a grim routine occasionally colored by a city council's capitulation, wholesale arrests, a brilliant defense in court. Few of the members are speechmakers, agitators or political strategists. The rank and file of the Party can tell their grandchildren that what they did to make the revolution was the sale of eight *Daily Workers* in a Red Sunday door to door canvass, the mimeographing of a leaflet calling on the local workers to resist Fascism, the collecting of signatures on a petition to demand the release of the Scottsboro boys, Tom Mooney and Angelo Herndon.

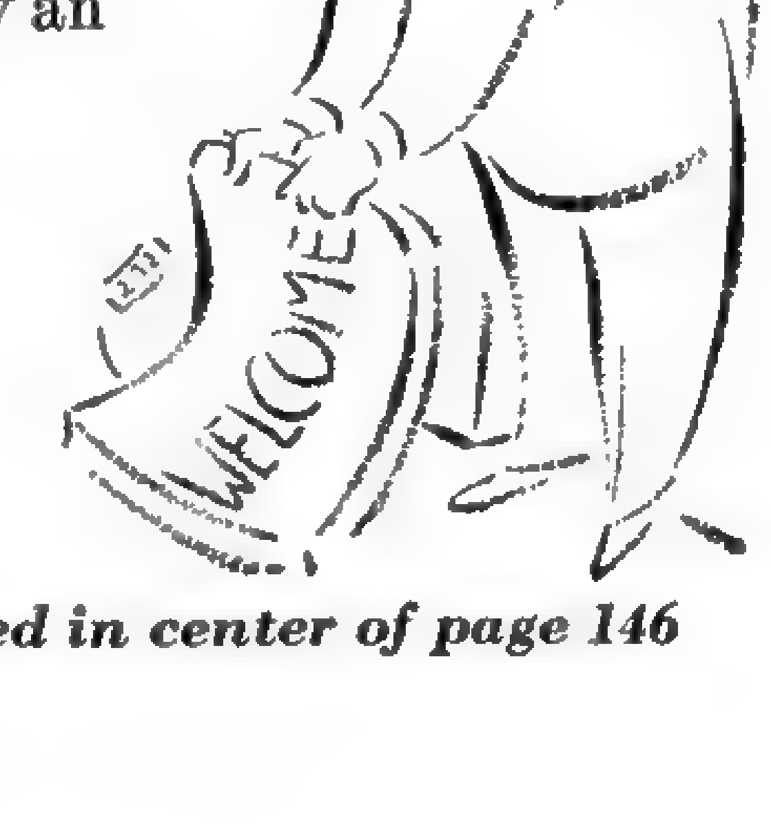
This laborious routine, anonymously executed, is a monument to the patience and stamina of the American Communist.

The first unit assignment you will receive on coming into the Party is to attend new members' classes. There you learn that you are an integer in an international equation with Communist Parties in sixty-seven countries of the world. Universal authority is embodied in the E. C. C. I. (Executive Committee of the Communist International) whose members are elected by delegates to a World Congress. The committee's present secretary is Georgi Dimitroff, the fiery Bulgar who accused General Goering in open court of burning the German Reichstag. The Party in this country has been accused of taking orders from Moscow. That it takes orders from the E. C. C. I. the Party, itself, would be the last to deny.

After Comintern anatomy has been revealed a course in either historical or dialectical materialism is taught. Historical materialism is defined by Marxists as the scientific investigation of history as social growths and manifestations. The heart of the revolutionary body is the doctrine of the class struggle. "The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles. Freeman and slave . . . in a word, oppressor and oppressed, stood in constant opposition to one another . . . carried on a fight, a fight that each time ended, either in a revolutionary reconstitution of society at large, or in the common ruin of the contending classes." (Communist Manifesto, Pg. 1.)

Looking about him our budding Bolshevik will discover the earnest faces of workmen, the unlined, intent faces of students, the weary, kindly faces of people to whom Communism has come late in life. Far from having a pedestal of his own, the instructor is frequently criticized by his pupils for clothing his ideas in a secular jargon. Step by step, young Lenin finds his personality, his social outlook, undergoing basic renovation. Gone are the intangibles, the incalculables, whoever is not for us is against us. So and So is no longer a bastard but a white chauvinist, a dirty, yellow Fascist, a Trotsky-ite. The faithless have found new gods, Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin.

Somewhere in the course of his first few unit meetings our novitiate discovers that his nucleus is officered by an Organizer, an Agit-Prop (shorthand for Agitational-Propaganda Director), a Literature Agent, a Member-



Continued in center of page 146

Trouble in the Hydrofluoric

When little old Mrs. Morrison decided to come right into the acid plant with Steve's laundry

by VICTOR THADDEUS

FICTION

She would not move a step. Through her dim aged eyes she saw the great modern acid plant as an evil alchemical lair of the Middle Ages, and she blinked around her mistrustfully. Clutching her useless glasses she stood there, resisting all persuasion, taking pokes with her umbrella at whoever came near her.

Riggers, process men, leadburners peered in at the old lady. The news that there was a queer old dame acting up in the south plant had spread like wildfire, and on one pretext or another men drifted over. From a window of his office Mr. Egan, our Super, saw the fellows loitering around the hydrofluoric and he frowned.

"Must be some sort of trouble down there in the south plant!" he muttered.

Trouble usually meant a still blown out, a fire, or somebody burnt with acid. He'd have been a wizard at thinking to guess the trouble this time was just old Ma Morrison.

She was rattled all right. She had come down to bring Steve Leitner his laundry, but she had clean forgotten that by now. Everything scared her—the screech of the overhead tramway flashing blue sparks as it shot by to the ore bins, the noise of the big cranes unloading pyrites, the gas which choked her all up and made her eyes water, and most of all maybe those huge vitriol storage tanks that seemed to be everywhere and which she didn't know mightn't bust at any moment.

As long as she could read she had seen safety and danger signs everywhere. She had seen men in rags like a hundred cats had been clawing them, with shirts and pants half eaten off by acid, wearing hip boots and big rubber gloves. She kept hearing "Heh, lady, look out for that acid drip!" In one building—it must have been the burner—she told how there were blue flames everywhere like in hell. No wonder the old lady was scared!

But she was a determined old dame, as anyone who ever roomed with her knows, and she kept right on as long as she could see, only opening up her umbrella to keep off drips. I tell you it was a sight to see that old lady walking through the plant acid houses with her umbrella up! She only stopped when her spectacles went flooey, and then no one could move her.

Tom O'Hara was responsible for letting her in. He was minding the gate when she come up with Steve's laundry, and he shouldn't have let her pass. An acid works is no place for a lady to be trailing her skirts around, and superintendent's orders were strict about never letting 'em in.

Tom got it plenty hot from Mr. Egan for letting Ma Morrison get by him! And you couldn't really blame the Super, because in a way she did make quite a monkey of him before he got her out again. Egan never stood for backtalk and sass from the men, and he wasn't too kindly disposed to take it from even an old lady like Mrs. Morrison either.

Tom was minding the gate when she come up. He's always been a great reader, and he was deep in one of the copies of *Love Stories* which he took regular, too deep in it I guess because he didn't give the old lady the attention she expected. He looks up from the honey that he's reading about, and sees Ma Morrison standing there, and he isn't particularly interested. The old lady wasn't much for looks—she couldn't be at her age.

"All right, I'll see that he gets it!" he says, when she mentions Steve's laundry, but he don't offer to take it from her, or tell her where to put it, and he sort of growls the words with his head over his magazine and only half looking at Ma Morrison, and the next thing he knows she's gone sailing by him right into the plant. When talked to that way Mrs. Morrison was the sort that didn't rely on anyone, but found her own customer.

She sails by, and when he tries to grab her right then she takes the first poke with her umbrella.

Tom was part a cripple from being in a plant accident—that's why they give him the job of minding the gate—and he didn't have much chance to catch her.

"Heh lady!" he called, "You can't go in there! You ain't allowed!"

Ma Morrison went right on. You get an old lady like that sore and she don't pay much attention to what you say. I roomed at Ma Morrison's once, and I know how she was when she got ornery. Old ladies like that don't feel so good sometimes and they're liable to pick a quarrel just to get feeling good again, so on the whole Tom was fortunate she didn't turn back and attend to him before going further. He had his crutch to be sure, but in a dispute of that kind I'd pick the mean old lady with the umbrella for winner any time.

But she chose to ignore Tom, and let him mind his business while she minded hers, sailing right on into the plant by the first opening she saw. She didn't know where it led to, but the way she felt at the moment I guess she didn't care. The more you holler to an old lady in that frame of mind that she's not allowed in—like Tom was doing—the more she wants in, and means to get in, and *will* get in even though she's got to scramble over mountains of cinders to do it.

I been told that Holwell is the biggest acid plant in the world. Maybe not the biggest making weak acid, but the biggest making these vitriols and oleums that don't come no stronger, and that you got to watch out for plenty if you don't want to spend some time in the hospital. I know we ship 'em out in fifty and hundred ton tank cars, all smoking at the dome, and that's no place for an old lady to be wandering around with a package of laundry and an umbrella. I'm only a car-loader, not up on the technical side of this Contact process they make acid by here, but I do know that.

We got pretty near miles of dust chambers, and coke boxes, and cooling towers, and burners, and stills, and sludge pits, and such like equipment at Holwell, and I guess old Ma Morrison passed them all in her hike through the plant to take Steve Leitner his laundry. And Steve didn't work in the sulphuric at all! He worked way off down in the south plant in the arsenic acid house. There's a dozen plants inside of Holwell really instead of just one, each of them passing on a different acid to the next. The old lady did pretty well to get as far as the hydrofluoric, I think.

We compared notes afterwards, and sort of made a map of where the old lady went, and she didn't miss much. She went in by the ore piles, Tom said, and she must have had to do some scrambling there. But she kept right on, probably helping herself along with her umbrella, which she hadn't opened up yet. She was in the burner building, and wandering around the purification system for a while, then she got lost in the muriatic, and they had to chase her out of the sulphide, and later she almost fell into the spray pond. She popped into buildings and when she didn't see Steve there she popped out again. I guess after her experience with Tom at the gate she was too proud to ask any more questions.

She didn't like the gas a bit from the beginning, and she choked, and sneezed, and coughed as she went along, but still she kept going. She was a sight to see before she'd gone far. Her face all streaky with cinders from wiping her eyes, and her dress all mussed up. Fellows thought they were seeing things when they saw her coming along.

"Heh lady, look out for that drip!" they'd shout to her warningly. The next minute she was gone, leaving them rubbing *their* eyes. You take a fellow working in the nitric or the muriatic and he don't expect to see an old lady like that coming along. "Now what in Jerusalem is *she* doing here?" the fellow would think.

Pretty soon the word was around, and

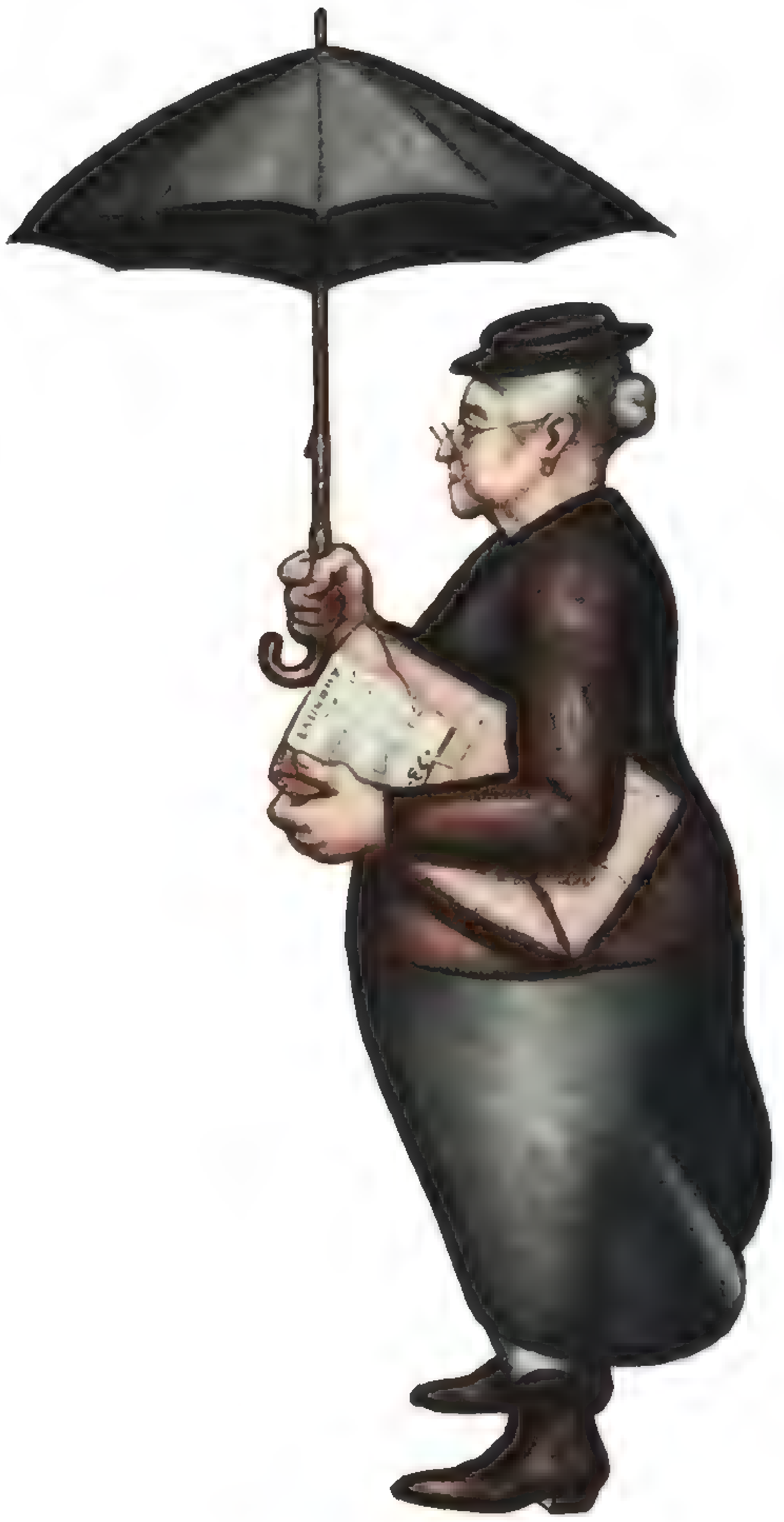
foremen, who're always being hounded about safety, had sent men after her or were on her trail personally. But there's a mess of junk in a big acid plant to hide an old lady like that. The light's none too good in most of the buildings, and she can fool you by simply standing still. After she put the umbrella up it was easier to track her, but even then it was no cinch. There's lots of dim corners in our acid houses and old Ma Morrison seemed to find them all.

Meanwhile I guess her original enthusiasm had sort of waned and she was getting scarier and scarier. In the sulphide one of the Kelly presses on the second floor had busted, and a lot of black stuff was coming tumbling down. She got into the phosphate just when one of the big furnaces popped—they're oil burners and when you start one of 'em up sometimes it goes bang like a load of dynamite gone off in the building. It didn't do poor old Ma Morrison no good to hear that.

Little later on fellows in the power house see her nearly get pinched between a couple of tank cars being moved around by the switching engine. This must have scared her too.

Still all this time she could see where she was going. Not too good, maybe, because the old lady had a habit of cleaning her glasses with her thumbs, which was all right at home but not here where her hands by this time were all grime, but still enough to see a little ways ahead. When she got into the hydrofluoric she couldn't see *at all*.

You don't want to wear no glasses in *that* place! The stuff they make there chews up glass for breakfast, lunch and dinner. If it didn't do that, why I guess they'd stop making it, because that's what they sell it for, to frost light bulbs and the like. I've held down some mean jobs in my life, but never one meaner than the coupla months I worked onct in the hydrofluoric. Just what they got in the air there'll ruin a pair of glasses quicker'n a man can say Jack Robinson.



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Poor old Ma Morrison didn't know this. She was about winded when she got to the hydrofluoric, and because it looked clean and quiet it seemed a good place to sit down and rest up. Jerry Davis, the foreman, had stepped outside a minute, and when she spied his stool she plopped herself right down on it, and the first thing she started to do was wipe her glasses. Every time she put 'em back on again they was worse than they was before, and finally she couldn't see through them at all.

You take a panicky old lady that's used to wearing glasses, and can't see more than two paces without them, and put her in a position where she can't see with her glasses on either, and no wonder she don't want to move!

Jerry handled her wrong from the beginning, though he didn't mean nothing but good. Minute he saw the old lady sitting there blinking through her glasses, he rushed at her, and tried to grab 'em off her nose. That made her let out her first scream and fellows heard it a long distance. Ma Morrison didn't know who Jerry was, or why he was making a grab at her like that, and when he tried it again, meaning it only for her own good, she let out scream after scream which brought heads popping into the hydrofluoric from every doorway.

"You got to move out of here, madam!" panted Jerry, soon as he got the chance to be heard. "You got to get out of here quick if you want to save them glasses."

Ma Morrison wasn't listening to him. It was about the time you remember when they was buying up old gold to beat the band, offering cash everywheres for old spectacle rims, and dental gold, and the like, and I shouldn't wonder if the old lady had it figured out by this time that Jerry was trying to snatch her spectacles for this purpose, and that as soon as he had them he'd be after her teeth next. She began to holler thief! help! and all the time she was wiping her glasses with her thumbs, and trying to get them fixed on her nose again so that she could make a pass at Jerry with her umbrella, and all the time without her knowing it of course the acid in the air was working on those lenses frosting them up good.

The operators and foremen on her trail were beginning to gather around the hydrofluoric by now. Everyone was glad that she'd been catched at last, as there was no telling what might happen to her as long as she was loose in the plant. What her business was no one knew, until Tom phoned from the gate, and then it was plain the proper thing was to send for Steve and let her give him his laundry, and then ease her out of the plant before she got hurt. Now that she'd been catched the rest seemed easy, but they soon found that the catching was only part of the job, and that getting old Ma Morrison out of the plant was going to have its difficulties too.

Steve's arrival didn't help none. She give him his laundry which he'd asked her to bring down as he was going right off from the plant that night on his vacation without returning to the house, but she wouldn't move out of the hydrofluoric. She sat there, snuffling and sneezing something quite pathetic, all bewildered you could see by the gas and the strange noises, and all these figures she could just dimly see without her glasses and couldn't see at all with her glasses on. She kept wiping and wiping her glasses, and making a pass at anyone who tried to touch her, and paying no attention to any explanations about how they were being chewed up by the minute, but only anxious to settle 'em on her nose and see something before she took a step further out into all this peril she'd been in ever since she passed through the gate.

'Drat these glasses!" she kept saying, and then she'd wipe them with her thumbs again, and when this didn't do no good then she'd wipe her thumbs on her skirt and try again, and when this still didn't seem to help then she'd wipe the glasses on the skirt itself, and then on a handkerchief all grimy from wiping her eyes, and then she'd wipe the handkerchief on the skirt, and try breathing on the lenses, and wiping one lens with one thumb, and the other lens with the other thumb, and all sorts of other combinations of her thumbs, and her skirt, and her handkerchief, none of which naturally helped any more than the rest, and all the time she kept on repeating, "Drat these glasses!" and she said it as if she meant it.

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The Knife Thrower

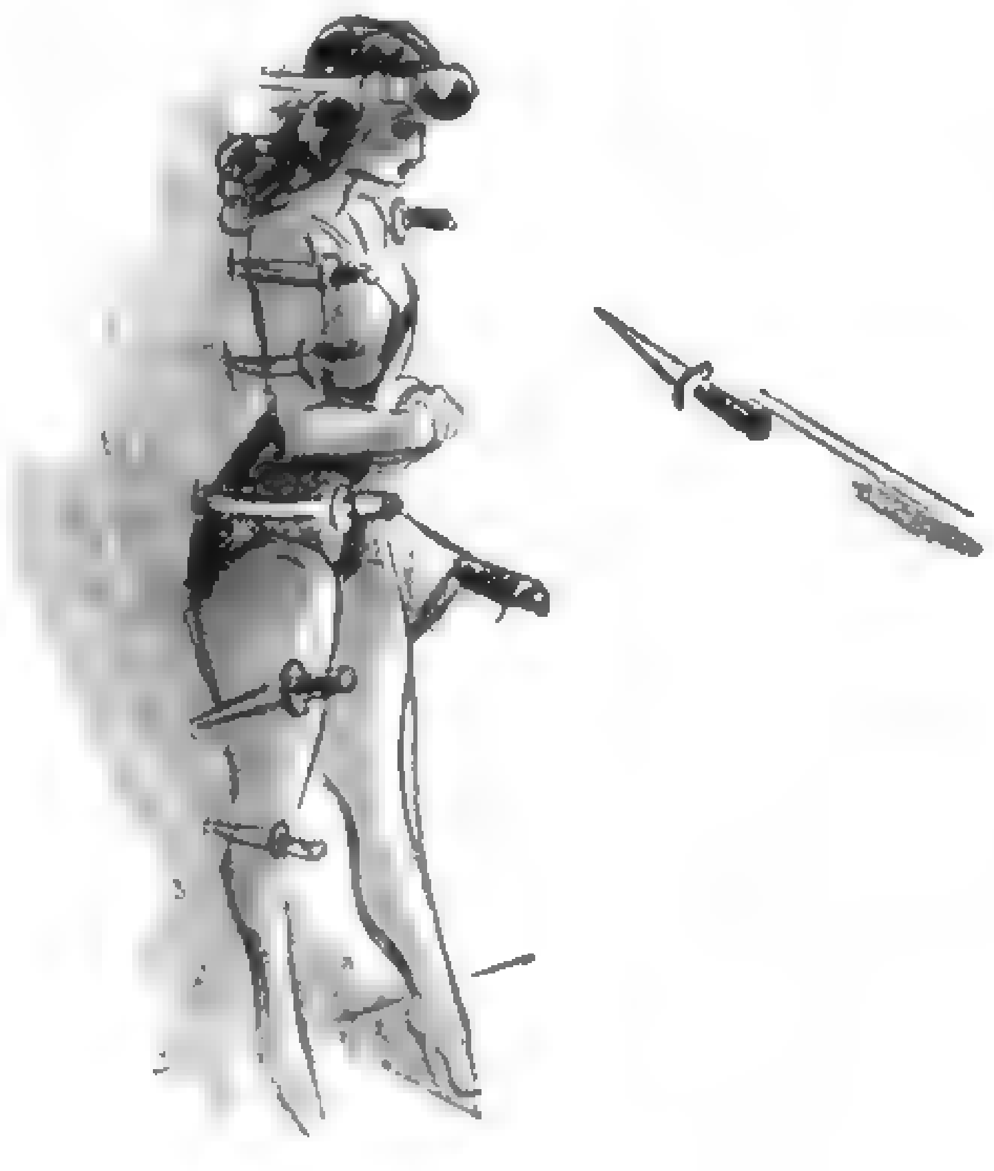
Knife throwing is one thing they can't fake in films, and Steve is the boy who does it

by JACK SMALLEY

• ARTICLE •

Maybe it was Jimmy Gunn, who lost three fingers in the Boer war, who started the argument over knife-throwing. It might have been Jock Lauren, who wore kilts, with nothing under them, through the whole blinkin' World War.

Anyway, we were all hunkered down in the shade of the stables, with nothing to do but argufy. For three weeks the lot of us had been up there in the mountains on location with *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, drawing down eleven bucks and twenty cents a day for cavalry stuff. Once in awhile the assistant director would rout us out, make us button our tunics, and we'd fork a cayuse and ride hell bent over the landscape. Then we'd come back, flop in the shade, and yarn again.



Mostly we'd listen to Esteban Clemente spin tales about knife-throwing, which was his profession. Steve could hit any object you named, with anything that had a point on the end of it.

Knife-throwing, says Jimmy, is uncivilized. It ain't the proper way to fight a man. Only a bleedin' heathen enjoys plantin' a knife in your ribs.

That riles Steve, for it's a slur on a fine art. It takes more guts, says Steve, to stand up against a nakid blade than facin' a six-gun. It takes hot blood. Cold blooded people have no appetite for knife work. Dark complected folks prefer knives.

But that doesn't settle it. I've seen Finns up in the Iron Range in Minnesota nick each other plentiful. They hold a knife with just the point exposed, and that way they avoid killing while still drawing blood in copious quantities. When a Finn gets lickered up with Minnesota moon, he enjoys pulling a knife and going at it. So maybe it isn't a question of racial preference.

But why is it, somebody asks Steve, that Mexicans go for knife work, while no self-respecting cowboy would use anything but his gun?

Steve has an answer for that, too. He says the Mex's couldn't afford guns. What's more, a knife is better for close range fighting, any day. *Caspita!* Didn't the infantry wind up a trench fracas with bayonets?

Now here was a discussion you could lay bets on. Which was better, knife or gun? We'd see!

After lunch Steve hung a board against a tree, and a guy from the old Diamond A ranch in Arizona, where Steve had worked when he first crossed the border, got out a forty-five and hung it in a well worn holster, tied low on his thigh.

He practised a quick draw until his shooting arm was well limbered, but Steve just stood there, arms hanging loose at his sides, no knife in sight.

At the drop of a handkerchief, both went into action from ten paces. The knife was quivering in the board before the cowboy had his gun half out.

Steve showed us how it was done. There's a simple little harness strapped to his wrist under his jacket. The knife lays in that, with the point resting on a sort of hooked shelf just at the bend of the wrist, so that when Steve rubbed his arm downward along his leg, the point was dislodged and the knife slid on down into his palm.

All he had to do was bring his arm up quick and let the knife slide out at the target. The cowboy had two motions — down, grab and lift.

Well, after that we all wanted to learn how to throw a knife. Steve explained that there's two ways—one for fighting, and one for target work.

In a mix, at close quarters, you simply bring up your arm and let go, but for throwing at a target the best way is to take the knife by the point and throw it over-hand. The trick there is in learning what force to put in a throw from various distances, so that the knife will turn over and over and level out just before it strikes. That, friends, is a life study.

Steve began it when he was a little brown *muchacho* in Old Mexico. He put it to work for real money a good many years ago, in moving pictures. Along with Jack Holt, Hobart Bosworth, and other old timers he had drifted into Hollywood. All of them were glad to get thirty bucks a week in those day. The first time he threw a knife for other than purely personal reasons was when he pinned a buckskin jacket to the wall in an early Western thriller. Harry Carey was in the jacket.

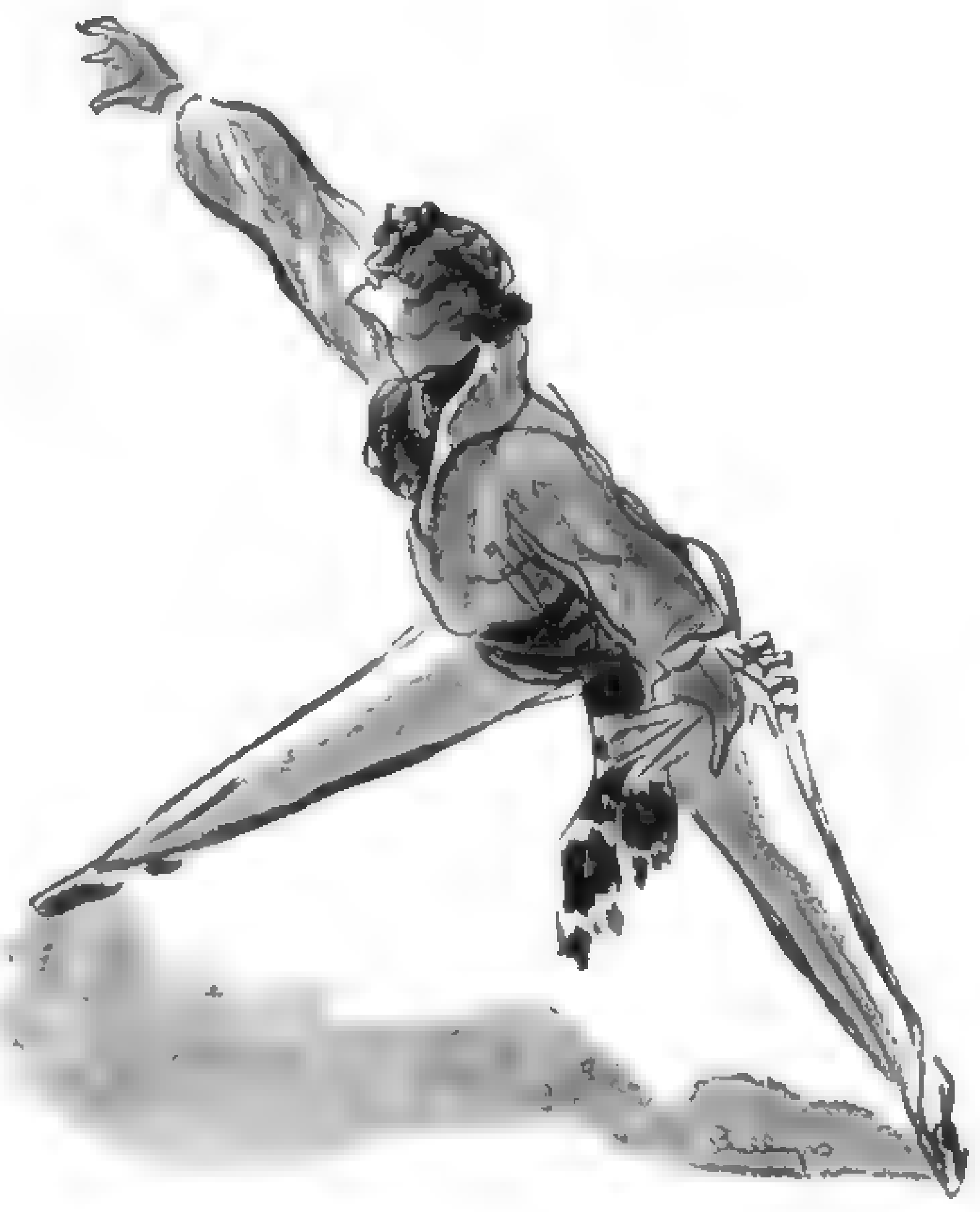
Steve always makes his own knives, and as for the knives, they've made a fortune for him. He's got real estate all over Los Angeles. Houses that jackknives built.

They aren't much to look at. There's no cutting edge, just a point. The handle is a prolongation of the blade, with maybe a bit of leather wrapped around to make it look convincing. A Ford spring makes as good a knife as any, once it's ground down. Hunting knives are no good for throwing—too light in the haft, and apt to break off.

The more Steve yarned about throwing knives at this person and that, the more I hankered to see how it was. He picked up a slab of pine about a foot square and two inches thick. Hold this in front of you, he said. Hold it up against your belly.

Then he walked off about twenty feet. I kept my eye on him. Don't watch me, says Steve. It makes me nervous. And pay no attention to the knife coming, because if you duck it will be just too bad.

All of a sudden the blade crashed into the wood, with enough force to make me gasp. It was a thrill, but none of the other riders offered to try it.



Steve has travelled all over the country with knife throwing acts, using pretty girls as targets.

Women, he said, sort of take to knife work. It's a peculiar thing. They got nerves like steel. I know for a fact they get a kick out of it. Sadistic, you might say. I've had 'em come back stage and ask for a job in the act, after a performance where I throw knives, hatchets, and even pick-axes at pretty girls. I got a swell climax for my act. When I finish the last trick I toss a big cleaver at the top of the board, cutting a string, which lets the Stars and Stripes unfurl over the girl. When it drops away it uncovers a picture of President Roosevelt. Sometimes I dunno which they clap for, me or him.

But you gotta keep changing the girls. They get to thinking *they* are the show, not me. When they get to talking about how they are packing 'em in, I know it's time to get new girls. It isn't hard to find new ones. They like it.

I nearly got in Dutch one time at Para-

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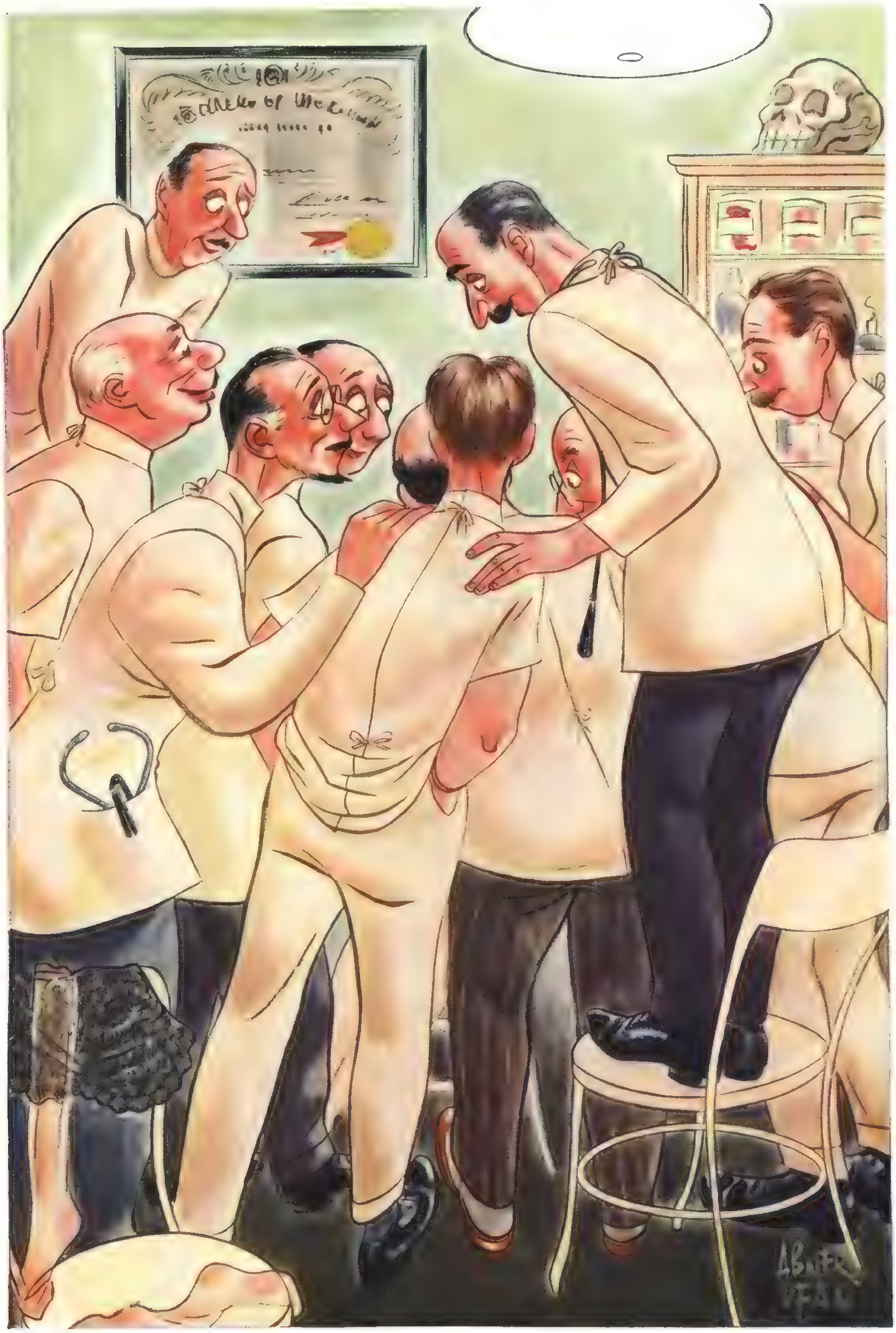
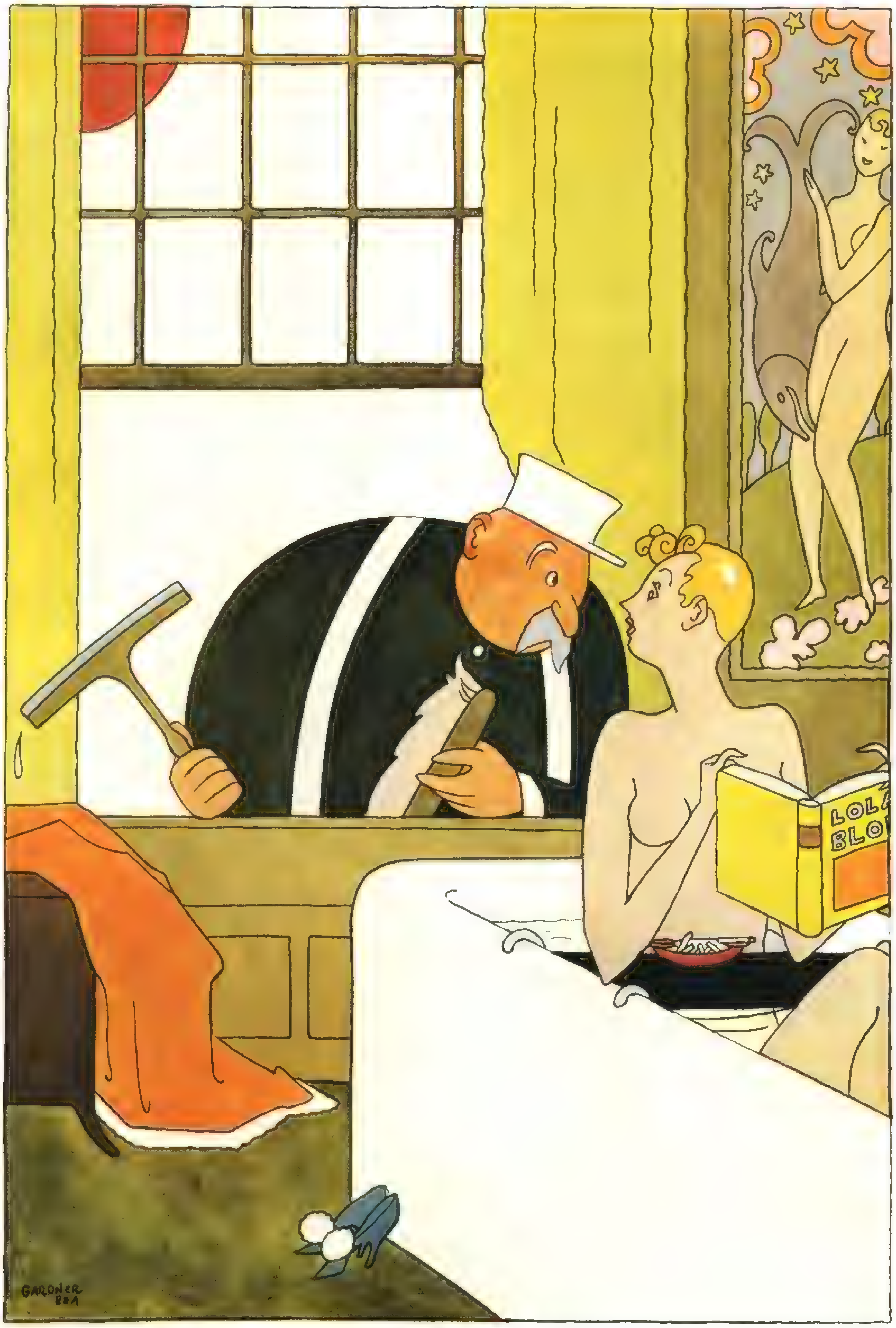


"But surely, Miss Lonsdale—surely you've heard of consultations!"


LOLA
BLO
GARDNER
REA

"What does Burton Rascoe say about it, lady?"

Cocktail Party, Masculine

The smart host keeps his door open for the guests to come in and for himself to get out

by WILLIAM B. POWELL

■ ARTICLE ■

MANY people think men give better parties than women. And it's the women themselves who are most emphatic about it. I believe the reason for this is simply because men don't give as many parties as women do—and when there is a host, he is apt to be a person keen on entertaining. Perhaps another reason for feminine enthusiasm over masculine parties is due merely to the fact that women always seem to get a kick out of going to a gentleman's abode. So, men, if you need confidence before your next mixed party, remember you have an advantage right at the start.

There is one form of entertaining which a man can always fall back on—cocktail parties.

As a means of paying off obligations, they are a God-send whether you live in one room of a boarding house or whether you have a chef, butler and valet to manage things for you. If you are not a habitual giver of cocktail parties, the following suggestions may help towards turning your affair into the wow that every host hopes for.

INVITATIONS

If your party is to be small and informal, you will probably do your inviting via the telephone. Or you will invite your guests as you run into them. This latter policy, however, is fraught with danger. If, for instance, you start asking people to your own party, while you yourself are having a swell time at another cocktail affair, you may find you're in for a lot more guests than you ever intended to house. Having often, at my own parties, been amazed to see people arrive whom I not only did not mean to ask, but didn't even remember, I have now adopted the policy of making out my list while cold sober and in what there is of my so-called right mind. Also, I aim to be firm about sticking to this list on which I try to include a certain number of people I "really should ask," not confining it merely to the "bunch."

(Remember, I am speaking of a party—not just a come-up-for-a-cocktail sort of thing.)

If you hate telephoning, you can let Uncle Sam deliver your bids. The easiest way is to use your own personal card and just write on it "Cocktails—March 30—5 to 7." If your party is given in honor of someone, then you also include "To meet Miss Whoosis." When you know all your guests intimately, regular Government postals can be used. I know a man in New York who last Christmas gave his friends packages of 100 Government postals, each printed, with spaces to be filled in—"I hope you can come in for a cocktail next ...."

Cocktail parties have become such a national institution that many stationery manufacturers have prepared a variety of novel invitations. Dwight Fiske used an unusual one recently. It came from Saks Fifth Avenue, but you can find this and similar attractive cards at your own stationer. The other day the mail brought me an invitation from the Gilbert Seldes'—merely a large white card folded once. Inside was written "Do drop in for a drink next Saturday afternoon with Dorothy Parker before she returns to Hollywood." It didn't matter that the time wasn't included—nearly everyone assumes that the cocktail "hour" is elastic and stretches from five to seven unless otherwise specified. Many city hosts nowadays use telegrams for invitations. It is probably the laziest way of all. You simply write out your wording once, list your names and addresses—then let Western Union or Postal do the rest. It's not expensive, either, when you consider your saving on postage, cost of stationery—and your own precious time.

HANDLING GUESTS

Some people contend that before giving a cocktail party you should decide to have it either small enough so that everyone can be seated, or else to shoot the works and go in for a "mob scene," adopting the policy of the more the merrier. And such reasoning may be sound at that. I have noticed that when a party exceeds the size where everyone can sit down, it's embarrassing if only a few are left standing. But if the majority are perpendicular, you don't think anything of it. Of course, there is always the floor to squat on—and not at all a bad parking place. It has been a solution for many hosts entertaining in a two by four.

If you live in an apartment house, you can save yourself a lot of running every time the bell rings, if you leave the front door open. The parking of coats and hats will be simplified if guests, as they enter, can see at a glance where they are to lay their things. Perhaps on tables (or borrowed hat racks) by the door—or placed right out in the hall—if you can trust your neighbors! If coats are to be put in bedrooms, have signs conspicuously displayed bearing arrows, one reading "Boys," the other "Girls." If your party is large and formal, then, of course, you will hire a checker. But if you indulge in such swank, then you're probably going to put yourself in the hands of professionals—caterers, florists and such—and hints which my poor paragraphs have to offer will be quite superfluous.

ARRANGEMENTS

If you haven't a regular bar and don't want to borrow or rent one, then do the next best thing and use a long table or several placed together as a serving table. On it have bowls of ice (and be sure to have plenty in reserve) and the various bottles of liquor you will be using. Likewise glasses for highballs, cocktails, and sherry. If you haven't enough glasses on hand, either borrow them or buy them from the ten cent store—where they are remarkably good looking these days. For highballs, it is easy (and cheaper) to use soda syphons. As to cocktails, have them mixed before the party. You'll need all your time for circulating among guests, passing cigarettes and plates of "something to eat." If you want to decorate the serving table, especially if it's against the wall like a sideboard, you can either use a vase of flowers, candle sticks, or effective silver pieces such as a punch bowl or an old-fashioned chafing dish (or the modern electric version) for hot canapés.

Try to arrange your furniture in groups. Don't let the chairs form a circle which looks like a sewing bee. Have cigarette containers full and placed conveniently. And have plenty of them! Likewise matches and ash receivers. If a servant is helping you, give instructions to have the ash receivers emptied several times during the party. The atmosphere will soon become bad enough anyway, without aggravating it with the odor of stale cigarette butts.

DRINKING DO'S AND DON'TS

Remember we are well into repeal and that people know—and expect—good liquor. Especially because you are a man (that's another reason women say they like men's parties—get better drinks). So, serve your best stuff. If

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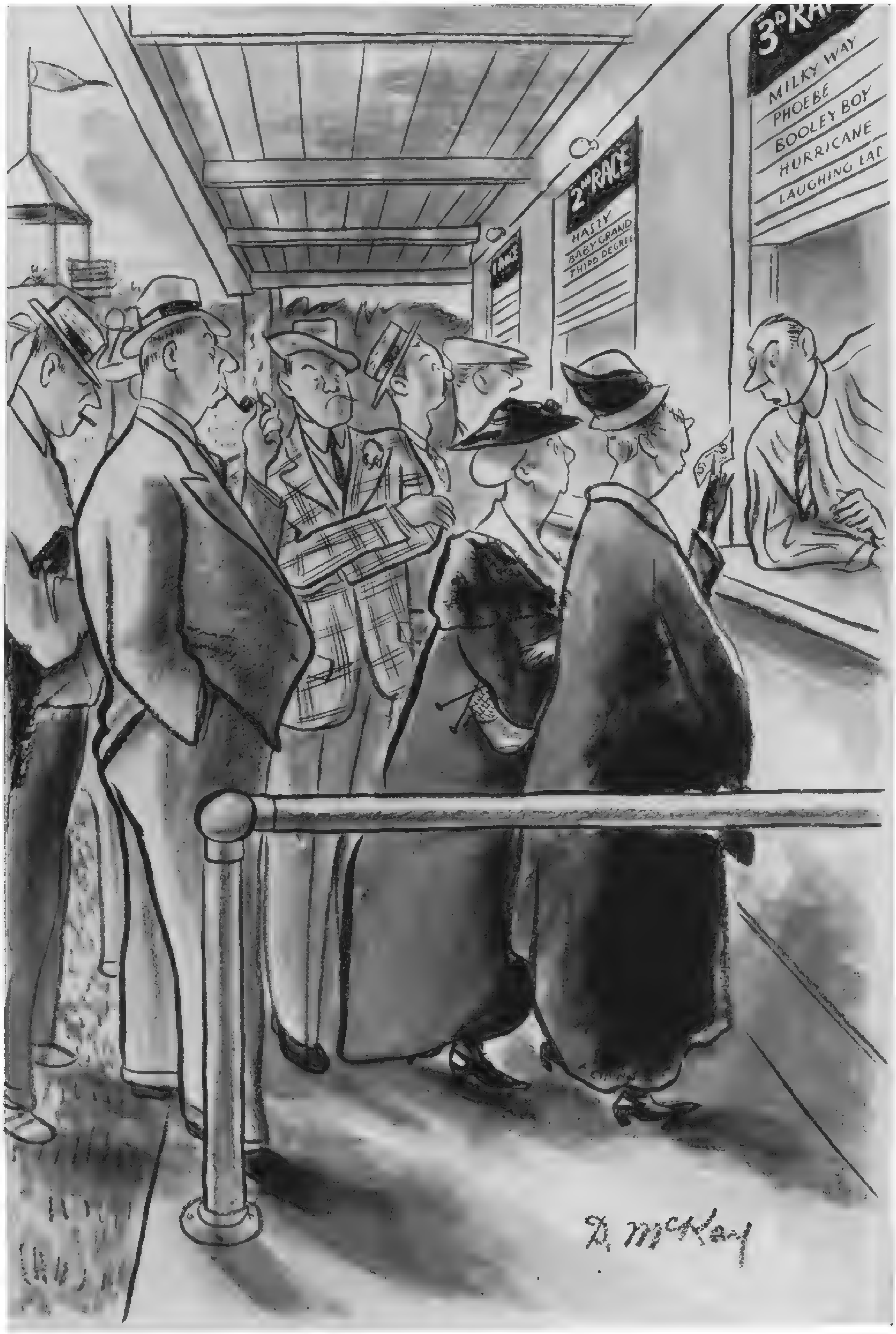

3D RA
MILKY WAY
PHOEBE
BOOLEY BOY
HURRICANE
LAUGHING LAD
2nd RACE
HASTY
BABY GRAND
THIRD DEGREE
D. McKay

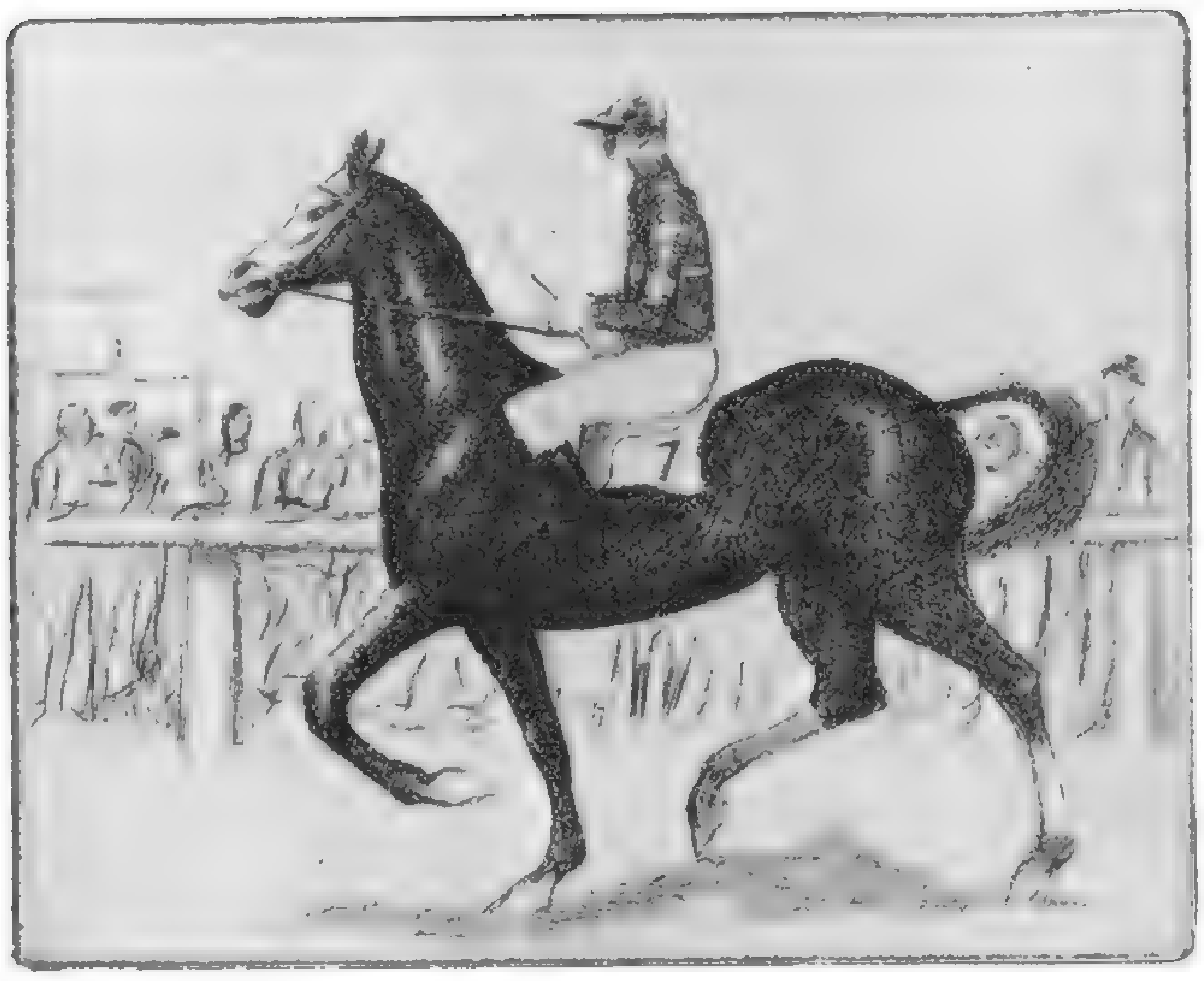
"We would like to place a fin on 'Laughing Lady'"

I Beat the Races

It has been done and it can be done and the system is so simple it sounds silly

by E. R. VADEBONCOEUR

• SPORTS •



The seductive, rolling beat of flying hoofs thrummed its siren song over the fast, brown turf of the sporty Rockingham Park racetrack. A warm June sun beamed benignly down upon mildly lunatic thousands—a typical race crowd.

The paddock, the lawn, the rails and the stands were packed with players and headaches. But the headaches were not serious, for this was June 15, the day of the $10,000 Rockingham Handicap, and Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt had entered his winged-heeled colt, Discovery. Now any horse player will tell you that Discovery is a specific for a losing day's headache; that it is perfectly safe to go into the red up to your Adam's apple on the early races, so long as Discovery is coming along later in the afternoon to pull you out and send you home solvent again.

Then came the rain. It came suddenly and spitefully, a scant and disastrous half hour before post time for the Handicap. It came in blinding, soaking sheets, briefly, then went slithering in sardonic grayness off over the Massachusetts hills.

The sun came out again. So did the crowd. The form players took one look at the track and reeled in dismay. The long shot addicts began pawing frantically through sodden programs, a wild light of maniacal glee burning in their eyes. For nothing so delights a confirmed long-shotter as a nice, gooey track to give the favored horses the same fine, firm footing they would find in a bucket of hot glue.

In the Handicap, Discovery was coupled with another Vanderbilt oat-burner, one Identify, who was just out for the exercise, anyway. In fact, Identify is to Discovery as Kingfish Levinsky is to George Bernard Shaw. The canny Bud Stotler, who trains the Vanderbilt horses and knows all about them (oh, absolutely all about them!) decided that, on a day like this, he shouldn't have Identify out there cluttering up the running for Discovery. So he paid a visit to the stewards and asked permission to scratch Identify.

The stewards ruled that it was too late for a scratch. The mutuel windows were open and tickets already had been sold on the two-horse Vanderbilt entry. A scratch at this late hour, they said, would stir the bettors to loud and vociferous umbrage.

But, Mr. Stotler patiently explained, Discovery would protect his backers adequately. He can travel handsomely in the mud, while Identify is no mudder at all and is completely lost when the footing is so thick that every withdrawn hoof makes a sound like Minnie and Mickey Mouse kissing.

"This mud," said Mr. Stotler in conclusion, "absolutely eliminates Identify's chances of winning. There is simply no use starting him."

But the obtuse stewards wagged their heads in negation and so Identify paraded to the post, basking in the reflected glory of the great Discovery, somewhat like your poor country cousin riding in the rumble seat. The field got away in a smother of churned-up, chocolatey soup, with Identify breaking out in front to set the pace and Discovery rating along nicely, a bit back. He was still back there when he crossed the finish line in third place, soundly beaten and with gobs of mud splattered into his aristocratic teeth by the heels of two other horses. One of these turned out to be the despised Identify, the horse that couldn't win but which, unbelievably, had come sloshing sure-footedly past the pay-off station first, carrying with him $7,370 for the Vanderbilt coffers and saving the day for the thousands who had backed Discovery.

In that incident I discerned the blinding light of a great truth, to wit: If the trainer doesn't know anything about his own horses, no one else does, either.

So, as one who had played races only infrequently and then solely for the fun of a very modest bet, I decided to experiment with the delightful idea of playing the noble steeds in the deliberate intention and determination of knowing nothing about them and caring nothing about them while in the throes of this research.

I was not going to bet horses, for that is rank folly. I was going to bet on the law of averages. And I was going to prove that the croakers are wrong; you *can* beat the races.

To this end I chose one good newspaper selector. I won't give his name, because I don't want him to die laughing when he reads this, although there have been times during my noble experiment when I wished him much more painful forms of extinction.

My system had the true genius of simplicity. It was based on the dopester's daily best bet at one track. I would wait, I decided, until he had lost four of them in a row. By the inexorable law of averages, I would then know that he was about due to hit a winner. Hence, I would start playing his best bet on the fifth day and would stick to it every day thereafter until I won. Each day I would step up the amount of my wager as much as might be necessary to show a profit for my system when the inevitable victory came. I would then pocket my winnings and start all over again.

This, I must point out, is not ordinarily as heavy a financial operation as the uninformed might believe. Suppose you lose two dollars on your first venture. Next day your man's best bet may be, for example, a 3 to 1 shot. It is only necessary then to bet another two dollars in order to establish the mathematical possibility of recovering yesterday's losses, with a profit of four dollars to boot. So long as he picks, 3, 4, or 5 to 1 horses, everything is rosy and you can follow him a long way.

However, there was just one slight element that I was forced to leave to chance, despite earnest study of the problem. I realized that a day could come when, with twenty-five or thirty dollars invested in this splendidly-conceived system, my selector might come up with a best bet that would be a heavy favorite, say a 1 to 2 shot. With a stomach feeling as though it contained a panful of bride's biscuits, I would then come to the saddening realization that I must bet fifty or sixty dollars, just to get myself even.

But we'll come to that later.

I hope I won't confound the cynics, but the fact is that in six months, from July 1 to January 1, the longest losing streak my selector suffered on best bets at any track stopped at twelve. His average was a fraction better than one out of five for all tracks. I know this, because I kept an elaborate bookkeeping system on the gentleman, checking every horse (first, second and third) that

Continued in center page 172

Lie Down and Die

Inspiring thoughts on futility, for the benefit of those who are about to wake up and live

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

The lower terraces of expensive hotels still bear the marks where the brokers "jumped or fell," the streets are full of men who need a cup of coffee and Hitler rules Germany—all because the brokers and the beggars and Hitler had the secret, years ago, which Dorothea Brande has successfully and menacingly spread before the American people: "Act as if it were impossible to fail." That's the way Hoover acted in 1931; that's the way millions of shopkeepers, in defiance of the statistics from Dun and Bradstreet, have acted since shopkeeping began. That's the way Napoleon acted; Wellington acted on the broad sound human axiom that failure was the likeliest thing in the world. No one goes into ecstasies about Wellington, but Waterloo is remembered.

I've got a lot of other complaints about Mrs. Brande's exhortation to *Wake Up and Live*, but those famous eight words on page eighty, which I have quoted, are the only ones which give me the staggers. I cannot calmly contemplate an America full of human beings who add to their natural optimism the kind of energy which Mrs. Brande requires of us all and who go through hell and high water every day because they know they can't fail. The proposition fortunately defeats itself, but the agony of the struggle is too much for a mild-mannered man like myself. I figure that if I make up my mind to run faster than a Mr. Venzke, and act as if it were impossible to fail, and Mr. Venzke takes the negative on my proposition (acting as if it were impossible to fail) one of us is going to be severely disillusioned in the Brandean philosophy before the half mile post is reached; and as that one will be me, if I continue to run after the precepts of Mrs. Brande for another half mile, I will be dead, and I shouldn't like that.

And my weakness in this matter goes for the man who starts a delicatessen store in the same block with six others, all busily acting as if it were impossible to fail. The amount of human misery, I fear, is in for a serious multiplication.

The general theory works perfectly well for mountain climbing and swimming against time. But if Mrs. Brande will sit on a piazza and play Canfield or any other form of solitaire and act as if it were impossible to fail, she will learn a lesson or cheat like the devil. If she will try to persuade any four of her friends not to go to Harlem, when they are drunk and insist upon going to Harlem (what the devil for, I don't know) the same lesson will be brought home to her. And if the thousands of people who are expecting miracles from reading her book will splurge with all their energies and all their finances in businesses already far too populated, they'll get after her for selling goods under false pretenses.

The basic objection—apart from the feeling of discomfort sure to arise when millions of people are all breezy and confident and cocky—is that we're bound to fail and we'd better lie down and like it. Ask any good scientist how he works: he works always with the presumption of failure in his experiments. A man trying to find a cure for cancer and not aware of the infinite chances against him would be a danger to the community. And a really good scientist is prepared to be written down a failure even if his experiments temporarily succeed. (One Charles Darwin noted at the end of his major work that he believed the general principles were established by the mass of his data, but that he expected any number of his ideas to be proved wrong by later observers.) Mathematically the scientist is in a fairly good position, because he works against time and reluctant physical nature; mathematically the average man has to figure a nine or ten to one shot against his own winning—because there are at least nine or ten other people trying to do what he is doing, or trying to prevent his success. To act against nine to one odds—*as if they didn't exist*—must be good psychology, because it isn't good anything else.

To be sure, Mrs. Brande knows that you can't just get up in the morning and announce yourself a never-failing success. She hands you a discipline (you can read it on the back cover, if you haven't made up your mind to be a success and haven't the price of the book; booksellers have long ago reconciled themselves to being free public libraries for just such people as you). Now as old Father Nietzsche said, when he was inviting a select few to act as if they were supermen, any discipline, even a bad one, is better than none at all. So the complaints against Mrs. Brande's exercises do not affect me much: Talk for 15 minutes without using the first person; draw one of several self-imposed instructions from a hat and do what it says; don't say, "As a matter of fact." And, of course, "spend one hour a day without speaking except in answer to direct questions." The details do not matter. What our preceptor is urging us is to do something we don't want to do. And there I fear she has rammed her excellent head against a stone wall of fact, because she is writing as a writer, probably a lazy one, and she hardly seems aware of the disciplines to which men and women all the time are subjecting themselves. What about a hundred brush strokes up and a hundred down by which women keep their hair attractive? what about diets? what about not drinking on Sunday night? what about not drinking? Plan to live, says Mrs. Brande, for two hours a day on a rigid time schedule. Almighty, I believe the phrase is, God, hasn't she heard about getting to the office at nine o'clock?

You can see that back of my mind lies an awful fear. Not precisely the fear that I will succumb to these disciplines, but that a lot of other people will, and will succeed, and will, therefore, make a monkey out of me. I suspect that the whole business is a good one for neurotics, loungers, and those of weak-will; but at the same time, I feel sure that if all of these hapless ones changed over, the competition would be too much for me. I have trouble enough keeping up as it is; I don't want the pace set any faster.

I suggest, therefore, that the great men of the world have all been easy-going dawdlers, men who looked gravely at the schedules set before them by their efficient secretaries, and went off to the ballgame, undisciplined fellows who knew that a tree was something to lie under and who yielded to the impulse to loaf on a sunny day because there is no proof that the sun will shine tomorrow, only a vague hope. There's Santayana, for instance, who had it in him to write a best seller for years, but put it off until he was seventy. There's the flower of Britain, which wouldn't dream of sticking around the Foreign Office over a Bank Holiday and let Europe go to war all by itself, virtually. There are all the drunken poets and painters and the philandering composers—and on the other side only the disciplined captains of industry with indigestion.

For America, it is desirable that someone come along and tell us all to weaken, and the way to do it is to undermine our general belief that what we have set our minds on is of any particular importance. We have

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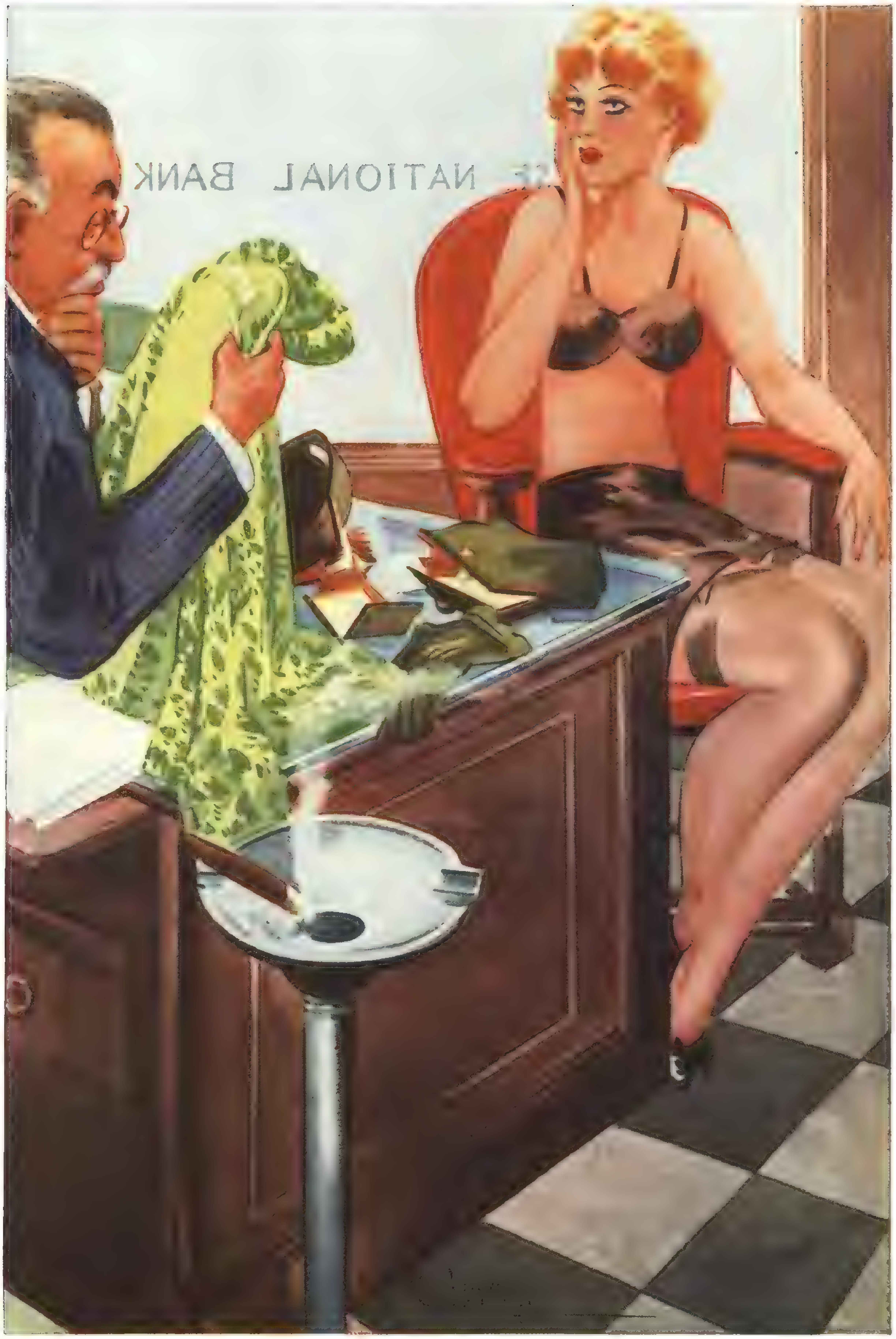
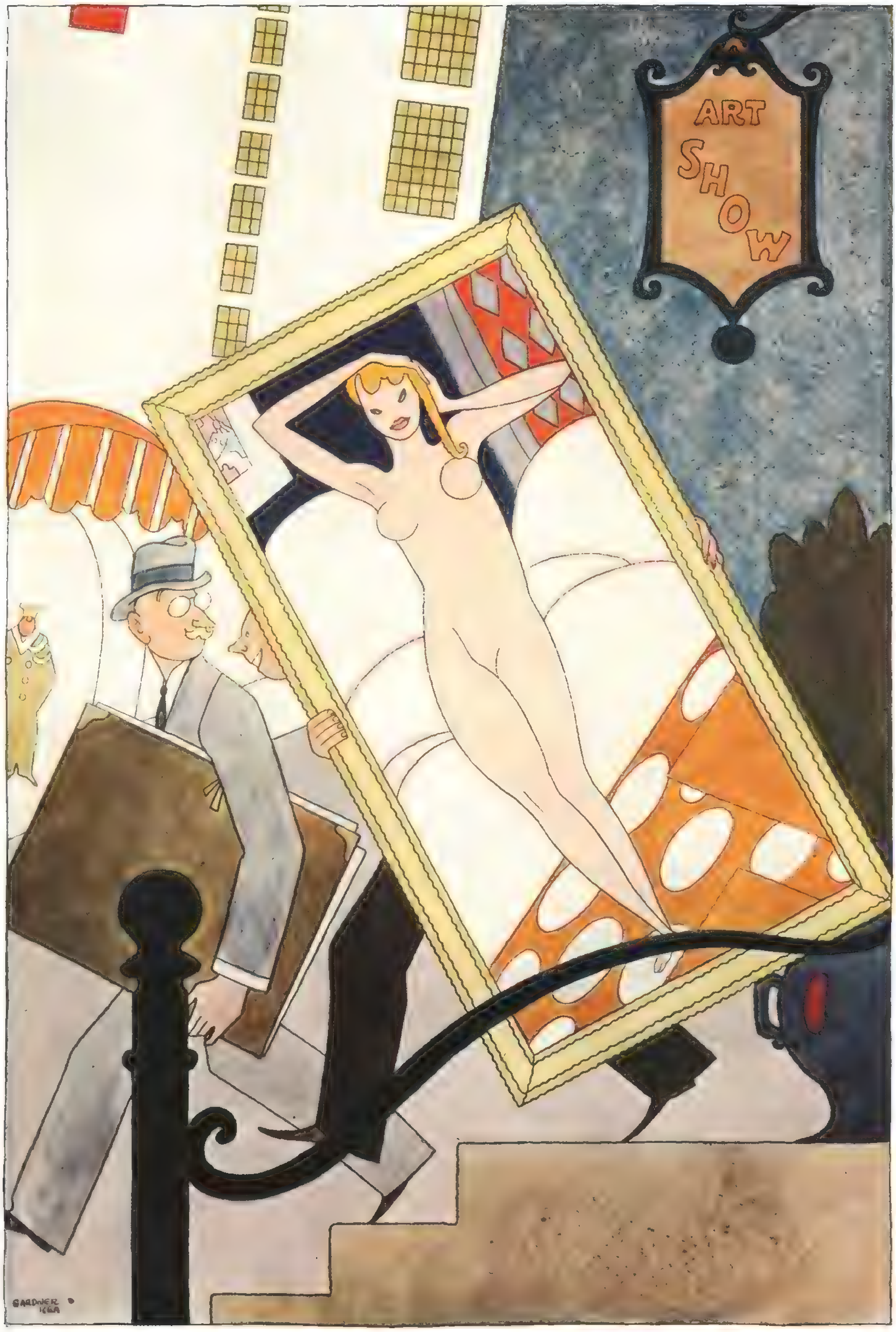

NATIONAL BANK

"M-mm — have you any other identification before we cash that check?"


ART SHOW
GARDNER REA

"I didn't win a prize, but I had lots of fun painting it"

On Keeping the Week End Up

A nicely balanced repertoire of pick-me-ups and lay-me-downs, played in all kinds of glasses

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

Future archaeologists fooling around in the ruins will doubtless come to the conclusion that the contribution that America made to civilization was, not the cheap motor car or the sky-scraper, but the week end. Everywhere the American goes he comes across the quaint custom of the double Biblical sabbath where everyone knocks off bonds or bricklaying and rushes off to the country for a rest. And in all these spots there are obvious evidences of the American inspiration, gained no doubt from the universal acceptance of the Hollywood delineation of American morals and mores. France hasn't even bothered to find an idiom for it, and where the populace knows but one word of Americanese that word is week end. But they think they are speaking French, calling it "wikeend."

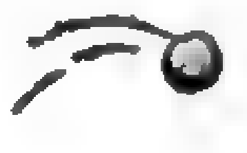
A few of the more prosperous citizens and citizenesses of the Republic have farms in the provinces. For the most part the populace of Paris contents itself with the week end spent in some little hamlet famous for its *poulet* or its cheese—and its cellar. Nearly any place can be reached by a day of fast motoring. And the trek is worth it. Find your little farm house or inn and let the host know that you appreciate good vintages. The food will be excellent, you don't have to worry about that. Nor do you have to worry about the cost of the meal. A banquet of eleven courses comes to around one dollar. But the wines, my friends, look out for the budget in advance. The French idea of the proper and sufficient potable will come to about twenty dollars. And you are so easily led into it.

On a farm in Normandie we stumbled on Calvados, the Norman version of our applejack. The owner of the farm having sold many paintings to movie stars and other affluent Americans, did what he could for the trade balance by an annual worship of a Sears-Roebuck catalogue.

He didn't use the tome as is the native custom, but sat down and ordered gadgets by the score. Yokels came for miles around to see the ice-machine, the radio and a dozen other devices.

But best of all they liked an apple press and giant still. The Calvados, by the way, is so good, that the entire output is now imported by an American multi-millionaire. But lay off Calvados about noon Sunday; otherwise you can't do much head work Monday.

As an American host, whatever you do for your week end guests, give first attention to the drinking schedule. The proper drinks, at the right times, can often take the place of tennis court, golf course and other assorted games.



As a champion sitter myself, I would rather see twenty-nine bottles sitting on the shelf than eighteen green fairways.

Others have different tastes, I'll admit, and you have to look out for them also.

If your guest arrives Friday in mid-afternoon, he is probably tired from the motor trip. A dip in the pool before dinner is in order. But before changing into trunks there should be a hand-shake and a slight sit-around. I've found a pleasant compromise for this period in a long glass of vermouth, ice and charged water, dressed with mint or without. This is a slight pick-up and leaves you in no danger of being bothered while bathing. Personally I find a cocktail or highball too stiff for water sports, and too, when you start on that routine you usually like to continue until the dinner.

One flaw in most country homes is that they contain at least one college student with a letter on his sweater. And my luck is to have the letter-bearer majoring in tennis. Serious tennis addicts seldom interrupt a set for a drink, even if the hostess has supplied lemonade on the table under the trees. But the longest tennis game is eventually over and then there is a swell excuse for a bowl of some sort or a sauterne cup. One of the easiest of the latter is as follows:

Slice some peaches and apricots (twice as many of the former) add a little brandy, cover with sugar and let stand for a few hours. When ready to serve put the mixture in a bowl or pitcher and pour over sauterne and charged water. Ice slightly so as not to weaken the drink.

A simpler light drink for this time of day is Rhine wine and seltzer, mixing in a pitcher with ice. This is preferred by the athlete who wants to continue with his game.

A variant of the above is to add a wine glass of dry sherry to the mixture, the juice of a lemon and a few slices of cucumber. Sugar can be added or not as the taste decides.

If the girl friends have come along and prefer the walled garden with a bit of hot gossip or bridge while you are at the courts, you can serve a harmless afternoon tipple made with lemon or orange water ice.

Float the ice in a bowl of white wine and charged water. The ice melts enough to cool the liquid and contribute the flavor.

After you have floated in from your duty on the courts and had the shower and rubdown, cocktails are certainly indicated. The mark of the host is his cocktails. You might assume that anything as commonly used as the cocktail would be fool-proof. But the facts are against you. I recently read a survey conducted by a hotel magazine. The two cocktails most in demand in America were the Martini and the Manhattan. And yet these two, according to the answers to the questionnaires made by bartenders in all the liquor states, were made in dozens of different ways. Only in the largest cities was there any sort of standardization. I have even found, at a tea given by a host of repute, cherries in a Martini. It's not the offense against Emily Post that hurts, it's the stomach.

The best Martini, according to your correspondent, is the kind served in France or on the French boats. I have tried the town, with little success, and when I come across the correct mixture, I ask the bartender just how it is done. Most of them after long practice, do it by eye. It was the man at the Stork Club who gave me the real tip-off. The dry Martini is *not one-third* French vermouth and two-thirds gin (dash of lemon peel, olive, etc.) but *one-sixth* French vermouth and five-sixths gin. Some insist on a little Italian vermouth with the French but that throws it back on the sweet side and makes something else again. For spirited occasions a few drops of Pernod, Oxygene, or the local absinthe, adds just the touch to the dry Martini. Sticklers, however, insist that a small pickled onion be used in lieu of the olive when you use absinthe.

The Manhattan is also often abused, mainly to save money for the house. But this is no consideration in the well managed home and there is no excuse for flooding good rye with too much Italian vermouth. Again I like Manhattans that desert the formula and use only one-fourth vermouth to three-fourths rye. The serving of old-fashioneds at cocktail time is coming along rapidly. This makes it easier as the taste of the rye

Continued in center of page 166

If Wishes Were Horses

A flophouse bedtime story with echoes of the Faust legend as reversed by the modern spirit

by LOUIS ZARA

FICTION

The municipal lodging house is a huge stone fortress with a gaunt and gray face. Once it housed the criminal courts and the county jail. Now the steel doors are gone from the cell blocks and several hundred idle are bunked on the prison cots. In the courtyard the partly demolished gallows still stands and the weathered beams creak and groan in the wind.

When last year the jail was abandoned for a new building the heating plant was promptly thrown out. Now there are range-coal fires in each tier to kill the gnawing damp, but the warmth is acrid and smoky and blends poorly with the old cheese odor of the sleepers and their moldy clothes.

At ten o'clock the lights go out. Sleepers' noises begin. In the dark one slumberer greels a harsh artillery march and another whines a teakettle sigh. Insomniacs whisper in little groups, resting on their elbows.

In my corner there were several carrying on a low conversation. Joey the Ox, once a circus strong man, then a hotel bouncer and later a common laborer; he still owned muscles like braided hemp. Parsley the Greek, former short-order cook in a State Street hashery. Phil Hastings, auto mechanic, who jerked his head back to one side when he talked, as though he were afraid someone was lurking behind him. And myself, once *the* copy-writer for the fastest selling headache powder east of the Rockies—all denizens now of this gray stone lodging house.

We were swapping yarns in hoarse whispers when a vagrant moonbeam stole in through the barred windows and ran a waxen hand over Joey's mop of gray hair. His shock stood back impudently from his forehead like a porcupine's quills. He squinted and shook his mane at me. His long colorless face looked like a big white radish.

"Looking at my hair?" he boasted. "Worry. That didn't happen in a single night!"

Parsley snickered. "Somebody scare you?" he said. "Somebody say 'Boo!'"

"Scaring doesn't always make you gray," Hastings suddenly put in. "Look at me! Could you tell I'd ever gone through anything?"

He moved his head into the moonlight. His hair was tousled but thick and dark brown.

"Maybe somebody didn't scare you enough," Parsley grumbled.

The mechanic shrugged. "I've been scared enough," he said. "If you guys could listen I might tell you about it."

"I like fairy tales, mister," I mumbled. I had heard some good ones here.

At once he flared up. "You're all the same, every one of you! Anything you ain't heard before you don't want to believe. You lap up every smelly lie you see in the papers every day but you can't take the truth straight and you can't recognize it when you hear it."

"Turn it off!" a voice called out and the livid beam of an electric torch reached toward us from down the floor.

We shushed. The attendants weren't bad fellows but they had their orders. A wind whipped at the gibbet in the courtyard. A fit of coughing disturbed the silence. And Phil Hastings let a half hour go by before he began his story:

"If you picked up a copy of last Tuesday's *Tribune* or *Herald* you probably saw that W. P. Stuyvesant, the seventy-year old oil millionaire, cashed in. If you had read all the way through that sheet you would have also noticed that a kid by the name of Andy Thomas was found dead on a park bench in Lincoln Park. Now I'm going to tell you the story of Andy Thomas and what he had to do with W. P. Stuyvesant the millionaire and none of you are going to believe me.

"You see, I knew Andy and I know what a fine kid he was. A college boy, sure, but he wasn't a know-it-all. He worked at odd jobs and half starved while he went through school nights. But when he got his diploma and they said, 'You're an engineer, kid!' what good was it? There weren't any jobs and no one needed him and an engineer gets just as hungry as any ordinary guy that hasn't got a diploma.

"I met him one day on a park bench. Just a pickup friendship but pretty soon we were buddies and I couldn't of thought more of him if he was my own kid brother. There was something clean about him and honest and if you could have seen him as I did often, sitting hour after hour with his fists stuck on his knees, you'd have understood as I did that he was just choking up inside him and you would have felt sorry for him and for the whole world full of kids like him, never getting a chance. I used to try to cheer him up but words are empty and I knew it and he knew it and there wasn't much use in just saying things neither one of us believed. And there we were.

"One night—it was after dark—we were sitting on one of those benches that face the big mansions on the Drive. Andy was especially bitter that night and he talked crazy wild things, about the world being in the hands of a few and more stuff like that, and he pointed to the W. P. Stuyvesant house that sat like a squatting fat ghost on the lawn and he said to me, 'Phil,' he said, 'I'd give everything I've got, every single thing I've got, to live there and own a place like that. What's the good of going on like this? No yesterday, no today, no tomorrow. I'd rather live one year a prisoner in a palace than fifty years a free man in a flop!'

"And that was all. Just a kid's wish, that's all. Maybe I ought to dress the story up for you but that was really all he said. We sat looking at that big house and I don't remember that we said another word all evening. But in the morning he was gone. They had just opened this flop here and we had bunked the night on the floor below this one, but in the morning he was gone. Sure I was sorry. I liked the kid. But I wasn't sore about it and I didn't complain. He didn't owe me a thing and I didn't owe him. If he wanted to shove off without a word, that was up to him.

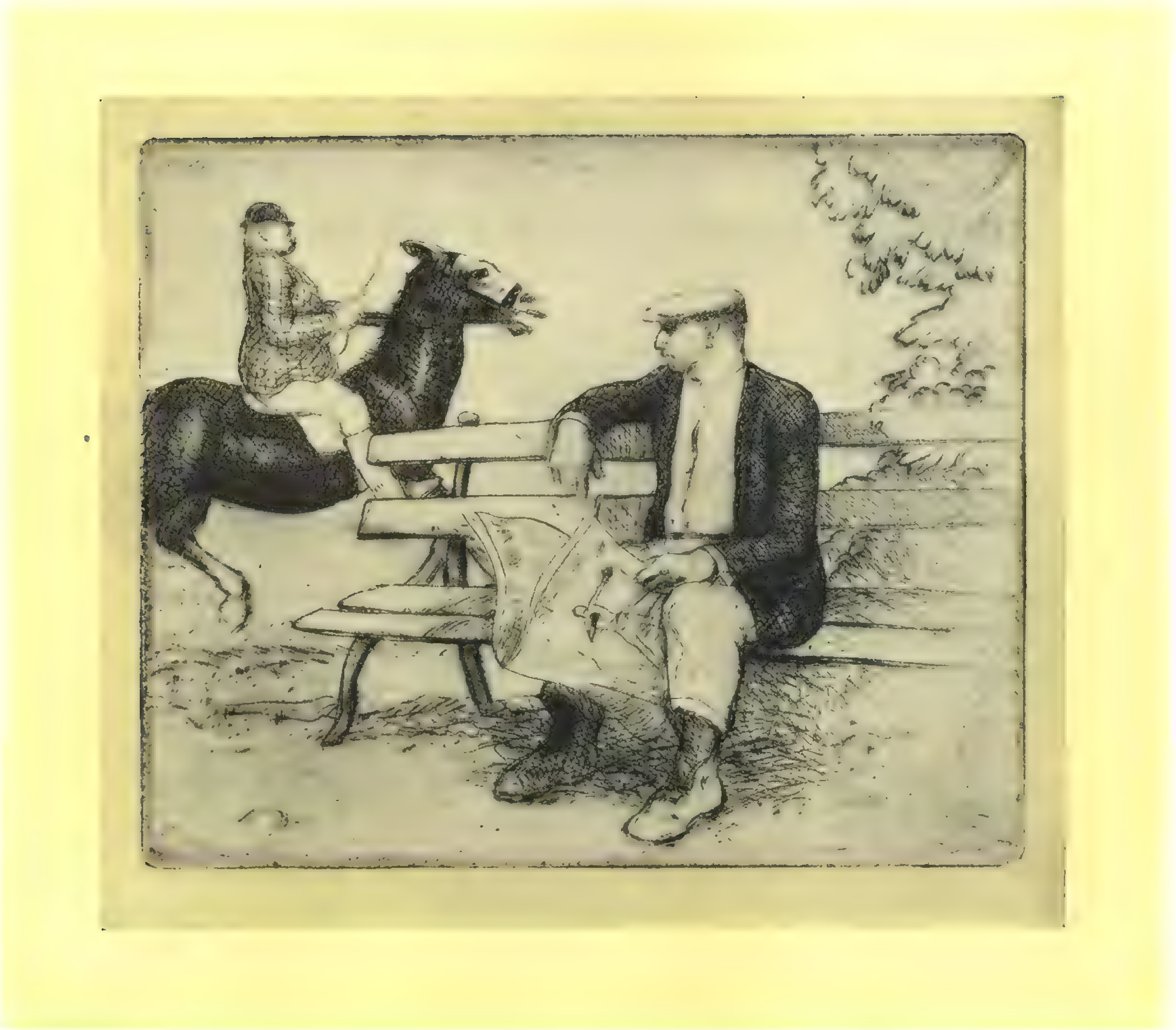
"A month went by. I was bill-peddling on the south side one day when a guy came up and said he was a private dick and Andy Thomas was in trouble and would I come along to help him out. I said sure and I dumped my bills. What else could I do? I went along and we hopped a cab.

"I wasn't too curious where we were going but suddenly I woke up and we were down a driveway. We got out and here we stood before a big gray house. 'Say!' I said to the dick but he jerked his thumb and said, 'Inside, buddy!' and we marched into the house. 'Who lives here, fella?' I asked the copper. 'Mr. Stuyvesant!' the gee fired back. 'Stuyvesant? What—' But the dick yanked at my arm and shoved me into a hallway where there were tin suits of armor standing around and crossed swords on the wall just like in the movies. Another minute and here I was in a room that must have been a library from all the books in cases against the walls.

"I looked around thinking what the hell and there was an old man sitting behind a flat-top desk. I looked again and I recognized him from his gray mustache and the big fleshy nose. I'd seen pictures of him in the brown part of the Sunday papers. It was W. P. Stuyvesant himself, the millionaire. I stood there. I didn't know what to say. I began to wonder where was Andy Thomas and suddenly I got a cold feeling around the heart.

"'You're Phil Hastings,' a voice said and I jumped.

"'Yes, yes—I'm—I'm Phil Hastings,' I said and looked here and there. It was Andy's voice. Andy talking, no one else, I couldn't mistake it, his voice. But there was nobody else in the room except me and the old man himself. Shivers began to slide up and down my spine. 'Andy, Andy, where are you?' I must have shouted the words.



ETCHING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

" 'Sh!' It was the old man talking now. 'Sh!' he said. 'You don't recognize your old friends any more, do you?'

"I stared at him. His face was wrinkled and old—it looked dried up. And his hands had the veins on them standing out like the roots of a tree. There was fuzz growing out of his ears and his teeth when he opened his mouth were as bright and shiny as new saucers—I could tell they were false. But I remembered I had just heard Andy's voice.

" 'Is Andy Thomas here, Mr. Stuyvesant?' I asked. 'Is he, please, Mr. Stuyvesant?'

"The old man drummed his fingers on the table. 'Look at me, Phil,' he said and there was something in his voice that scared me. 'Look at me,' he said.

"I looked. He stood up. There was a gold chain and seal across his vest.

" 'Look at me, Phil,' he said again. 'I am Andy Thomas.'

"I must have gone white. I know my heart went up in my throat and my hands began to tremble.

" 'Andy, Andy!' I said. 'You're not Andy!' But I knew he was. Because the voice that was coming out of that old man's mouth was Andy's and no one else's!"

The speaker paused to draw a deep breath. The rest of us just lay there and looked at him. There was moonlight in the room again and we could see his lips twitching and his eyeballs glistening, from tears perhaps.

"He told me the story," Hastings went on. "I didn't want to believe it then and I don't want to believe it now. But this is how he told it to me. He said he went to sleep on the cot next to me that last night I saw him and when he woke up here he was on a big bed with linens as smooth as silk and a valet waiting on him. At first he thought it was a dream and he let himself be shaved and dressed. But when he got a look at himself in the mirror—he knew he wasn't him, not him, that some time during the night he had left his young, hungry person and got into this old, old man's body."

The reflection of a passing car's headlights sent a long white finger across the wall. Hastings waited until it was dark again.

"Wishing did it, Andy said to me, wishing for something that didn't belong to him did it. He'd said better a year in a palace than fifty in a flop-house and so here he had his year in a palace. He stood up and came over to me.

"When he put his hands on my shoulders I almost died of fright. I could hear the voice that came out of his mouth and it was Andy's voice, but when I looked at him it wasn't Andy. It was an old, old man not a young kid, an old man ready to die.

"He saw me shrink and he knew I was scared. The body was W. P. Stuyvesant's but the voice was Andy Thomas'. He told me his valet had been scared, too, when he heard him talk. They had got the doctors in to look at his throat. But it was all right except that a different voice was coming out. He asked me to stay with him and because I was afraid and still sure it was all the truth I stayed. They gave me a room next to his and clothes and money—Yes, he gave me money—" his eyes went from one to the other— "and gifts, too. But there was always someone watching me. Andy knew I'd try to get away if I could. It was a spook-house. He was a prisoner inside that old carcass and I was his prisoner. We had the eats and we had three cars to ride in, a Rolls, a Dusie and a Packard and clothes and money but what could you do with it? Andy gave money to charity, gobs of it. Until one day a lawyer for the oldest son—there were four sons and a daughter, all married—came in and told him if he kept on giving money away the children were going to go to court and say he was off his head and not in condition to handle his property.

"But none of it would have been so bad if Andy had been in good health. But he wasn't. He was a young voice in an old

Continued in center of page 131

Pianos for Two

Rachmaninoff, the piano buster, and Hofmann, the piano builder, are the world's top performers

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

The two ranking piano-thumpers in the business today are Rachmaninoff and Hofmann. Both have been in the big money for decades—Rachmaninoff nearly three, and Hofmann for five. Yet they are not resting on their early glory. They deliver, and can compete with any hammer-pusher who has knocked his way to fame since they started.

Historically, they bridge the gap between those glamorous blowhards of the last century and the pedantic mediocrities who pass as artists nowadays. Because of the length and distinction of their careers, both the Russian and the Pole can claim kinship with the golden age when greybeards and grandams insisted on dining with bursting egomaniacs, feting musical eccentrics, and making celebrities out of keyboard madmen. Yet they never took part in that phobia. They are not hoodlums from the antic epoch. They haven't the tricks of the old boys who knocked audiences goggle-eyed; neither are they in a class with the Schnabels of today.

As performers, Rachmaninoff and Hofmann are not "inspired" or scientific. They don't pontificate. They are not in the business of gilding pills. Nor do they lay a wet blanket over the enthusiasm of the gaping morons who race down front to hear them. They ignore them.

They don't hire gag-men. They beat their pianos, not their wives. They don't indulge in chorus-girl follies, or affairs with queer men. They are case-histories of the model man. They have never been known to go nuts on any subject. They don't require cash in hand by three o'clock on the afternoon of a recital, to put themselves in an artistic frame of mind. Both of them are willing to let music speak for itself. Each says the other is the greatest living pianist. They don't lecture their audiences, broadcast spicy secrets of piano-playing, or diddle the public in any of the ways of the old Punchinellos of the Piano. Neither has ever been dizzy enough to rate headlines. They never go sporty nor act gaga. Their opinions on sex or the lack of it remain mysteries.

Moreover, they are modest, without airs and pretensions. In New York, Rachmaninoff inhabits a plain West Side apartment almost as drab as himself. Hofmann stays in a convenient but not fashionable second-class hotel. Both have simple tastes. The one is pleased with small things, is hospitable, self-centered, and child-like as Russians are, and wants to be understood. The other is practical, prosaic, somewhat proud, though not overbearing. These fellows don't brag about themselves like the flea-fiddlers, nor do they make cracks about their colleagues in the style of castrated tenors.

Rachmaninoff and Hofmann are, in their different ways, intellectual men. They realize at once the necessity of illusion and the vanity of it. They can draw an audience into close and rapt communion with what they are saying, but they revolt at projecting and suffusing a colorful ego. They have personality but do not cash in on it. They yield sensations to the ear, not to the eye. Celebrity-hounds find them forbidding and dull, concerned too much with the business at hand. To lion-hunters, they're about as exciting as a couple of dead rabbits.

* * *

Somber and aloof, with a vinegar smile and the face of a sphinx, Sergei Vassilievich Rachmaninoff (never spelled twice the same in this country), is as ornamental as the rafters in a gymnasium. He sleep-walks like some corpse onto the stage, thrusts his long legs under the keyboard, and doubles up like a jack-knife to carve epics in tone. He looks as if he has just come from a long walk through graveyards. He is not unlike a tall tombstone himself.

To probe the mystery and the sadness of the man, to understand the fantastic melancholia of his nature, is not easy. Someone has said that he is "a victim of that agony that only the tree uprooted from its earth can know."

His childhood home was a country estate on the marshy banks of the Volchov River—made of the tears of the legendary daughter of the Sea King, who loved the minstrel Sadko, and whose fanciful liquid arms still embrace Novgorod, his city. From the land and the river and the customs that go back to feudal times . . . and from the great bells of St. Sophia—there comes a deep stirring that you must witness to understand. It is in the melodies of Tchaikovsky, of Gretchaninoff, and of Rachmaninoff—of all those Russians who passionately loved their soil. And the thought that this was ended, the bells silenced, made Rachmaninoff, nearly twenty years ago, shake his head and snarl, "There is no Russia!"

It is not because he lost his money or his family. It is not because he read of himself in Soviet papers: "The author of works which in their emotional and mental effects are bourgeois through and through. . . . The manufacturer of fox-trots, Rachmaninoff was and is the servant and tool of the worst enemies of the proletariat, the world-bourgeoisie and world-capitalism."

It is because he is separated from his home, from the sober and lazy stream, from the marsh birds in the Russian sky, from the shadows of his childhood and the spirits of his ancestors, from the bells that have vibrated through his memory and entered into his music. He has been forced to live among strangers in foreign lands and suffers from an incurable nostalgia. Unlike some of the Russian nobility, real and phony, he does not prefer being an expatriate.

If you speak of his grandchildren, his face lights up. He adores them, exactly as his own grandmother adored and spoiled him, keeping him for long periods at her summer home where he did not practise. Rachmaninoff says, "Let parents supply the discipline. Grandfather is going to be the frosting on the cake for his grandchildren." And he is.

It is hard to believe that when the monolithic Rachmaninoff with his convict haircut was young, he was a devil, mischievous and full of fun. His *Recollections* tell briefly of those early years and of his dreaming of "the comfortable knowledge that even if he did not practise his efforts were more successful than those of his classmates," and of his becoming lazier and lazier.

Only Zvierev, the Leschetizky of Moscow, disciplined him. This gifted and Tsar-like pedagogue had his favorite pupils live with him and saw to it that they prepared their three R's and practised the piano thoroughly and diligently. He reformed the young idler with a vengeance. "Zvierev," says Rachmaninoff, "when he lost his temper was capable of attacking his victim with his fists and throwing at him any object within his reach; in some cases he might not have hesitated even to kill his opponent."

Later, Alexander Siloti, Rachmaninoff's cousin, spoke enthusiastically to Liszt of the boy's talent. And the biggest gun of them all accepted Rachmaninoff and agreed on lessons for the fall of 1886, but in that summer Liszt, who had gone to Bayreuth for *Parsifal*, died there. Rachmaninoff remained in Russia, attending first nights at the theatre and the opera, becoming chummy with Tchai-

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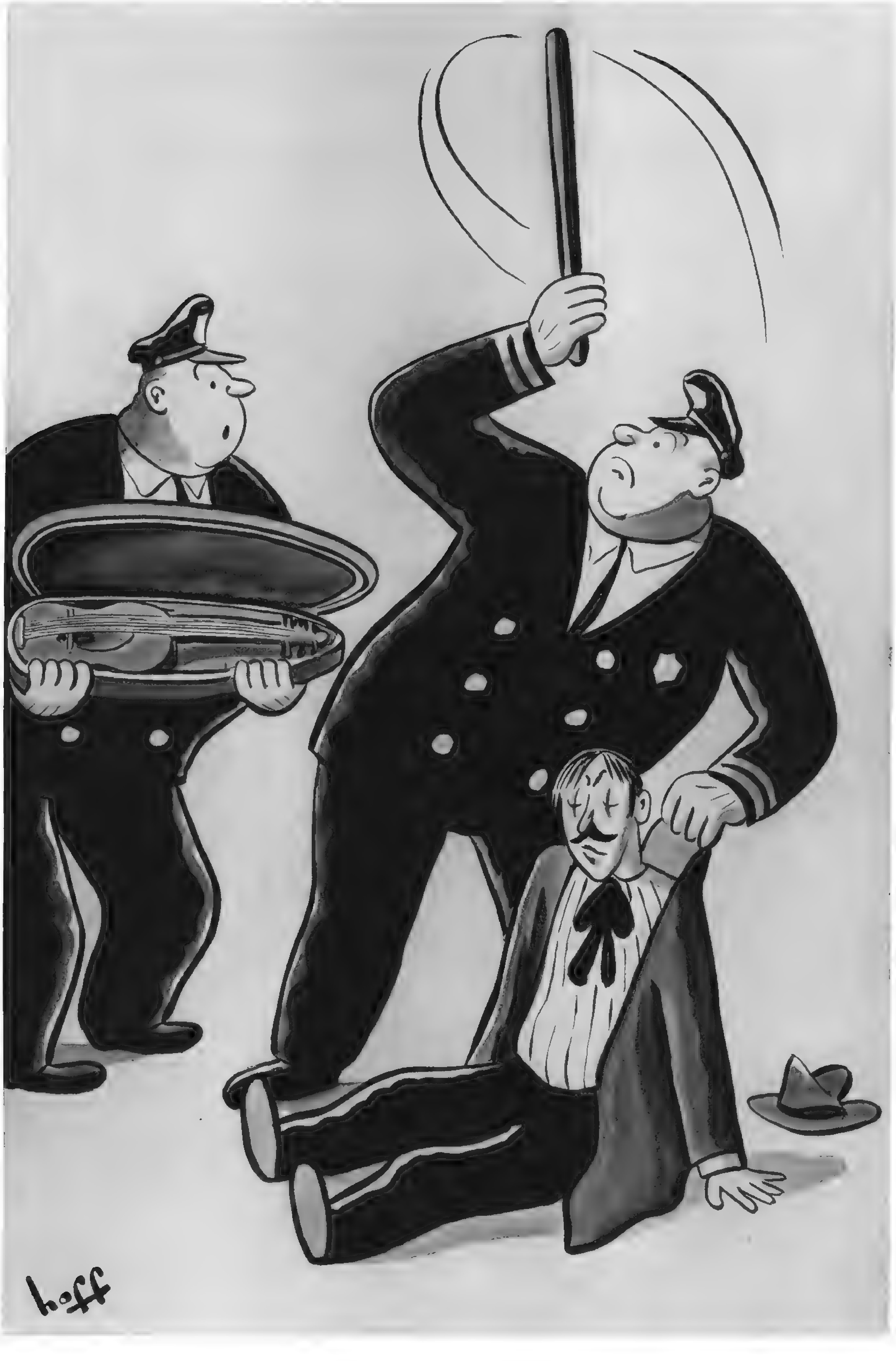

"It is a violin!"

Crime and the Deacon

The contention, subsequently somewhat jarred if not disproved, that crime pays off, as told to Alfred C. Houser

by JOSEPH (Yellow Kid) WEIL

• ARTICLE •

Yellow Kid Weil, self-nominated king of confidence men, periodically zooms into the public eye, swaggers for a time in the spotlight of newspaper headlines, and then vanishes as suddenly as he comes. Of late Weil's appearances have grown more and more infrequent. His encounters with the police lack the finesse which has commanded editorial encomiums. All champions, sport experts point out, have their day. Is the Kid slipping or has he reformed? Both charges he indignantly denies.

When it reached my ears he was writing a book I dropped him a note and asked if I might take a look-see. I suggested maybe Esquire *would be interested in his story. Some time later the office telephone girl announced I had a caller. "I think he's one of those lit'rary guys," she said. It was the Kid carrying a bulky pencil-scrawled manuscript. Which simply goes to prove that when The Kid plays a part he looks it.*

Once his thinning hair and waxed mustache were red. Now they are white. A heavy black grosgrain ribbon dangled from his horn-rimmed pince-nez. He removed a pair of yellow gloves, shook hands, and then introduced me to his companion, tall, ruddy faced, distinctly clerical in mein. It was Deacon Buckminster, to whom he gave credit for co-authorship. We sat down and talked about "Crime Does *Pay." And this is what he said:*

As a small red headed boy more than forty years ago, I made the great discovery that it is easier to gyp the world out of a living than to work for it. Since the days I used to hornswoggle marbles, tops and kites from the other kids of my neighborhood I have become a past master of every artifice by which greedy men can be separated from their money. The funny part of it is, as I look back through the years, I can find nothing to regret. I never took a dime away from anybody who couldn't well afford to lose it and who didn't deserve a trimming. And they always got it.

Why shouldn't I be proud of my record? To my way of thinking my methods are no worse than the legalized rackets which have enabled smart business men to rim stockholders, rob widows and orphans or loot a bank. As careers go mine has been successful. I have enjoyed every minute of it. I have posed as banker, broker, doctor, diplomat, prince, duke and international spy. Old fashioned copy books used to say "Crime does not pay." Deacon Buckminster and I know better, and so do a lot of other folks. We have made and spent a staggering amount of money and have had a lot of fun. We've had laughs and thrills and adventures that would curl the hair of a fiction writer. And we're still free to come and go as we please. So far, we're one up on some respectable business men I know who are repenting their past in the hoosegow. What they failed to learn is that crime *does* pay, but you mustn't get caught at it.

There has been a lot of speculation as to who I am and where I came from. That portion of my record is not found in newspaper morgues or police archives. I was born to a perfectly respectable family in Alsace-Lorraine in 1877, one of several children. My father was a Frenchman, my mother a German. While I was still an infant in arms they emigrated to America, and ultimately found their way to Chicago, which has always been home to me. My career started on the ship. I tried to take the gold buttons off the steward's coat. When old enough I was sent to kindergarten, my education continuing through grammar school. Throughout those years my predatory instincts found adequate expression. When the marble season ended I had them all. Sooner or later the reddest top in school was mine, or the highest flying kite. Finally I graduated, winning a scholarship. The honor left me cold. I would have felt better if I had stolen it.

Then I was shipped off to a military academy, but was fired after the first semester. I wouldn't keep step. That terminated my school days, but my education has continued ever since.

I was fifteen years old when I came back to Chicago from military school. That was at the beginning of the roaring nineties and the town was wide open. My nostrils quivered with the smell of easy money and with unerring instinct I gravitated to the spot where things were liveliest. That was "Bath House" John Coughlin's saloon on South State Street.

I looked older than I was and the Bath gave me a job as sort of roustabout and waiter. Tom Chamales, who finally became owner of the Green Mill Gardens on the North Side, was one of the bartenders. I drag Tom's name into this confession because it was through him I finally lost my job and gained my nickname, "The Yellow Kid." I stuck around the Bath's going on two years. In that time I learned a lot of tricks by keeping my eyes and ears open. Now and again I took a flyer on the ponies when I'd overhear a good tip and once in awhile would collect on a long shot. It was then I discovered my natural affinity for race horses which later caused me to become a tout. In my spare time I shot craps with the other kids in the alley and gradually glommed onto quite a respectable bank roll. I learned early that a con man has to be well heeled if he expects to get any place, just as he must be well dressed. At the same time I was stashing my dough I bought plenty of snappy clothes, so that when I finally became a regular hanger-on at the tracks I looked hotsy-totsy.

Now I'm coming to the part of my story where Bath House John fired me and I stepped up to the next rung on the ladder of fame and fortune. He used to get the *New York American* every week by mail and I always cadged the funny section as soon as I could lay my hands on it. I got a big kick out of Opper's cartoons featuring "Happy Hooligan" and the "Yellow Kid," and would cut them out and paste them up on the mirror behind the bar.

One morning along about ten o'clock a well dressed stranger came into the saloon while Tom Chamales was tending bar. The visitor drank a glass of beer and bought two hard boiled eggs. One he ate and the other he rolled around carelessly on the polished mahogany bar-top. The place was very quiet and pretty soon he and Tom were talking about this, that and the other thing.

"Did you ever hear the story about Columbus and the egg?" he asked.

"Sure," Tom grinned. "He breaka da egg and make heem stand up."

"Well, I can make an egg stand on end on this bar without breaking it," the customer quietly asserted.

"Lika hell, ya can," our bartender scoffed.

"All right, I've got some money that says I can."

I was on the job instantly to see the excitement. They kidded back and forth a little while and finally the stranger took $15 out of his pocket and announced:

"That says I can make this egg stand on end without breaking the shell."

"I taka you," Tom replied eagerly. He opened the cash register and took out a ten and a five and put it on top of the other fellow's wager. The customer reached for a salt cellar, poured some into the palm of his hand, wet the end of the egg with his tongue and then appeared to polish it by swishing it around in salt. When satisfied he turned to the bar, delicately placed the egg on end and removed his hand. It stood firm and motionless. Tom turned white, reached for the hen fruit and examined it. It was sound as a dollar. The stranger picked up the dough and left without a protest from the flabbergasted Greek.

I figured that one out myself. I grabbed the egg and the salt cellar and began to experiment. I wet the end and polished it and of course the egg rolled over. Then I began to use my noodle. When I rubbed the egg in the palm of my hand a ring of salt formed. Again I placed it on the bar and it stood up like the Washington monument. I've made a good many hundreds of dollars on that very trick since then.

Later in the day the Bath came in and checked up the cash register before Tom went off duty. He was $15 short of course, so he came clean and told how he had been hooked by the stranger.

"What the hell did you want to fall for a come-on like that for?" the big boy yelled, his face turning purple. Tom glanced about desperately trying to think of a good excuse. Suddenly his eyes rested on me. I had stuck around to watch the fun. I nearly dropped dead with surprise when Tom pointed his finger at me accusingly and said, "He tella me to do it." I shouted an indignant protest but it didn't do me any good. The Bath was mad. He pointed to the door.

"You're gettin' too smart for this place, Yellow Kid. From now on it's Hogan's alley for you. Get the hell out of here and stay." I got out and from then on everybody who heard the story about the egg called me the "Yellow Kid."

The next day I put on my flashiest checked suit, stuffed my bank roll into my pants pocket and went out to the Old Washington race track. For five years I followed the ponies, making a wide acquaintance among the bookies, jockeys and even some owners, and from these I picked up a tip now and then which I passed along to others at so much per pass. I earned quite a reputation as a tout with important connections on the inside and you can bet I did everything I could to foster the myth. As I became better known the money rolled in and it wasn't long before I began to think about buying a nag or two of my own.

As near as I can remember it was about 1897 that I met Fred Buckminster. He was teaching English in a well known Chicago business college and was thoroughly trained in commercial practice. He was tall, dignified and dressed like an undertaker or an evangelist, but his looks didn't mean anything. He went for the ponies in a big way and spent all of his spare time at the track, where I came to know him well. At first I took him for a sap, but I was dead wrong. The Deacon knew exactly what he wanted and where to get it. His salary as a school teacher didn't even cover his bets, so we just naturally formed a mutual benefit partnership that will last as long as we live. I think more of Fred Buckminster than of any man on earth.

Some day the Deacon and I are going to write a book. That's one racket we haven't tackled yet. It may not be so hot from a literary standpoint, but you can bet it will be full of the inside dope on the con game. We're going to show that we're not so different from the average slick American business man who gets rich one way and another. It doesn't take a smartie to know that the really big fortunes are not built up by thrift and industry. That's a lot of bunk dished up for the mob. Those birds got theirs by knowing how to chisel boobs who can't hit back when they're stung, and they're the guys the Deacon and I go after. We can't nick anyone who shoots straight.

How the Deacon and I are going to garner the cocoanuts is something we never know until we get near enough to the tree to shake it. If they're ripe, they'll fall. I always let nature take its course. Without a plan in the world we start out on a trip, finally land at the races, at a big resort hotel or most any place where the well heeled sporting fraternity are having a shindig. We loaf around as though we didn't have a care in the world. We look the crowd over and keep a weather eye open for live ones. We find out who they are and how much they've got. Finally we pick out a good number. We study his hobbies and weaknesses until we know just how to give him a shot that will paralyze his pocket nerve.

As a class, bankers have been the softest set-up for us. That's because those guys are always so ready to hop on anyone they think is behind the eight ball.

Several years ago after an especially profitable season, the Deacon and I decided to take a well earned vacation. I had just bought a swell new $4,000 benzine buggy that was a honey, even in those days, and we had a bank roll the size of a loaf of bread burning holes in our pockets. It's funny how easy dough itches to be spent. Up to recently we never disappointed it.

One fine spring morning we headed west, and could that big red Pierce guzzle the miles? Almost before we know it we were rolling through the cornfields of Iowa, hell bent on seeing what the wide open spaces they talk so much about, really looked like. As so often happens, we never got where we started. It was like this. We were approaching a sizable town—I won't mention its name—when we saw a large factory that seemed to be closed down. Our attention was attracted by a big, freshly painted sign that said "For Sale." I slammed on the brakes. For no good reason at all I smelled money, so we went in to take a looksee. We were mooching around when a sour-faced watchman jumped us. "Isn't this property for sale?" I asked. My question had a magic effect. The yokel's truculence vanished. "Yes, sir, it is, sir," he answered. "May we see it?" I asked. He eagerly took us through the place. It was full of machinery. Piles of cement powder were scattered here and there. I could see that a lot of money had been tied up in equipment and my instinct told me there was probably more where that came from, but I didn't have the faintest notion how to go about getting it. The watchman told us the plant was in the hands of a big-shot banker in the city which we were approaching. That was something right up our alley. I made a careful note of his name and address and then looked around to see if there was some place I could wash my hands. I spied a spigot against one of the walls and turned on the water. I could not find any soap. Without thinking I wet my hands and patted them into a pile of cement. The powder served as a scouring agent. Like a flash I had my big idea. We could promote a kitchen cleaning compound. Our vacation went blooey, but this thing was too good to pass up.

On the way into town Fred and I framed the deal. He became Eric Von Kleist, an impractical German chemist who had fled his fatherland because of his revolutionary sympathies. He had brought with him a secret formula for a cleaning compound which required a certain mineral ingredient and a cement plant to manufacture it. By rare good fortune we had found both. I represented a syndicate of Eastern capitalists who had an option on Von Kleist's formula. Here was a sweet set-up. Now watch what happened.

Actors find it necessary to rehearse, Fred and I never do. Once we assign ourselves a rôle we live it and think it automatically, instinctively. That's the result of years of training. So Von Kleist and I decided to make an outright offer to purchase the cement plant. We found our banker. He took us at our face value. Why shouldn't he? We had come in answer to his fervent prayer. We offered him a way out from a headache as represented by a thoroughly frozen asset. But don't think he wasn't foxy. A sale *might* be arranged with my principals, but what did we want with the plant? The cement market was thoroughly shot. I told him I was not free to discuss this matter. He pricked up his ears. Von Kleist took no part in the discussion. His broad German accent was hopelessly unintelligible. If ever there was a dumb cluck he was it. I stood pat in withholding the reasons we wanted the plant. The banker was like a mule in refusing to name a price unless I came clean. What to do? I was behind the eight ball and old

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The Candid Cameraman

Watching the all-Negro cast of Green Pastures gives rise to odd reflections about realism

by MEYER LEVIN

▪ MOVIES ▪

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Anthony Adverse: You'll be going anyhow so I might as well concede it. See main review.

Green Pastures: Not only because it is a fine, and often beautiful film, but for the experience of watching an all-Negro cast. Rex Ingram, who plays De Lawd, and Adam, and the prophet Hosea, is the third exceptional reason. See main review.

GO ALONG TO SEE

Public Enemy's Wife: Excellently paced. The wise-cracking lovers-haters formula even to the trick of having them forced to occupy the same sleeping quarters while hating. Those lines Pat O'Brien speaks sound too utterly Cagney, and if Cagney hadn't had a tiff with the studio I'd never guess for whom they were written.

San Francisco: Another of those Barbary Coast tough saloon keepers in the days of checkered vests. Spencer Tracy steals the picture as a slum-bred priest. They didn't know how to end the epic so they stuck in the earthquake, and what an earthquake. You actually feel the ground splitting under your seat. Concludes with a sappy inspirational hymn singing sequence that couldn't have been inspired by thoughts of the Legion of Decency.

White Angel: Kay Francis plays Florence Nightingale with precision and force of character; excellent scene where she sits in the snow protesting against the army doctors' refusal to admit her into the hospital.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

Crime of Dr. Forbes: Notable chiefly because it gives Edward Bromberg a bit more of an opportunity than he has had so far. Also notable for its adherence to Hollywood's method of treating a social problem. If the question is whether a doctor should consent to a hopeless invalid's plea for death, the answer is that he didn't really kill him after all. It was love.

Poppy: W. C. Fields is swell but if he doesn't get some new stunts pretty soon they'll be saying he was over-rated.

Sins of Man: Remember Emil Jannings? You know, the beggar with all those million wrinkles around his eyes, who crawled to the gallery to hear his son, the genius, enthrall an audience with his music? Well, he's Jean Hersholt now.

WASTE

And Sudden Death: Capitalizing on the recent rash of driving-lesson literature. Unworthy of the subject.

AN ALL-NEGRO PICTURE

In a year that has been rich in experiment and innovation, *Green Pastures* comes as a natural successor to *Fury, Pasteur, The Informer.* It begins to look as though they are having a shell-busting contest out in Hollywood, with all the big producers taking turns in jumping on the hard-encased prejudices which vanish when exposed to open air.

It may seem odd to link *Green Pastures,* a religious fantasy, with a group of socially realistic photoplays, but to my mind the great importance of *Green Pastures* lies in the fact that a production taboo has been broken; and this was the important thing about *Fury* and about *The Informer,* and to a lesser degree about *Pasteur.*

By *The Informer,* it was proven that a work produced solely for its aesthetic, rather than its entertainment values, could succeed with the motion picture public. *Pasteur* showed that the exposition of a scientific theme, hitherto considered too dull as the sole matter of a motion picture, could be made universally absorbing. *Fury* proved that so "touchy" a subject as lynching could be openly dealt with in films. And now, *Green Pastures* breaks the taboo on Negro casts.

There have been, in the past, a few minor films about Negro life. But none has ever approached the pretentious dimensions of *Green Pastures,* none has given the Negro actor so great and dignified an opportunity as he has in the much-beloved *Pastures.* And it is to be noted that here in a company virtually unknown to the moviegoer, there is no star-distraction, no personality distortion; the entire company performs with an almost uniform level of simplified and restrained naturalness, and the acting disappears in the idea of the film. This is what acting should do.

Negro actors have of course been known to the screen. Louise Beavers stolidly stole an entire picture from Claudette Colbert, and established herself. Stepin Fetchit even has imitators. Paul Robeson, Bill Robinson are accepted all over the world.

But a Negro acting the part of a dancing or singing servant is one thing; a cast of Negroes presenting a Negro interpretation of life is the real thing.

To my mind, this factor is even more important than the addition of another film of artistic integrity to Hollywood's growingly impressive list. I fervently hope that this will not prove to have been a mere freak occasion, and that the abundant poetic materials to be found in the lives of the Negroes will be given a more proportionate place in the cinema. American music and dance is filled with Negro rhythm, and there is a whole folk-lore that has been stimulated by the unspoiled imagery of their race; but more, here is an integral part of the American population whose present problems, sufferings, have been completely ignored in the films which, with all their shortcomings, must be recognized as our most characteristic form of expression. There have been films touching upon the treatment of slaves, and there have been plenty of Civil War pictures in which the Negroes, over whom the war was fought, got minor attention; and even *Anthony Adverse* makes indirect use of the slave theme: what a tragedy it is for Anthony, how he suffers at having to barter in human flesh! While no one ever seems to think of the tragedy of that actual flesh he sells.

What of the share-cropper of today, for instance? What of the Negro in Arkansas who had a run-in with his boss and crawled forty miles through a swamp to get out of that territory because he knew his life was forfeit after he had back-talked to a white man. Does any drama of the underground railway of Civil War days surpass the story of this Negro, who bummed his way to Illinois, of the white friends who took up his case, and fought extradition?

Will we have to be as far away from today as we now are from the Civil War before time breaks the taboo on the story of the sharecroppers?

There have been attacks upon *Green Pastures,* from the view that it prettifies and romanticizes the life of the Negro, by showing only his pleasant escape into dreams of heavenly fish-fries. To my mind this attack would be unjustified if the other and bitter aspects of Negro life were equally presented—of course, not necessarily in the same picture. Though even in this same picture a prologue which suggested the escape nature of this religious journey, and which showed why the Negro could so completely identify himself with the Israelites in bondage, would have been of far greater aesthetic value than the treacley Sunday school prologue of *Green Pastures.*

The film is, as Marc Connelly promised, a rather faithful recording of the play, augmented by those scenes which the tech-

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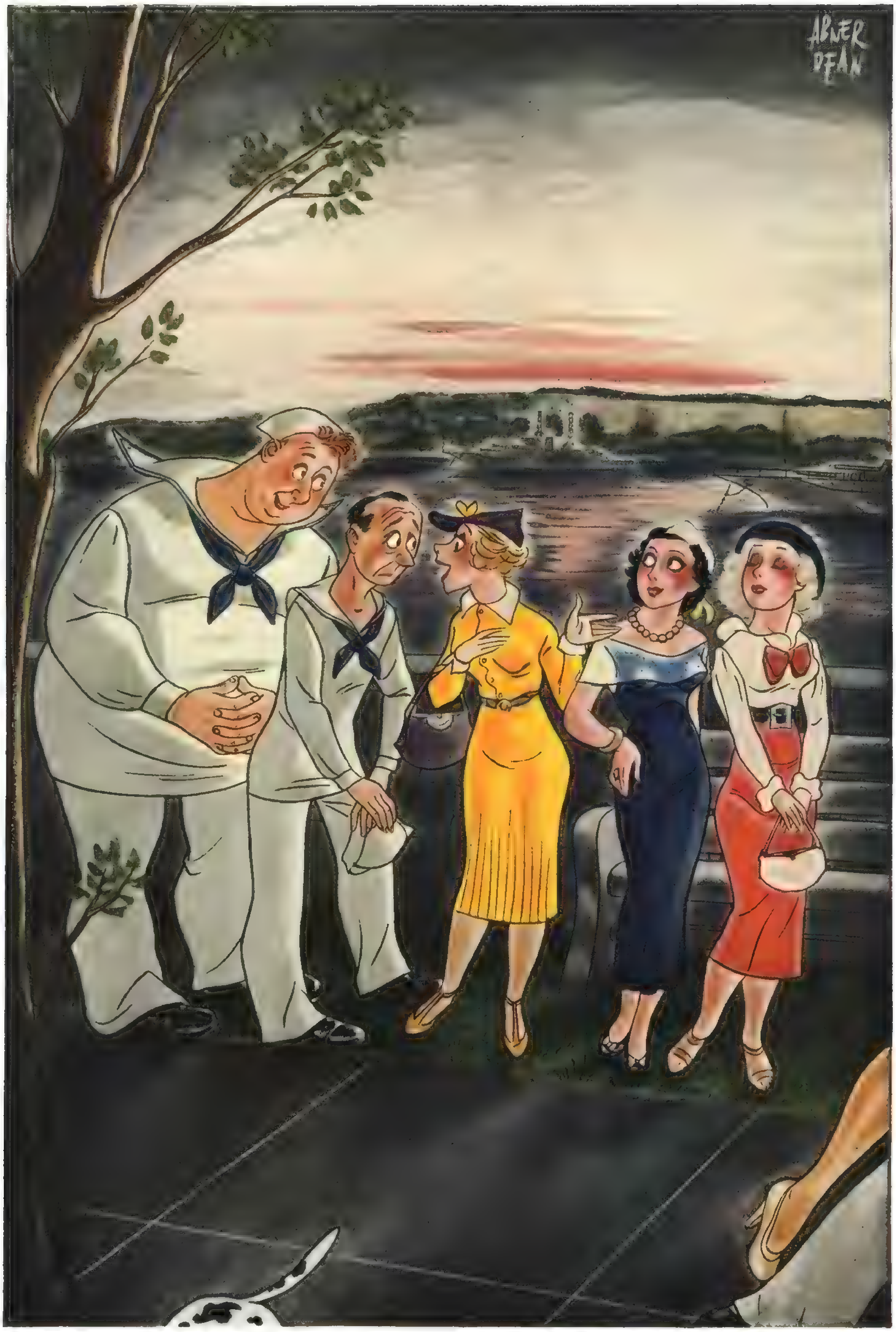
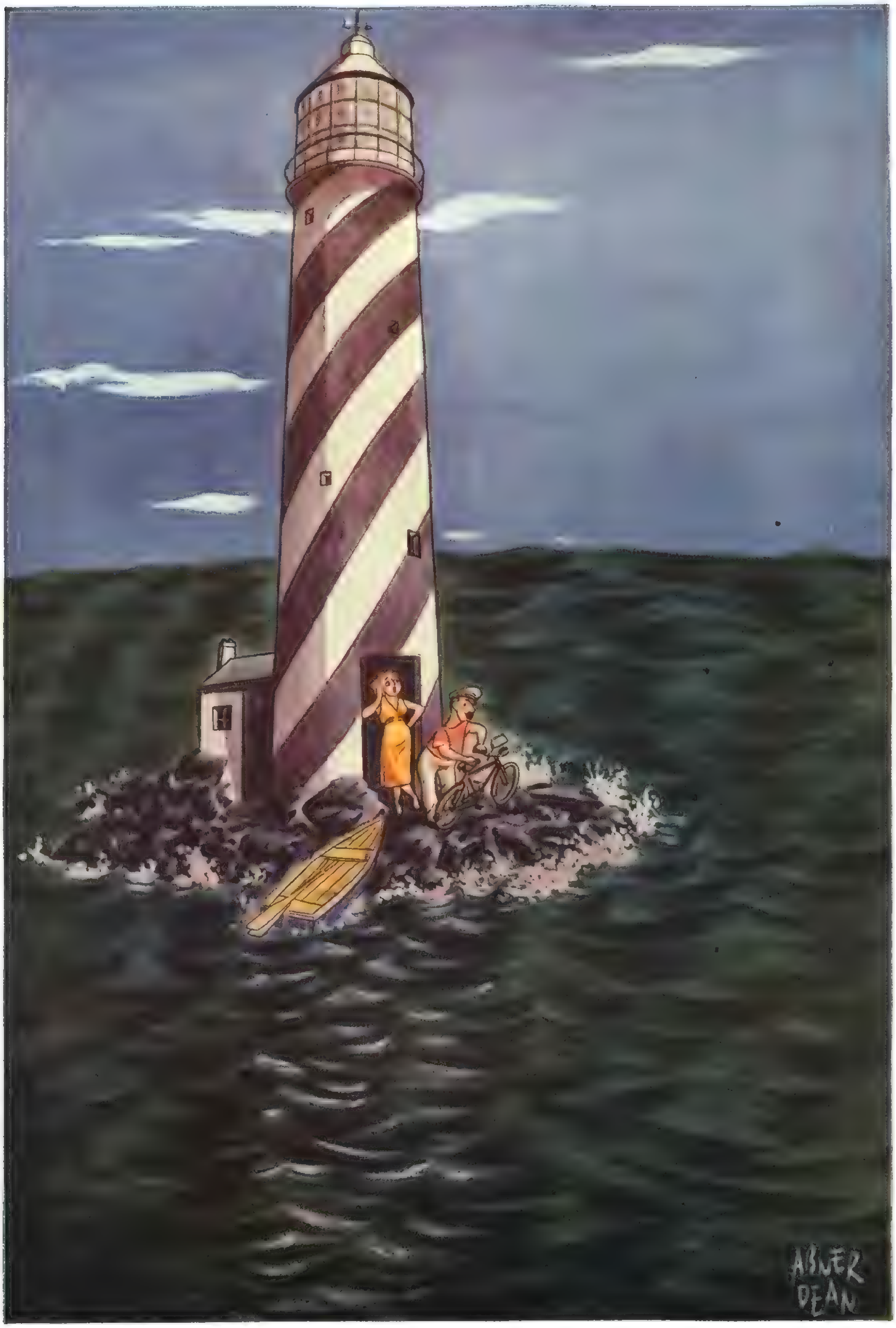


"I brought Miss Logan and Miss Kent for your friend!"



"Well!! You've got it!—Now what?"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Linking science with astrology, with Hitler, Stalin, Jews, and Arabs, and coming home again

by BURTON RASCOE

▪ BOOKS ▪

GREEN LAURELS (Simon & Schuster, $3.75) by Donald Culross Peattie comes to us in a beautiful format designed by Philip Van Doren Stern. It runs to 347 pages exclusive of illustrations, index and bibliography. It is the story of the lives and achievements of the great naturalists from Aristotle to Ferdinand Fabre, told in the intimate, colloquial style which won for Mr. Peattie's *An Almanac for Moderns* the gold medal awarded last year for the contemporary book deemed the most likely to become a classic. This informal series of biographies is something more than a book of information about the personalities and careers of the men who have made objective studies of animals and insects, fishes, trees and flowers: it is a running commentary on the implications of the various discoveries made by men of science by a philosopher who is at once a realist and an idealist, a believer in the accumulation of exact knowledge, who at the same time puts great faith in intuition. He quotes Buffon approvingly, who said, "The purpose of philosophy is not to understand the *why*, but the *how* of things," and adds, "If this dictum had been more widely accepted, the world would have been spared many philosophers."

"Intuition," he tells us, "is not a quality which everyone can understand. As the unimaginative are miserable about a work of fiction until they discover what flesh-and-blood individual served as a model for a Becky Sharp, or a Heathcliffe, so even many scientists scout scientific intuition. They cannot believe that a blind man could see anything they cannot see. They rely utterly on the celebrated inductive method of reasoning: the facts are to be exposed and we are to conclude from them only what we must. This is a very sound rule—for mentalities that can do no better, and you and I will be well advised never to depart from it. But it is not certain that the really great steps are made in this plodding fashion, and mere facts are stale cake to put under your pillow to dream on. Dreams are made on quite other stuff, and if there are still any left in the world who do not know that dreams have remade the world, then there is little, at this late date, that we can teach them.

"You will have heard how Einstein, working in a patent office, suddenly perceived that energy equals mass multiplied by the square of the velocity of light, quite without any knowledge of how he knew it. First he dreamed it; then he knew it; then, rather for others' sake, he proved it."

It was Lamarck, says Peattie, who was the true founder of evolution, and his apperceptions about evolution were all intuitive; in support of his intuition Lamarck adduced the flimsiest and most erroneous of "proofs," so his theories were derided as nonsense. That was because the science of his age was not equal to Lamarck's intuition; scientific support for his conclusions did not come until our own time.

Green Laurels is full of charming oddities of information about the visible world and the world that is visible only under the microscope. And Peattie is a true scientist in that he is a skeptic, holding his judgment suspended over the imponderables of life's phenomena.

One of the problems of science to which Peattie recurs frequently is that of the inheritance of acquired characteristics, one of the toughest nuts evolutionists have to crack, for it is obvious that some acquired characteristics are transmitted from parent to offspring and some are not. There has yet to be recorded a case where a Jew was born without a prepuce, Peattie says, although circumcision has been practiced among the Jews since the dawn of recorded history; but it has been proved that smoke-blackened moths of industrial centers when removed to pure country air beget descendants which continue to produce dark offspring, and Professor Muller of Austin, Texas, subjected the chromosomes of the fruit-fly to the X-ray and produced a host of new variations. From this last experiment Peattie hazards this observation, "The possibility looms that cosmic rays, falling on the earth from immemorial time, have all along been shaping the course of evolution. As they penetrate to the hidden sex-cells, they may be writing there what is, literally, written in the stars. The possibility that factors more earthly, air and soil and water, are able in their way also to mould life, returns for a more respectful consideration than it has for a long time."

This statement of Peattie's, of course, will arouse horror in the minds of the more materialistic of "pure" scientists, for, in effect, it gives scientific support to astrology, so long ruled out of scientific court as a baseless superstition. We know, however, that the Chaldeans, who were the first astrologers, were also the first astronomers and that Laplace, the great French astronomer and mathematician, earned his living by the practice of astrology. It is possible that astronomy has displaced astrology for the simple reason that it is possible to establish known facts about astronomy, whereas so far this has been impossible in astrology. The history of astrology is lost in the dim recesses of our race-memory but there must have been a time when certain facts in regard to human characteristics and behavior were correlated with the movements of the planets and, inferentially, with the effect that the cosmic rays (to which Peattie alludes) had upon human character and behavior.

Readers of the above paragraph are begged to understand that I am not saying that the astrologer who casts your horoscope for two dollars or twenty-five dollars is an exact scientist in whose findings you can put your faith. I am not saying there is anything to astrology at all. I am merely saying that when science has progressed far enough to establish the chemical effect of light waves of various kinds and degrees upon chromosomes and other properties of living matter, it may be found that the ancient astrologers discovered the *how* but not the *why* of earthly response to the movements of the planets.

Peattie begins his book with the medieval herbalists and their attempts to understand the botany of Aristotle or what was left of Aristotle after the Alexandrian scholars and sciolists got through with him; but since Peattie is interested in the structure and varieties of herbs and not in their properties (which lie in the field of chemistry), he does not go into the history of medicine and the treatment of disease. But in the field of medicine, again, there is but a thin boundary line between what is regarded as superstition and what is regarded as science; the two have often overlapped and much that is valid in the use of mineral and vegetable compounds in the treatment of physical disorders was known to the ancients, who knew the *how* by accident, trial and error, but did not know the *why*, thereby being in the same case as the most distinguished members of the American Medical Association, who know by accident, trial and error,

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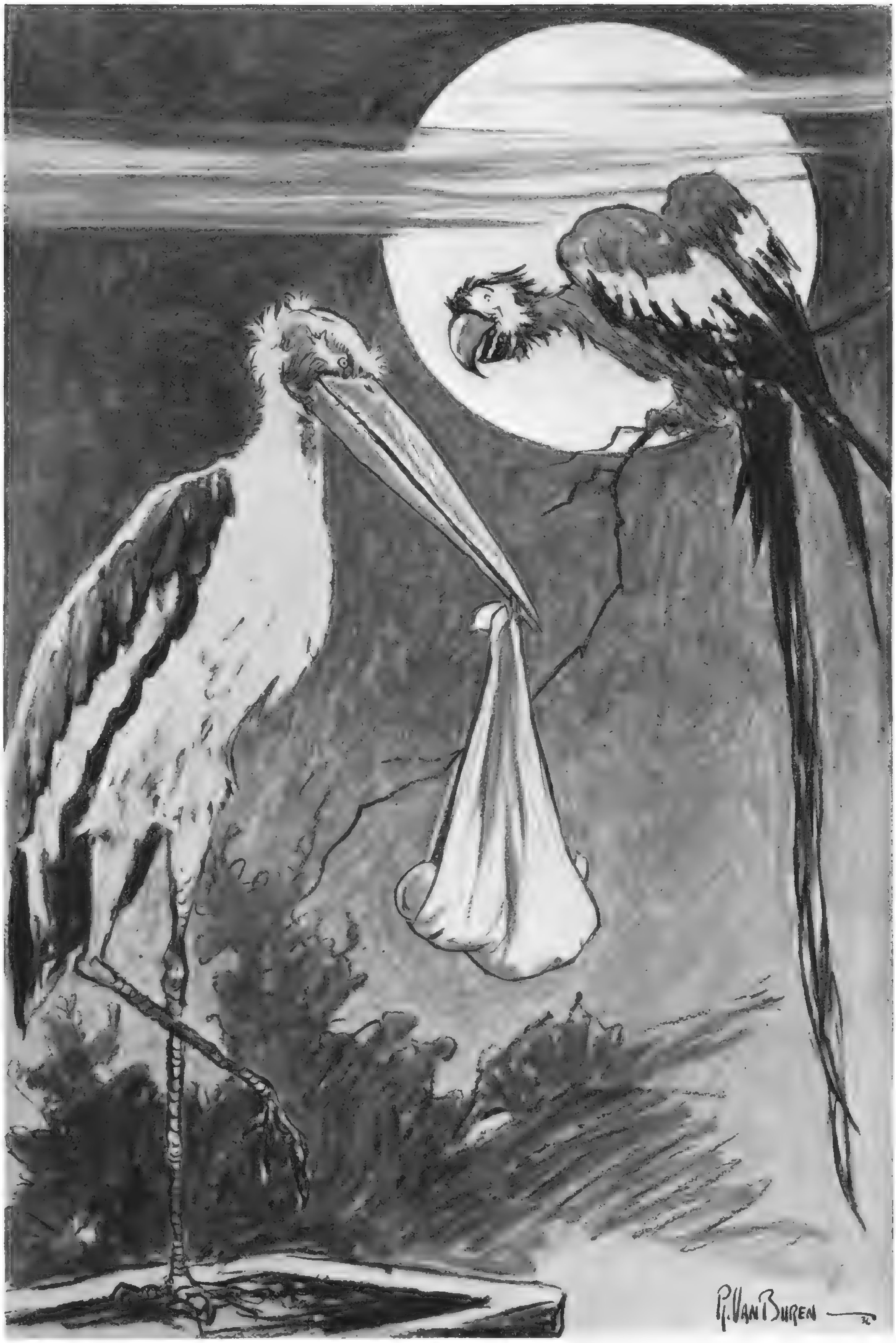

R. VAN BUREN
36

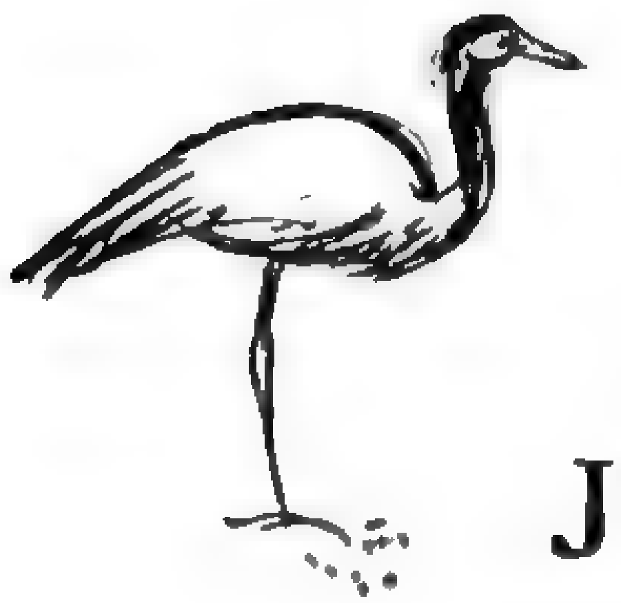
"Oh—I knew they couldn't keep it platonic!"

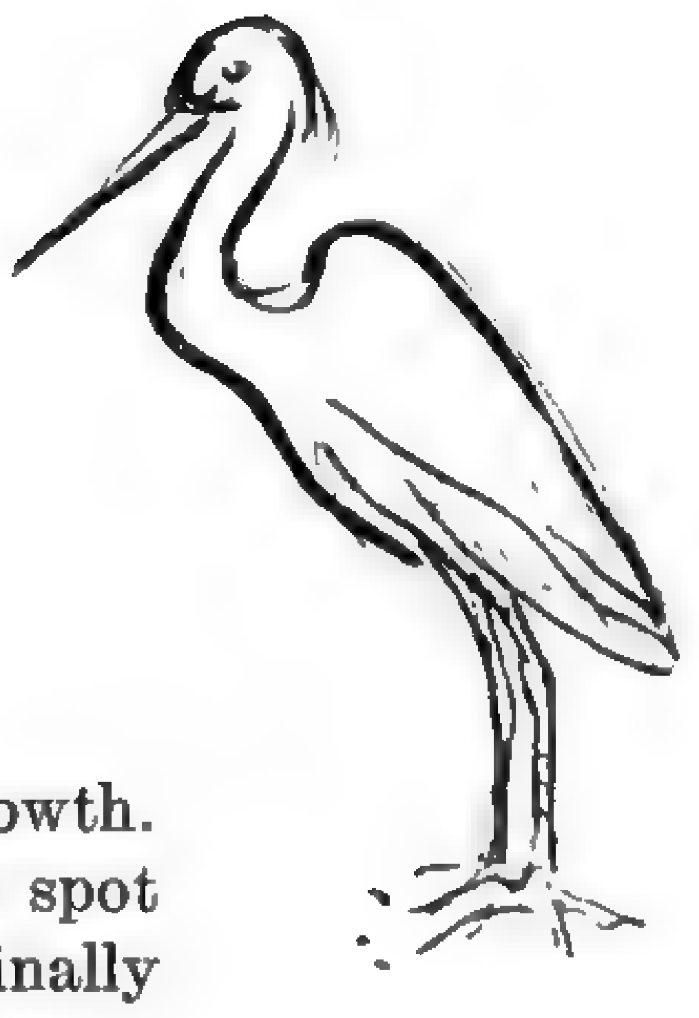
The Top Hobby

A world-champion's methods in the science of bird-banding, as told to Lester B. Colby

by WILLIAM I. LYON

▪ARTICLE▪





Just about the neatest of the nifties, in my way of thinking, is the one about the gentleman who, embellished of wine, stepped to a flock of pigeons in the park and, bowing deeply, inquired:

"Any messages?"

Maybe I'm prejudiced in favor of that gag for I've got my way of having fun. One day last summer I sent out into the flyways 1,300 gulls and terns bearing messages. In fifteen days I sent out a job-lot of 6,400 birds—with messages. In the last twenty years I've flown more than 75,000 wild birds, each with a message on its leg. It's my hobby and, I think, top hobby of them all.

Each message says, "Notify U. S. Biological Survey" and a serial number is on the aluminum band encircling the bird's right leg. To me it is a greater joy than pounding a pill around a pasture, hopping horses over fences, or night-clubbing to the accompaniment of clinking ice or muddled song. So long as there are birds, and I am here, I expect to keep it up. To me it's a thrill.

I'm one of some 2,000 optimists who, co-operating with the survey, are known as bird-banders.

But I have one distinction—I have banded more birds than any person who ever lived.

The whole gang of us, mostly mature and serious-minded men and women, are bird lovers. We hold conventions. We meet for conferences. We write letters back and forth. We keep books on our birds.

The lot of us have banded upward of 3,000,000 feathered creatures. And you'd be surprised how far-flung is our interlocking friendship. We have become a people and a clan.

Any special purpose in all this? Why, bless you, we are mapping the flyways of various species and sub-species of wild birds, learning the directions of their flights, the area of their range, timing their migrations, learning where various birds summer and winter, when and where they breed, finding out about their habits, what they eat, how they spend their private lives and how long they live. It's more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

When a little bird with a yellow bill comes and sits on your windowsill—look closely at his right leg. He may be one of the 3,000,000. If he has on his leg a tiny aluminum band, catch him if you can, make a record of the number, and turn him loose again.

Having done this write a letter to the U. S. Biological Survey, Washington, D. C., giving the number on the band and telling when and where you caught the bird. Should you shoot a banded bird while hunting, or find one dead, report it also.

Then in a few days you will get a letter from the survey thanking you and telling you the life history of the bird so far as it is known. The man who originally banded the bird will also receive a letter telling him of your find. Your name, as a matter of routine, will go into the government records as one who has helped to write the story of bird life in North America.

And, perhaps, birds will always mean something more to you than they ever have before. Possibly you've never trapped a bird. Maybe you've never held a soft fluff of wild feathers in your palm. Probably you think it a very difficult thing to do.

I can assure you it is not. Were it difficult I could never have trapped 14,000 adult white-throated sparrows in my own yard in Waukegan, Illinois. My records show that I have taken, in traps, more than 100 varieties of grown birds.

Back of my house are five acres of wooded ground. I have carefully let it go back to the wild. I have even encouraged it by planting berry bushes and shrubs and trees which bear seeds and berries and fruits loved by birds. In odd corners I grow hemp and carefully selected plants which the average man will classify as "weeds."

Cutting my hillside is a sharp ravine and down it runs a steady trickle of clear water. It is lined with undergrowth. For a long time this spot was my world. But finally I grew more ambitious.

I knew of places where great colonies of water birds nested each year. I itched to visit them and band their young on the nesting grounds. Soon I found myself organizing expeditions each summer. I became a sort of wholesaler in bird banding.

When I say that I have banded more than 75,000 wild birds I do not mean that I have personally affixed a band to every bird. It has been my delight for a number of years to form parties of friends, borrow or charter a boat, and cruise for days or a couple of weeks one or more times each season.

Usually we have visited the islands in Green Bay, the Straits of Mackinac, upper Lake Huron and the northern end of Georgian Bay. When we find a colony of nesting birds, with hundreds or thousands of nests, we throw out a skirmish line and sweep clean as we go.

Thus we band the young on their nests by the hundreds and thousands. All of these birds I count as mine because I am the organizer and moving spirit of the expedition. Sometimes the government has loaned me a cutter and crew from the coast guard. Last summer I had such an outfit for a few days.

In one of the busiest fifteen days I have ever experienced our main party traveled about 1,600 miles by auto, 550 miles on a cruiser, 250 miles in various craft from row boats to life boats, and 75 miles with outboard motor. We banded 6,400 birds, 3,000 of them taken on the Canadian side.

While a large variety of birds came to our grist the main take was made up of herring gulls, ring-billed gulls, common and Caspian terns and double-crested cormorants. A few wild ducks, blackbirds, sand pipers and others fell into our hands.

One of the greatest thrills of my life came on this trip. It was my discovery of the ooop bird! On a gravelly island in Green Bay I was startled by hearing a strange bird call. It was:

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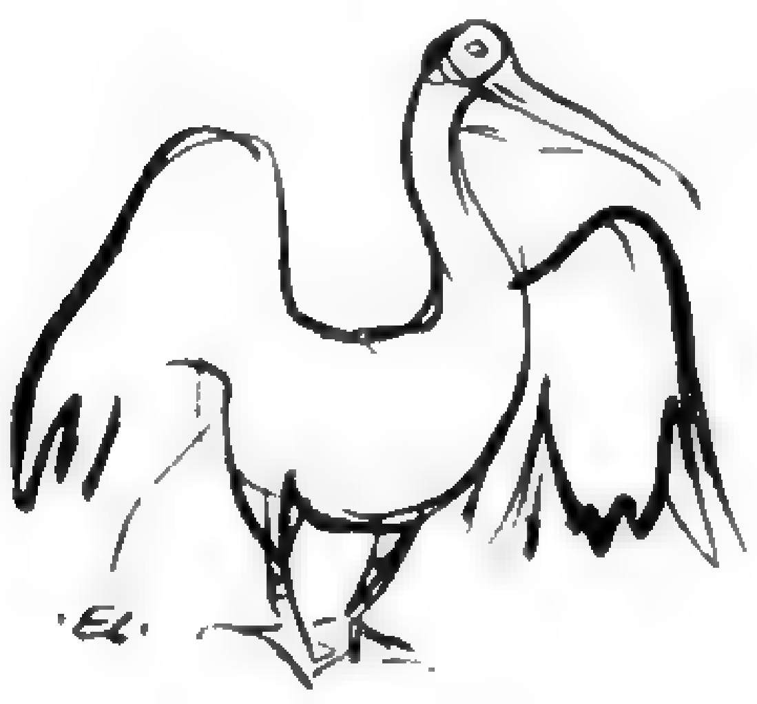
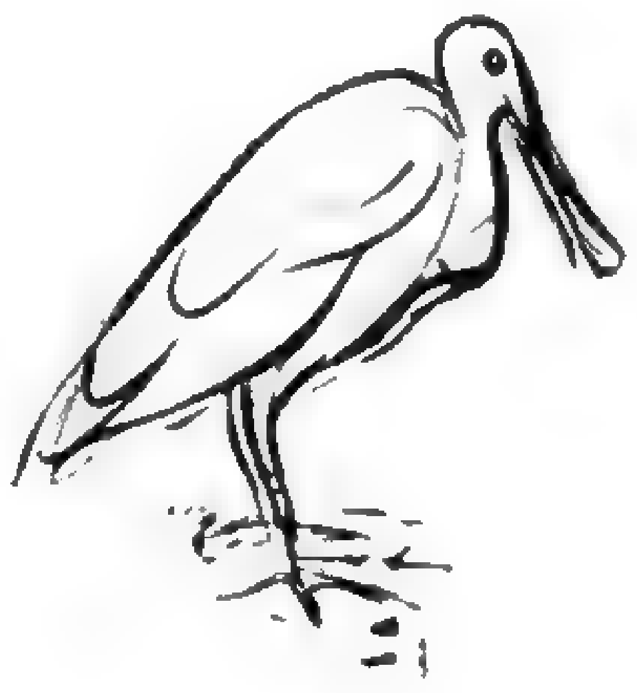
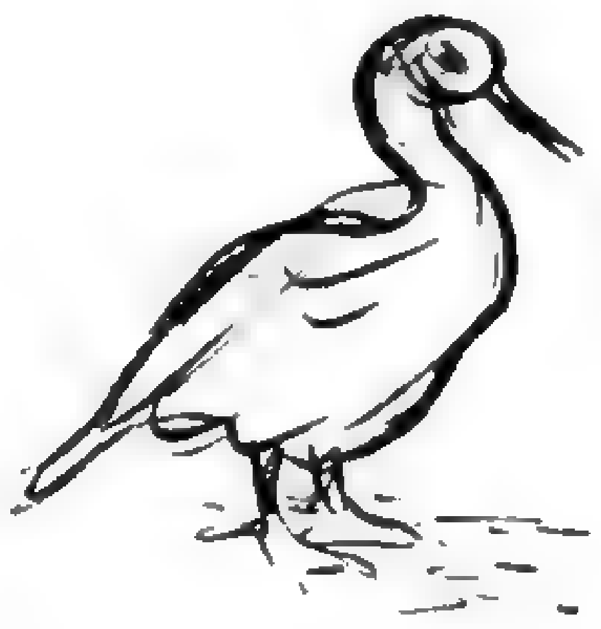
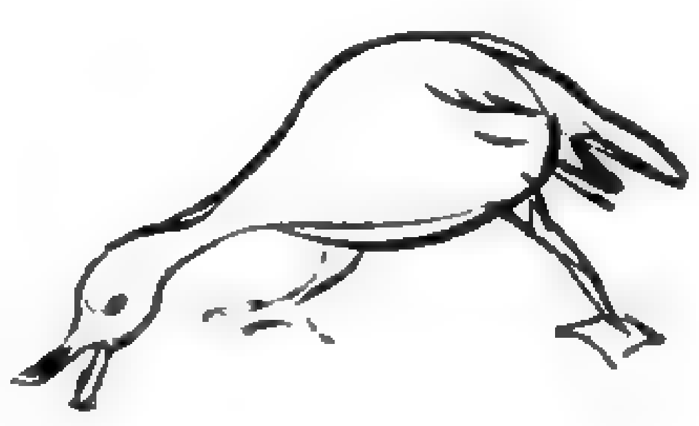
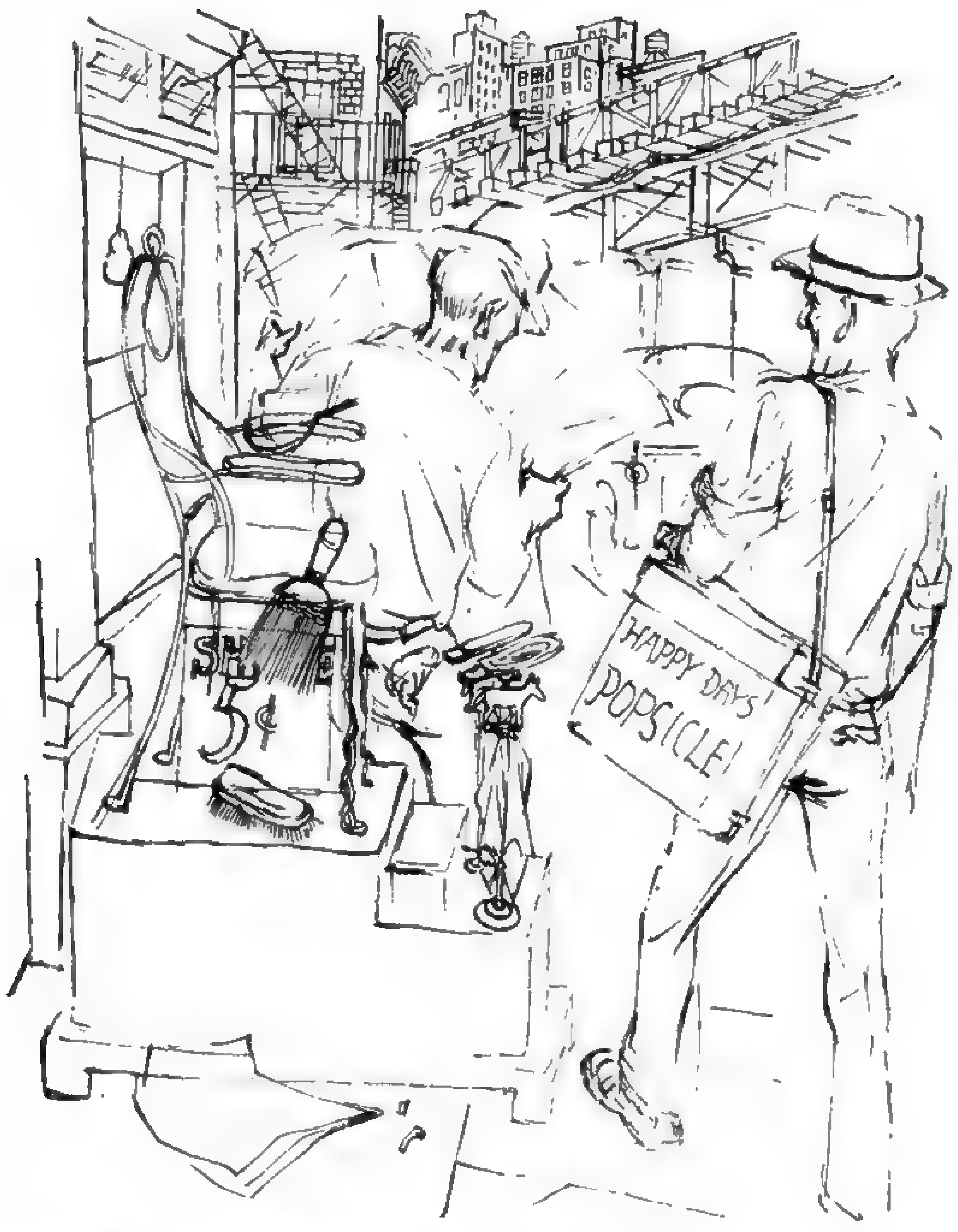


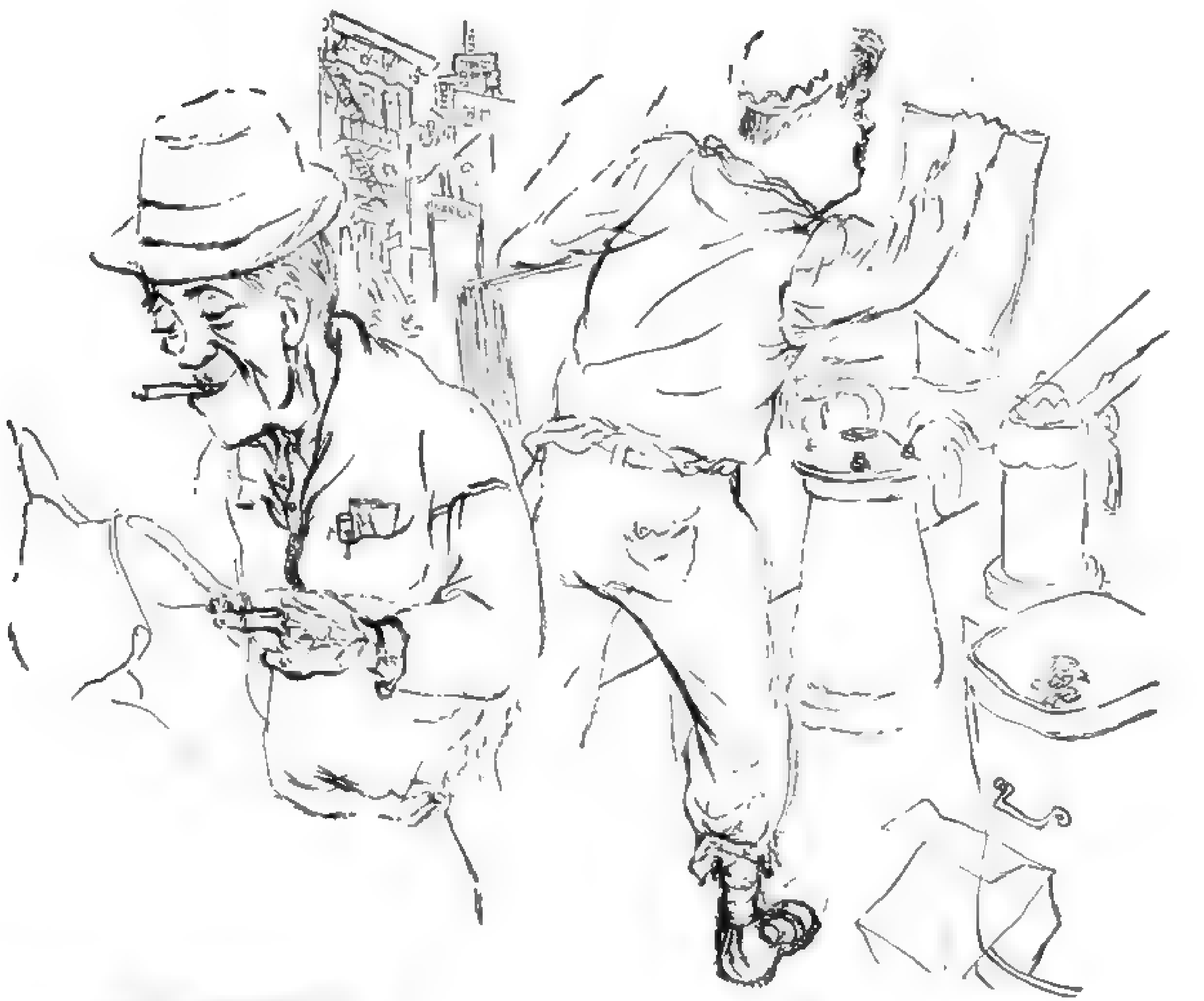




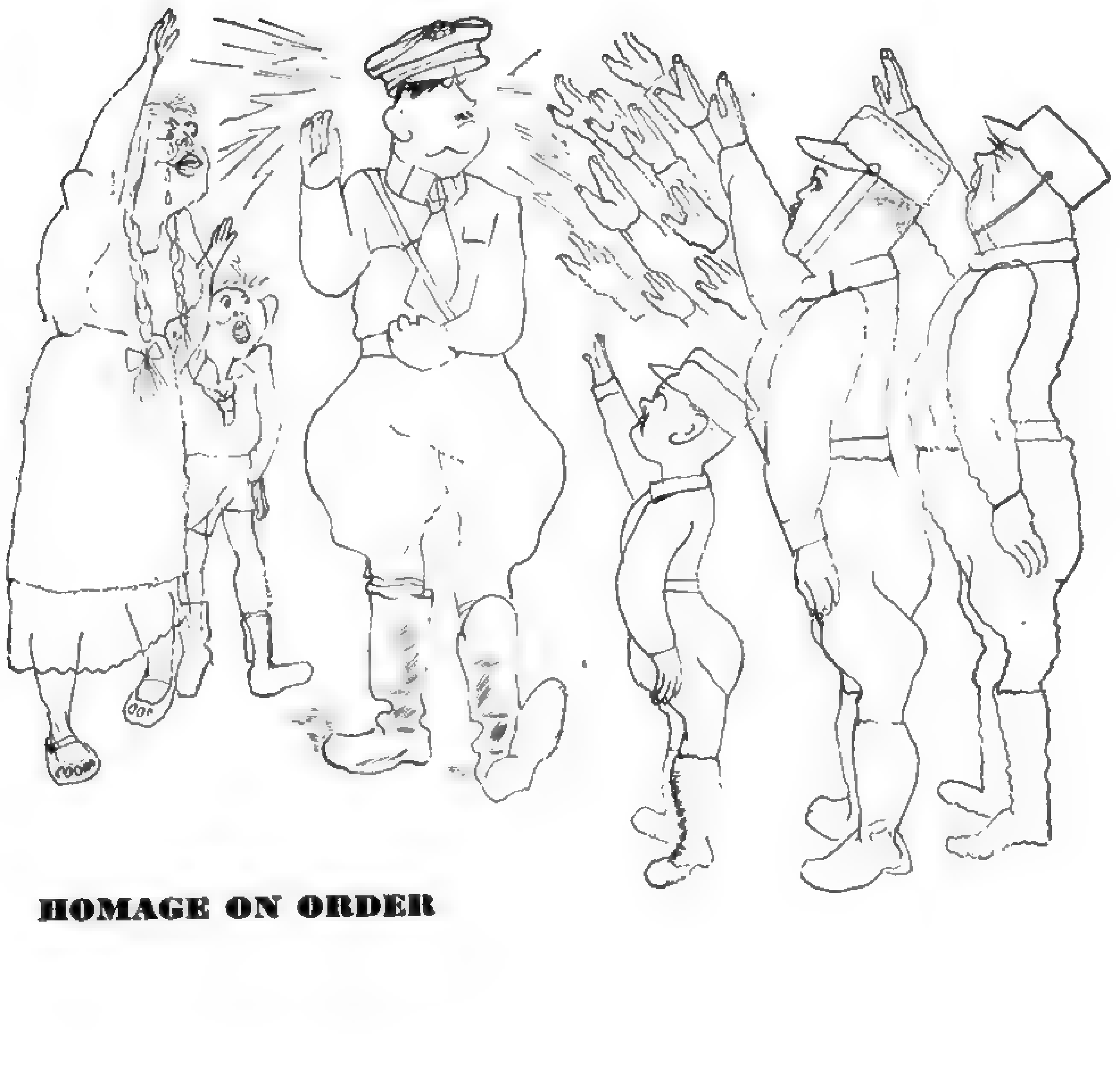



5¢
HAPPY DAYS POPSICLE!

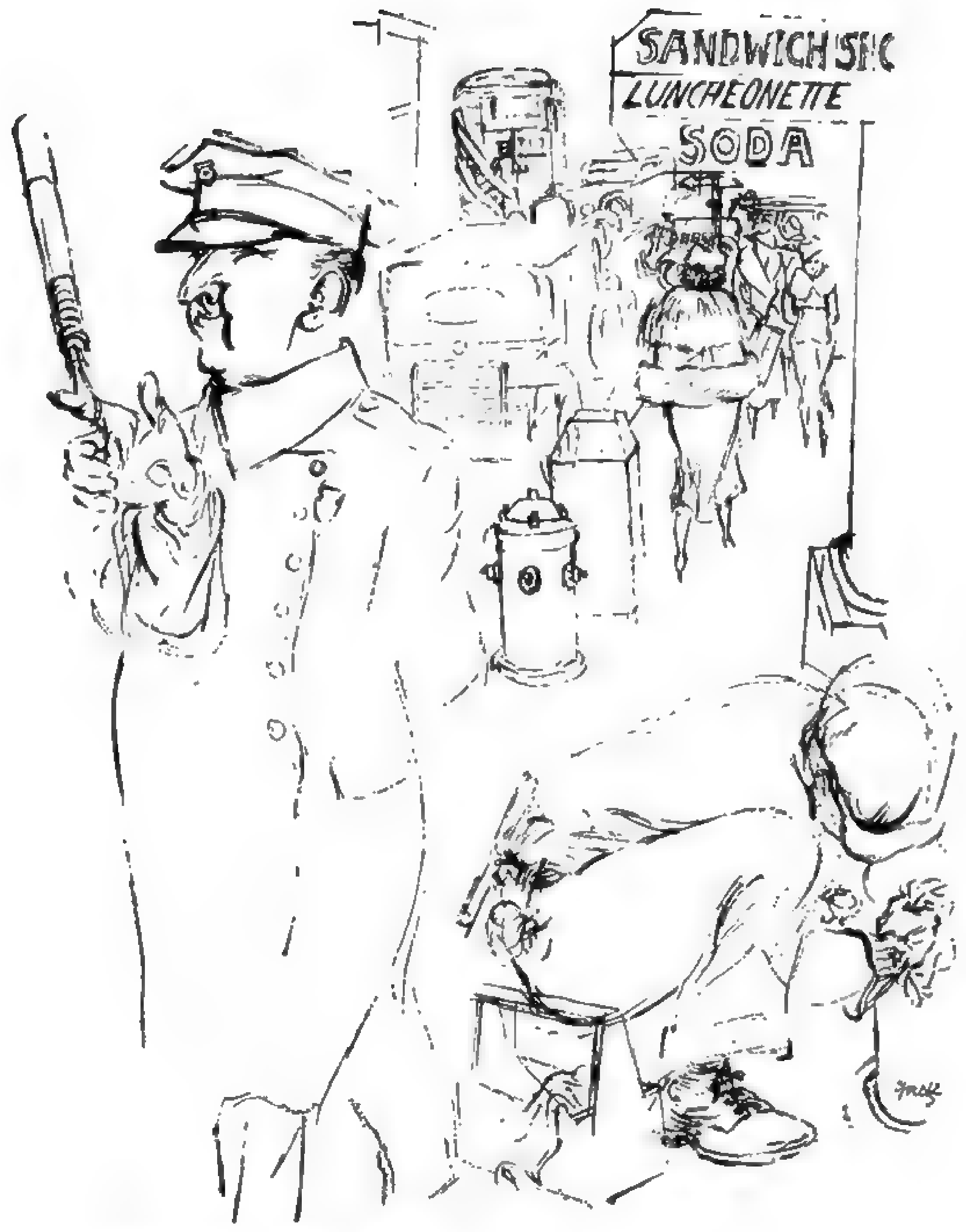
UNDER THE EL



RACE RESULTS



HOMAGE ON ORDER

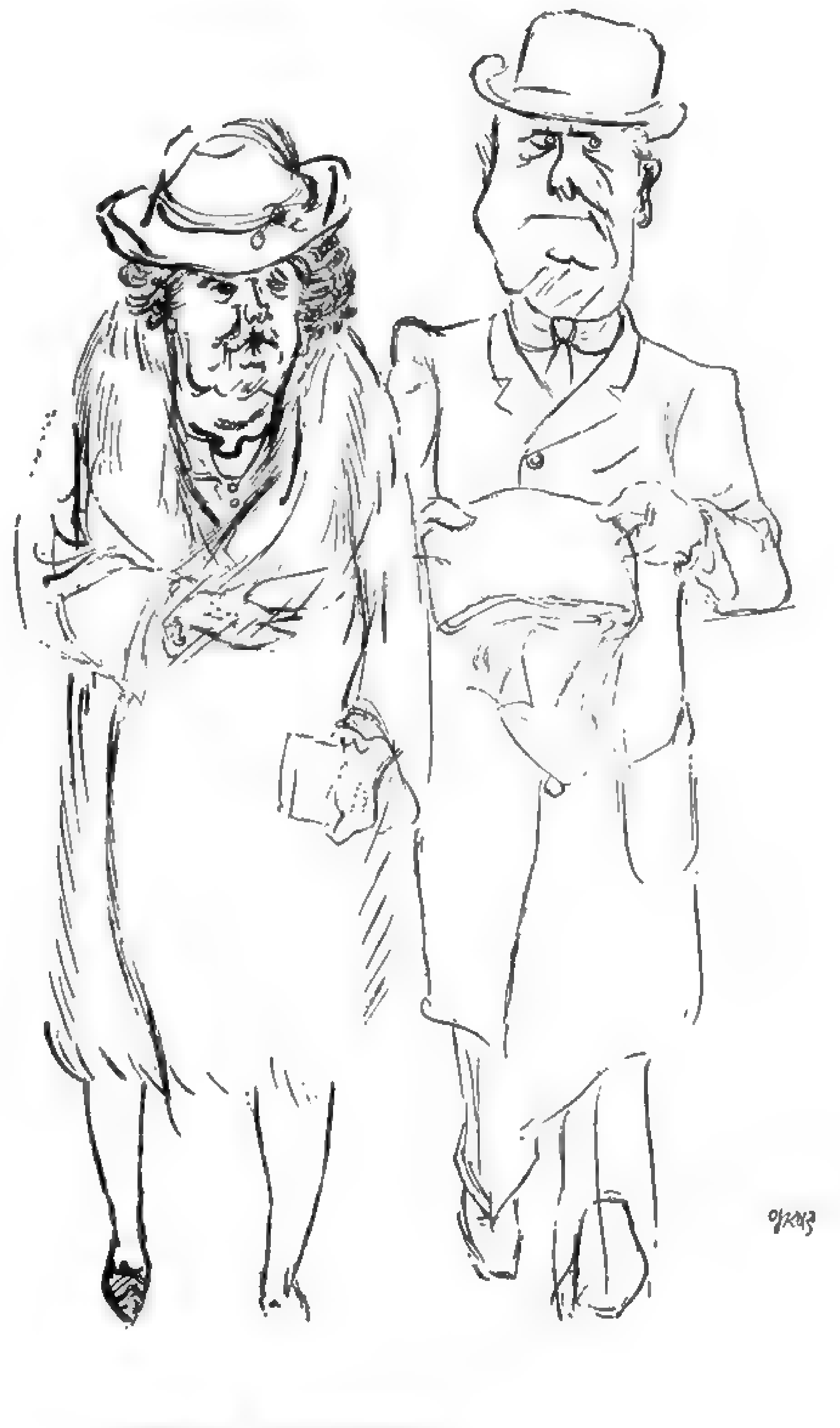

SANDWICH SHO
LUNCHEONETTE
SODA

COP ON THE BEAT

Mixed Ink and Acid

Examples of the biting line of

GEORGE GROSZ



SOLID CITIZENS

Grosz Comes to America

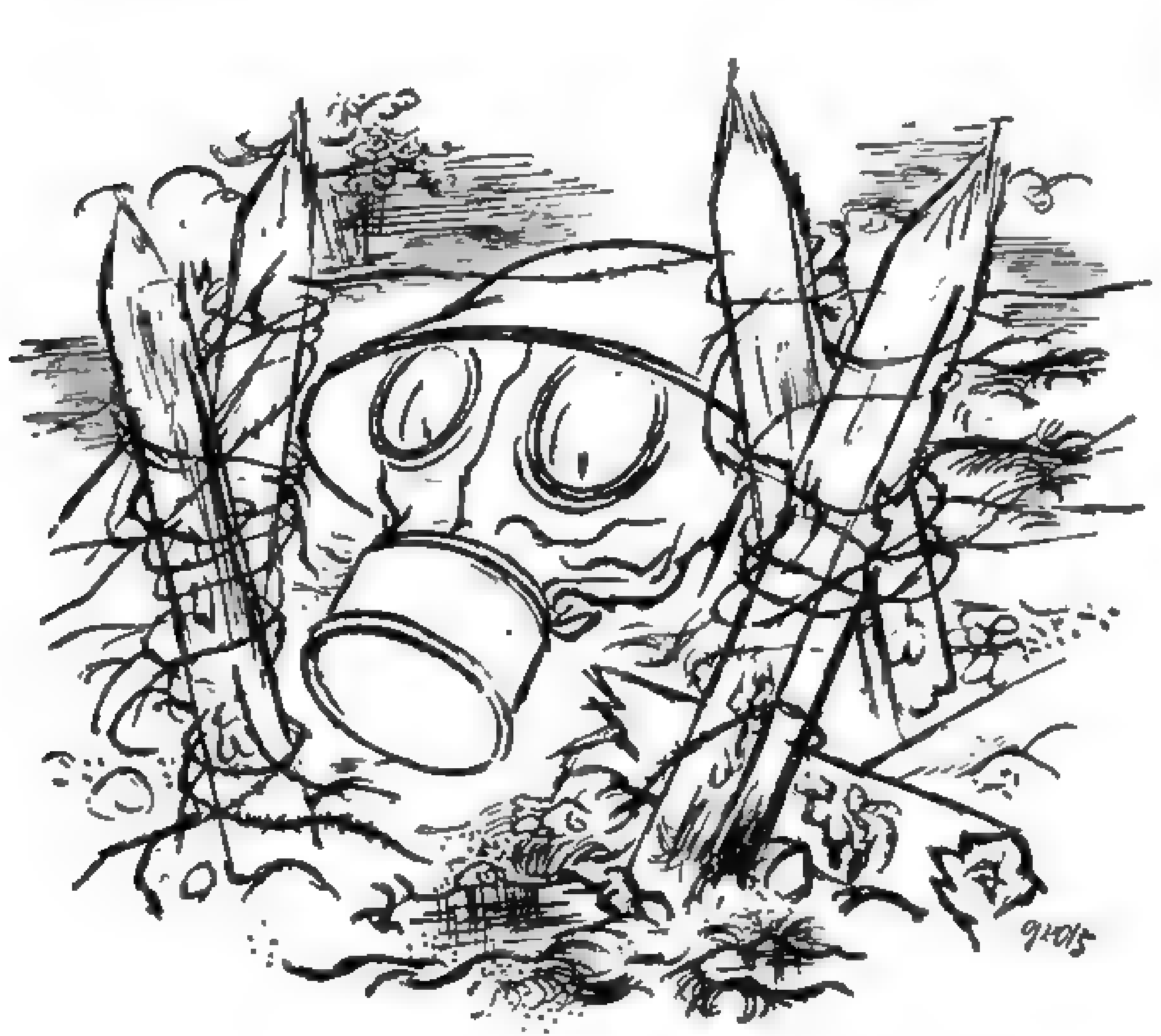
Of the artist-satirist whose drawings show how European culture died of gas-gangrene

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

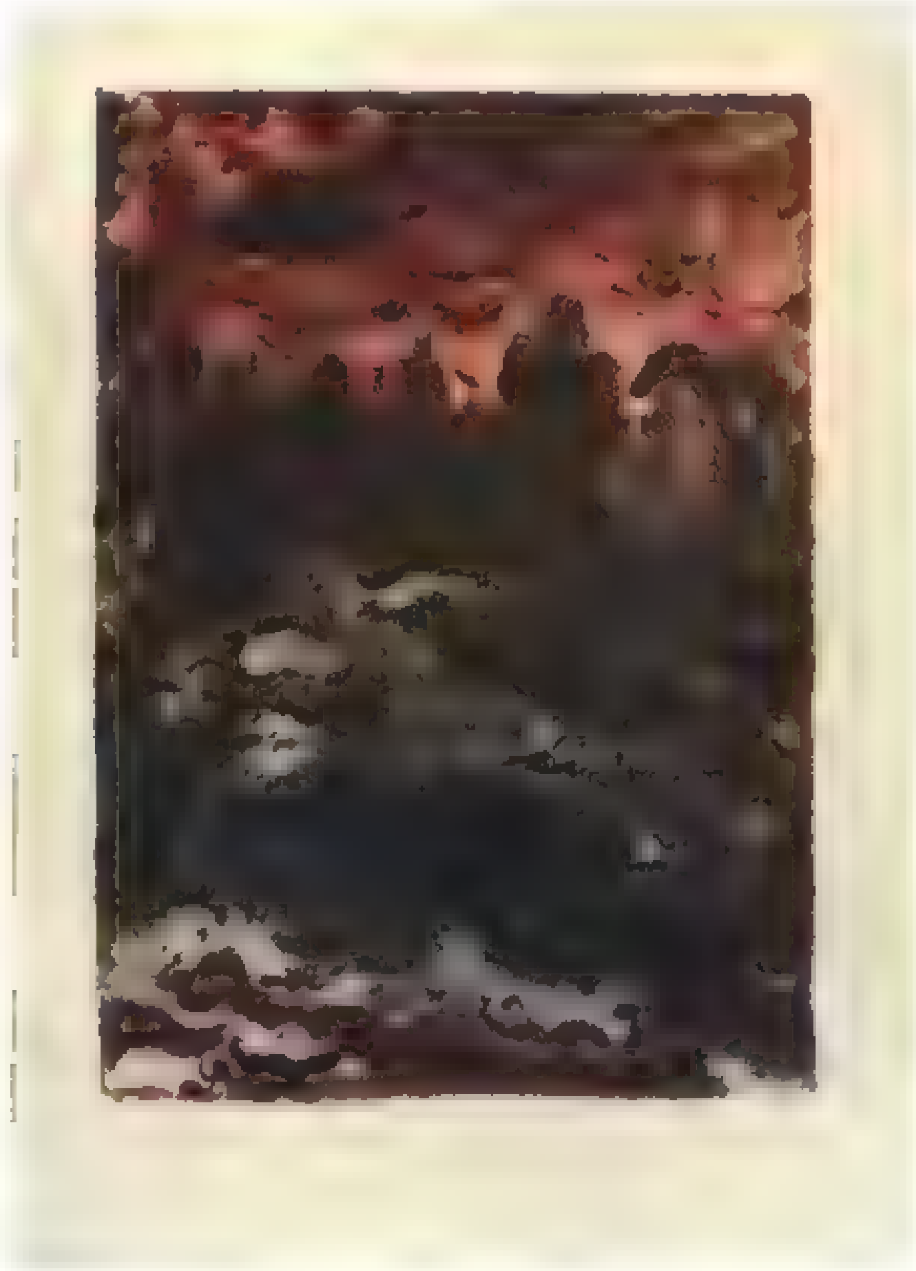
• ARTICLE •

In the last twenty-five years a change has come over the visual habits of Americans, something like what must have happened to Winslow Homer when, after half a lifetime grinding out stifflydrawn imaginings of current events as a newspaper artist, he suddenly broke out in his watercolors into a new world of sunlight and clouds and ocean. From being a word-minded people we are becoming an eye-minded people.

As I remember how things were when I was a child, the people my parents knew had hardly any direct visual stimulants at all. There were engravings on the walls and illustrated magazines and reproductions of old masters even, but the interest in them was purely literary. The type of drawing current in the late nineteenth century had such meager conventions of representation that it tended to evoke a set of descriptive words instead of a direct visual image. I am sure that my parents enjoying a view from a hill say, were stimulated verbally, remembering a line of verse or a passage from Sir Walter Scott, before they got any real impulse from the optic nerve. Of course there were a few oil paintings in the upstairs bathroom, those mysterious little works done by forgotten members of the family that you used to find in the dark upper halls of family residences left over from the nineteenth century, little landscapes that people had been reluctant to throw away because they were "handpainted" oils, but that were kept out of sight in the less seen parts of the house. As I remember them in my mother's house in Washington they tended to include a millwheel and a patch of woolly blue water towards the center of the canvas. They meant a lot to children but no grown person ever thought about them: the graphic arts consisted of newspaper and magazine illustrations, illustrations of literature in a book or on the wall, portraits and old masters.



I must have been well along in college before I looked at a picture directly, and then it was because I'd been reading Whistler's *Gentle Art of Making Enemies* and went into the Boston Art Museum to see what his painting was like. It must have been at about the same time that I first heard the music of Debussy. My generation in college was full of literary snob-admiration for the nineties. I can still remember the fashionable mood of gentle and European snob-melancholy the Whistler pastels produced, with their little scraps of red and yellow and green coming out of the dovecolored smudge. At that I think the titles affected me more than the pictures. Still I must have been somewhat stirred visually because I seem to remember getting hold of a box of pastels and making dovecolored smudges of my own. The trouble was that it soon became obvious that almost any combination of pastel blurs was as agreeable to look at as any other, and my enthusiasm for that sort of thing began to flag.



The Armory Show was a real jolt, though I can't remember any picture I saw there, and it is associated in my mind with a torn yellowbacked volume of Van Gogh's letters a friend lent me along with a very bad translation of *Crime and Punishment*. In spite of all the kidding about the *Nude Descending Stairs*, I didn't recognize it when I saw it again at the Modern Museum in New York. The most I got from cubism at that time was a tingling feeling that a lot of odd things I didn't know about were going on in the world. I imagine I still thought Andrea del Sarto, of whose works we had photographs in the library at home, real top notch in the painting line, that is if I thought about the matter at all. Through George Moore I'd learned the names of the French impressionists but thought of them as literary figments like the Goncourts. The first time I was in Madrid the Velasquez paintings gave me most pleasure. I remember being rather scared by the Goyas and Grecos in the Prado. One rainy day in Toledo, I did go in to see the Count of Orgaz, though, and it probably began to bite in without my knowing it.

Right after that, in short glimpses of Paris during the war, I found myself walking up and down the rue de la Boètie and the little streets on the left bank looking at pictures in the windows of the few dealers that weren't bolted and barred behind iron shutters, and really seeing them. Then in Italy, on leave the next winter, the frescoes on the walls became suddenly more important than anything else.

What started me off was going into Giotto's chapel in Padua one fine wintry day after an airraid. A big domed church was burning on the other side of town sending up one long straight plume of smoke. The chapel was all banked up with sandbags and the fellow I was with and I were both eating some sort of round sausages of chocolate and filbertnuts, a Paduan specialty that seemed delicious to us at the time, and as we looked up at the walls, standing there with our caps in our hands, shivering in the cellar chill, we felt that feeling of great permanence. Perhaps it was enhanced by the knowledge that the chapel might be blown to hell the next moonlight night. It was a feeling of the permanence of the perfectly imagined forms colored and spaced with such sober magnificence. We felt good all day afterwards.

After that the appetite for painting grew fast. On leave I did hardly anything but look at frescoes and paintings, discovering Piero della Francesca and Uccello and the *Last Judgement* in the Orvieto Cathedral and the City Hall in Siena and the cemetery walls in Pisa and the paintings in the catacombs at Rome. Back in Paris after the armistice there were Cézannes to see and the bold inventions of Picasso and Juan Gris and the feeling that great days were beginning. Since then in spite of my early training being verbal I tend to take a painting visual end first.

I think something of the sort has happened to many Americans of my generation, and even in a greater degree to the generations younger than us, so that an appetite and a taste for painting is growing up in this country very fast. Display advertising and the movies, though they may dull the wits, certainly stimulate the eyes. In New York the visual attack of the showwindows of Fifth Avenue stores almost equals in skill and scope that of the windows of the picture dealers on the Rue de la Boètie in

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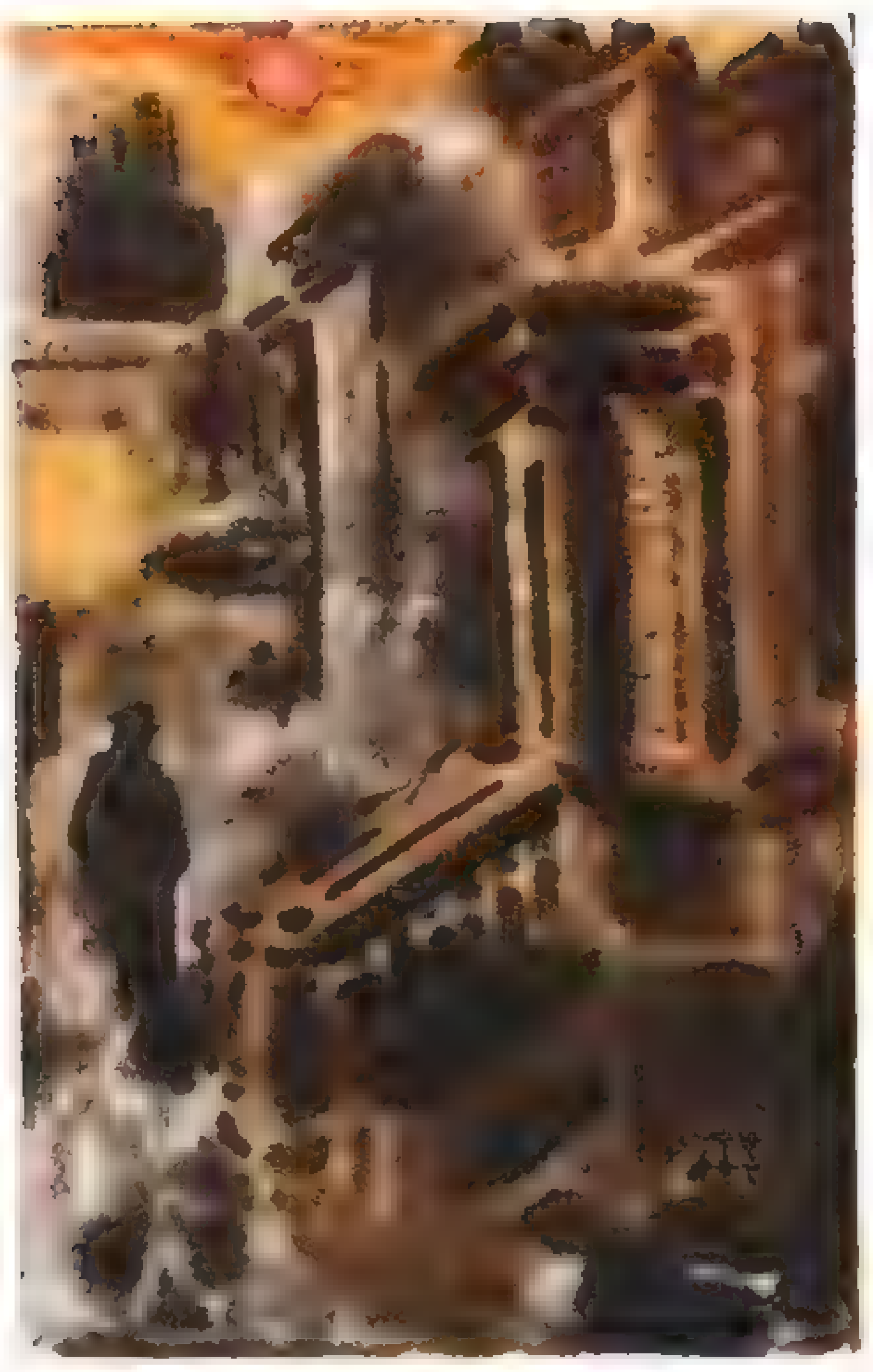
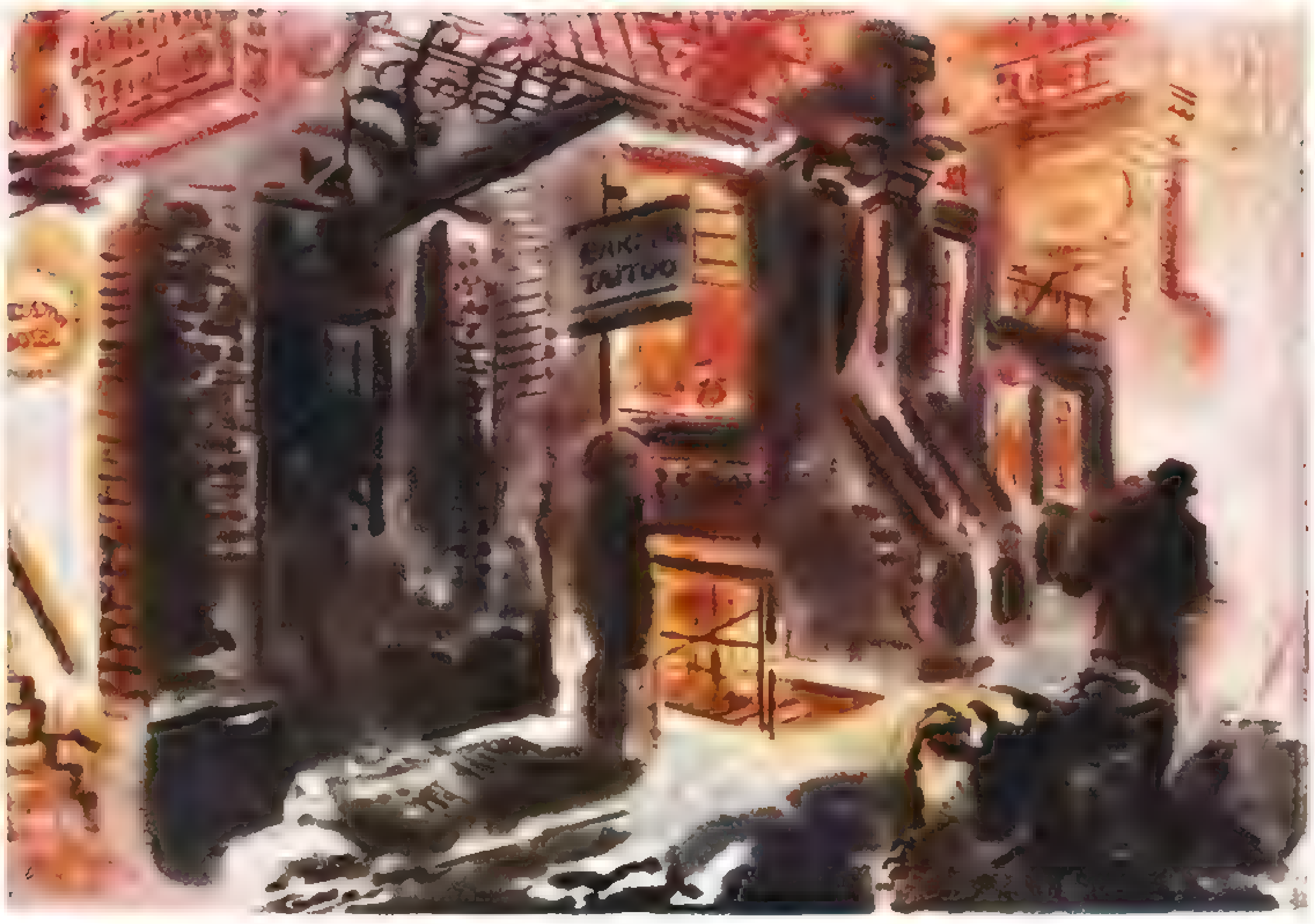
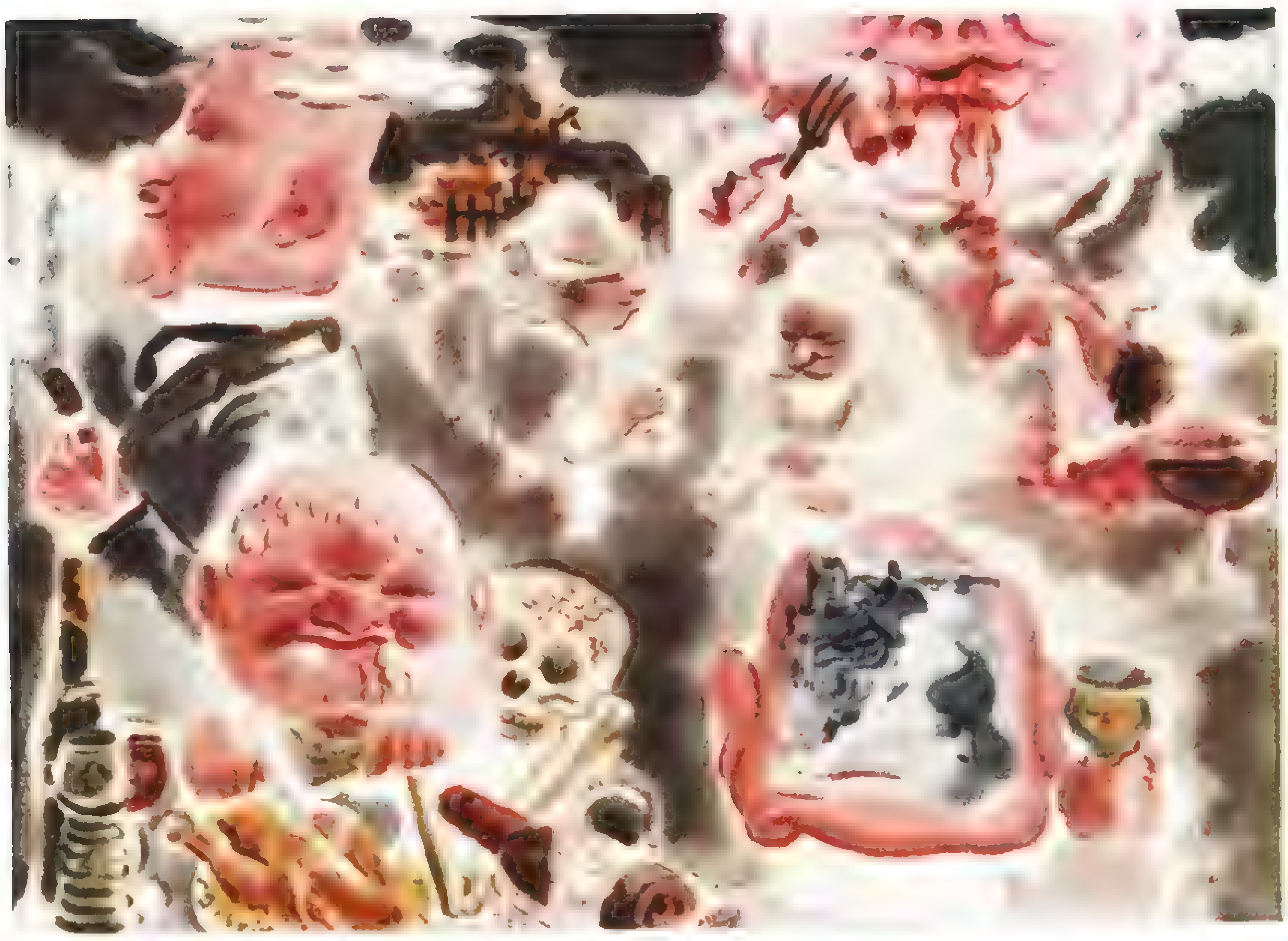


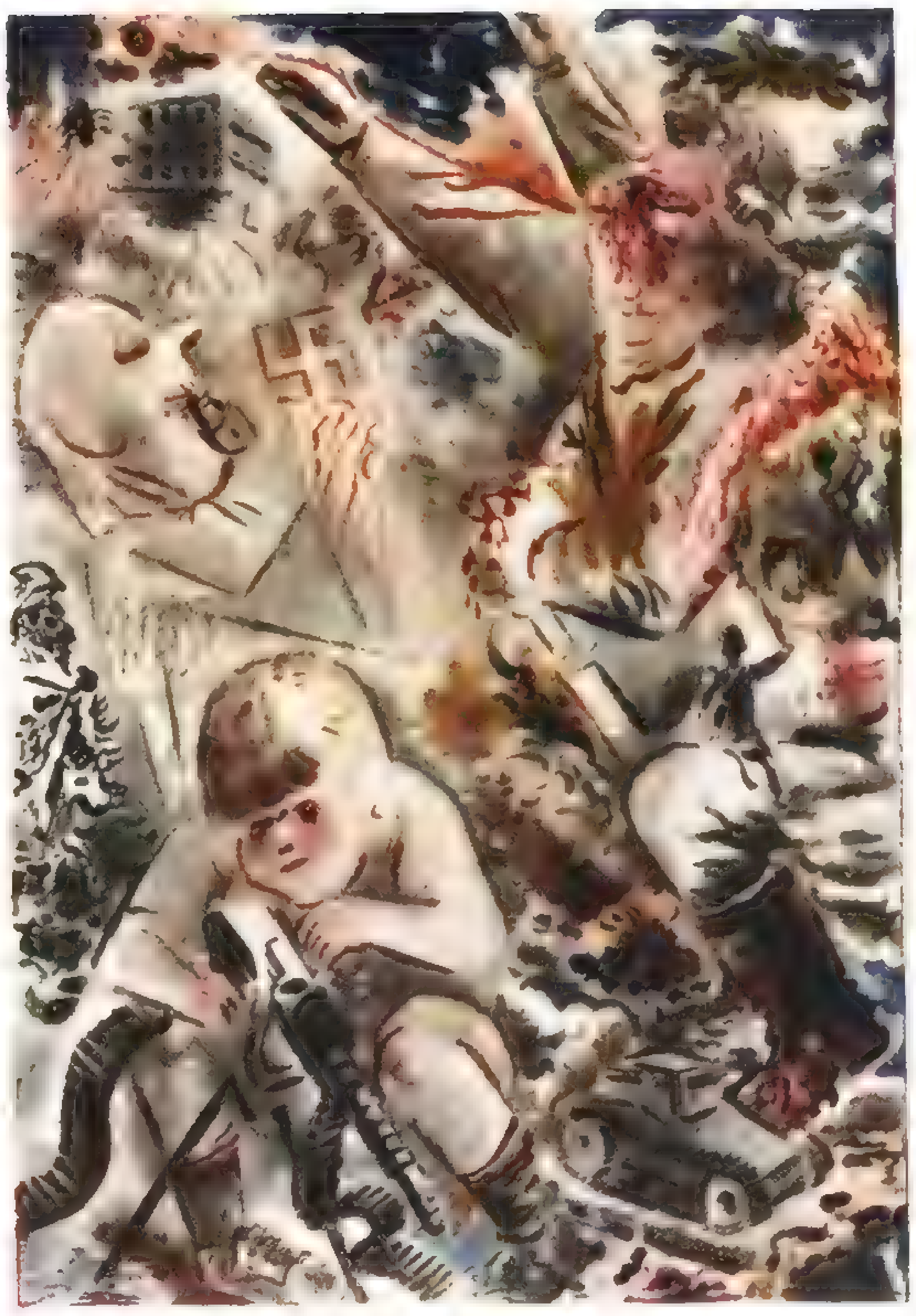
BROWNSTONE



BOWERY VISTA



LUSTS OF THE MIND AND THE FLESH

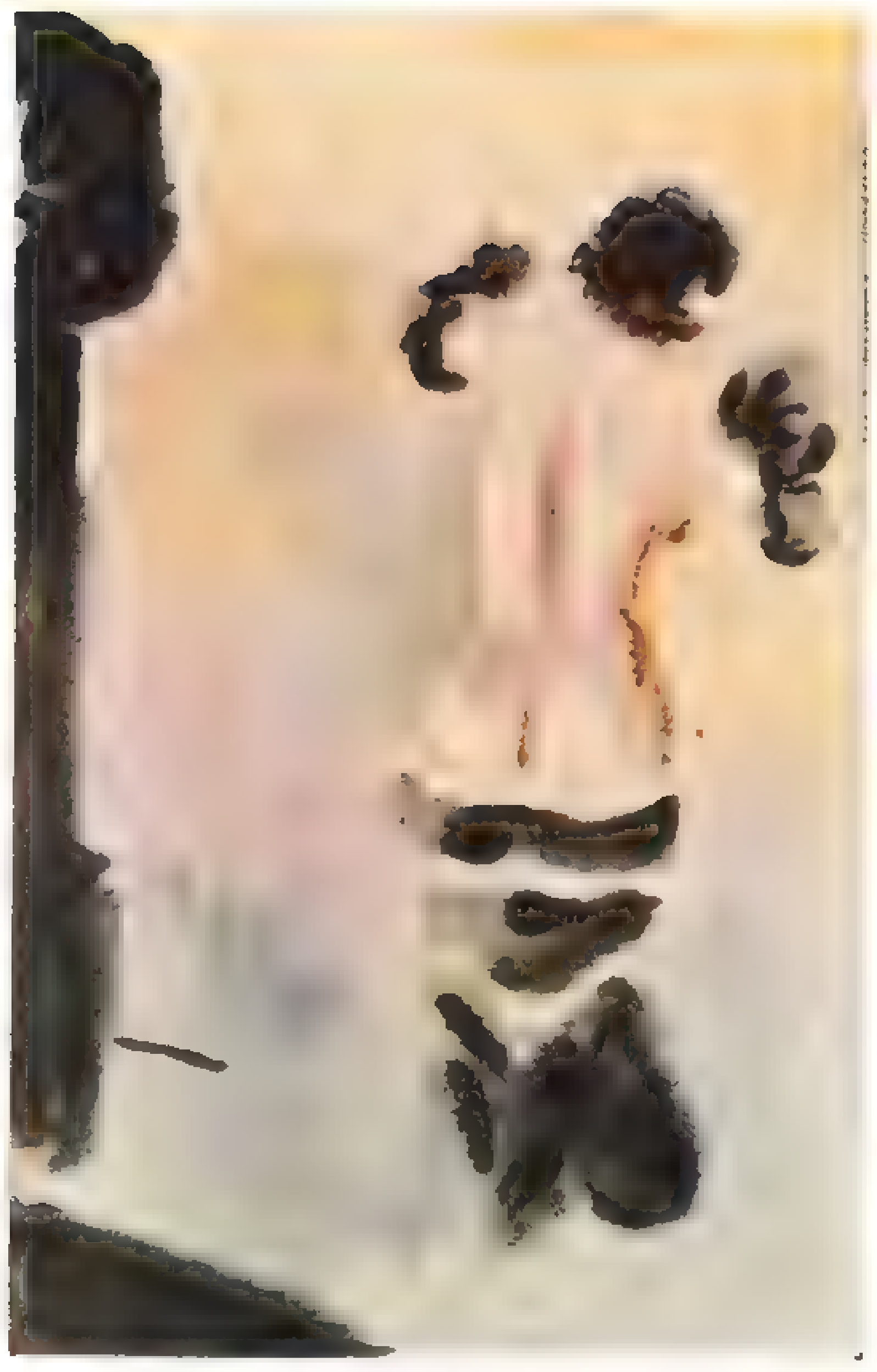


GENERATIONS TO COME

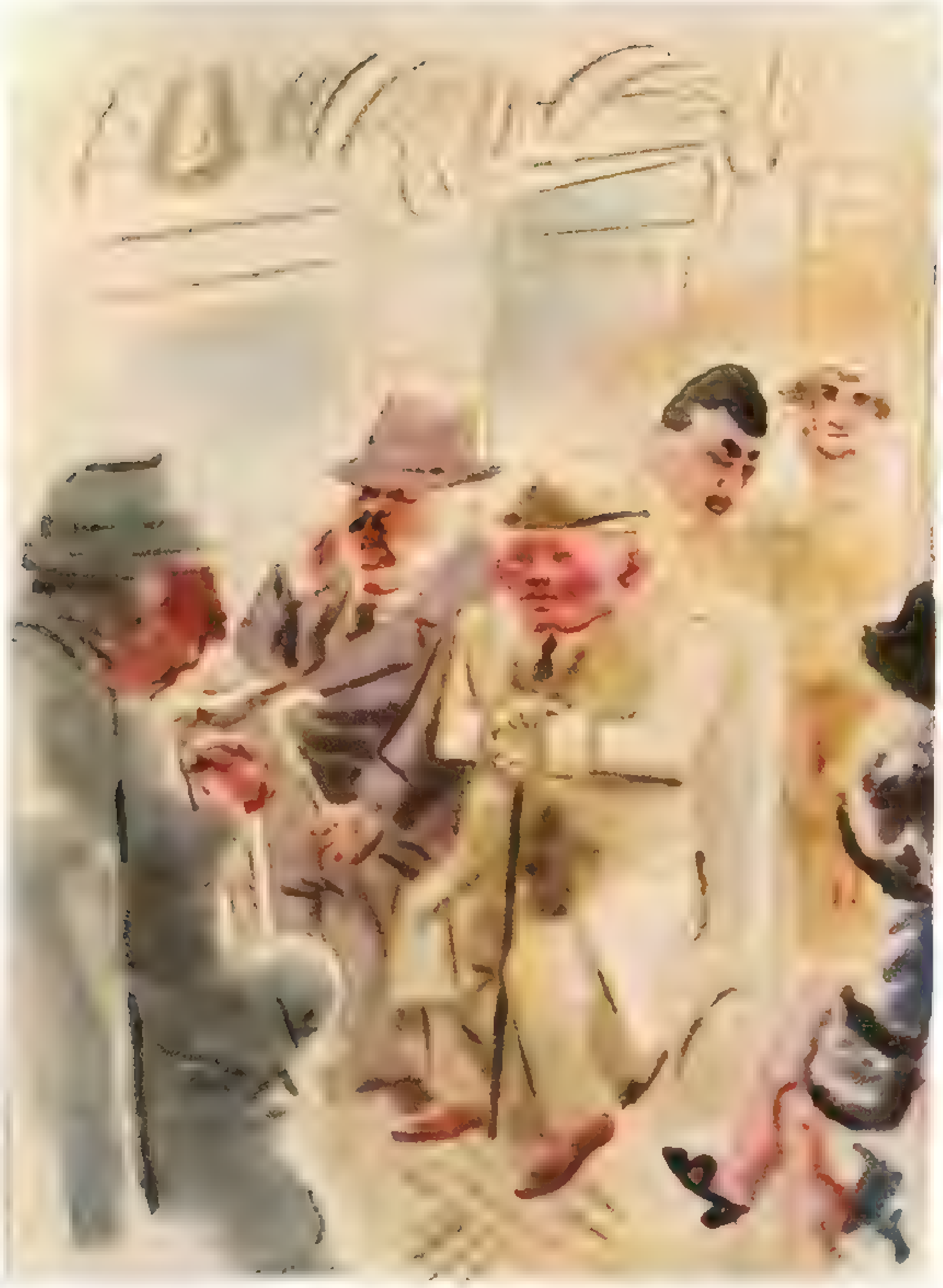
The World in Watercolor

A Grosz Portfolio

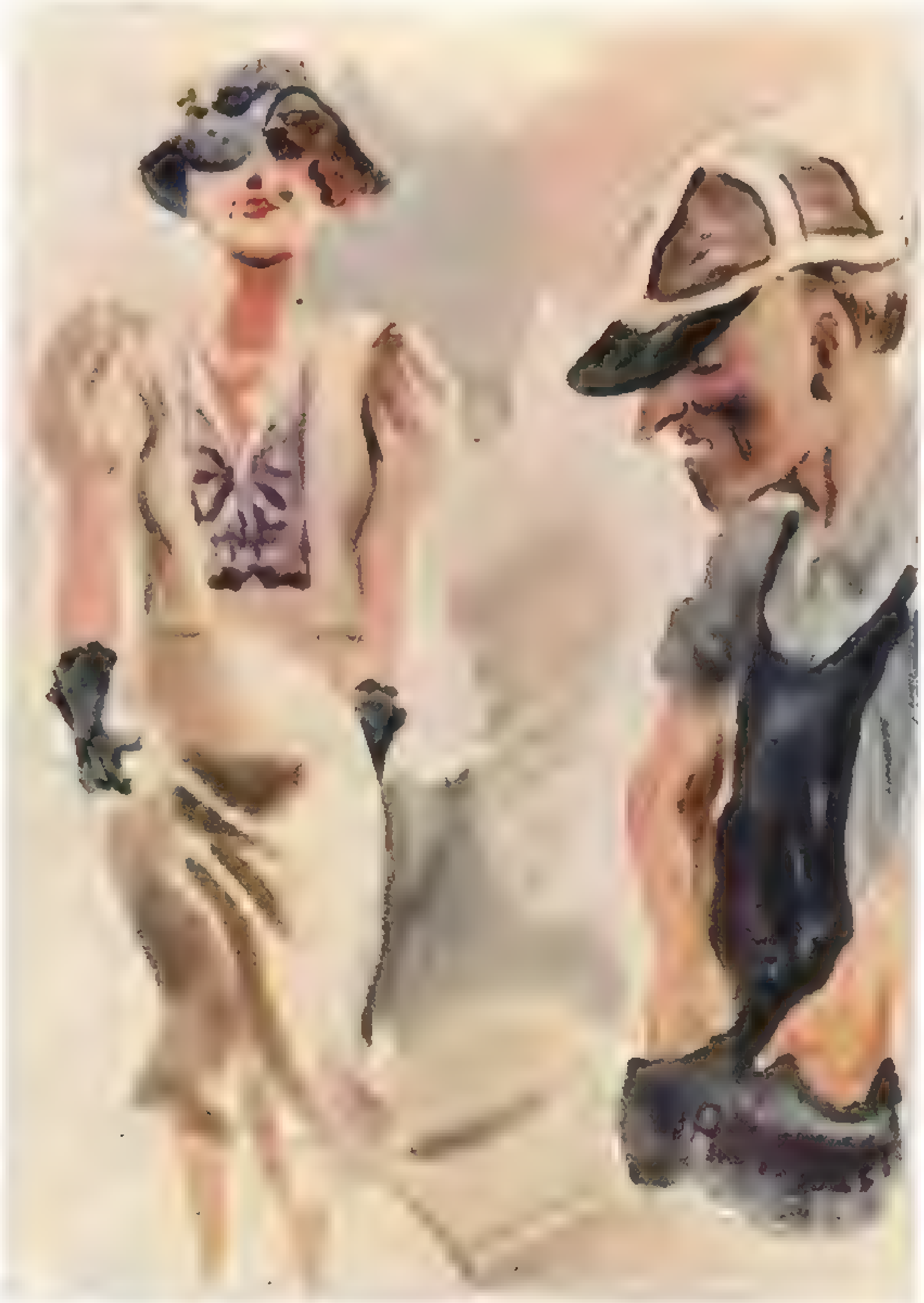
George Grosz now lives out on Long Island in a tranquil house that is literally teeming with the most turbulent pictures that have been painted since the time of Goya. Huge leather and canvas portfolios are all over the place, crammed with hundreds of paintings like these. A fugitive from Nazi Germany, there is no one the National Socialists hate more, and there are few who have more reason to hate the Nazis, yet Grosz today is not a bitter man. There is no bark in his conversation, though there is a bite in all his work, ranging from satiric comment to savage indictment. Grosz is a muscular middleweight, tanned and lean, the antithesis of the slack-jowled paunch-drooping gluttons he has made the most familiar figures in his caricatures. He is soft-spoken and judicious, and he puffs a meditative pipe. His eyes look a little tired, having seen too much. But his expression is serene, not smug but confident, the expression of a man who knows he will be on his feet to deliver the last punch.



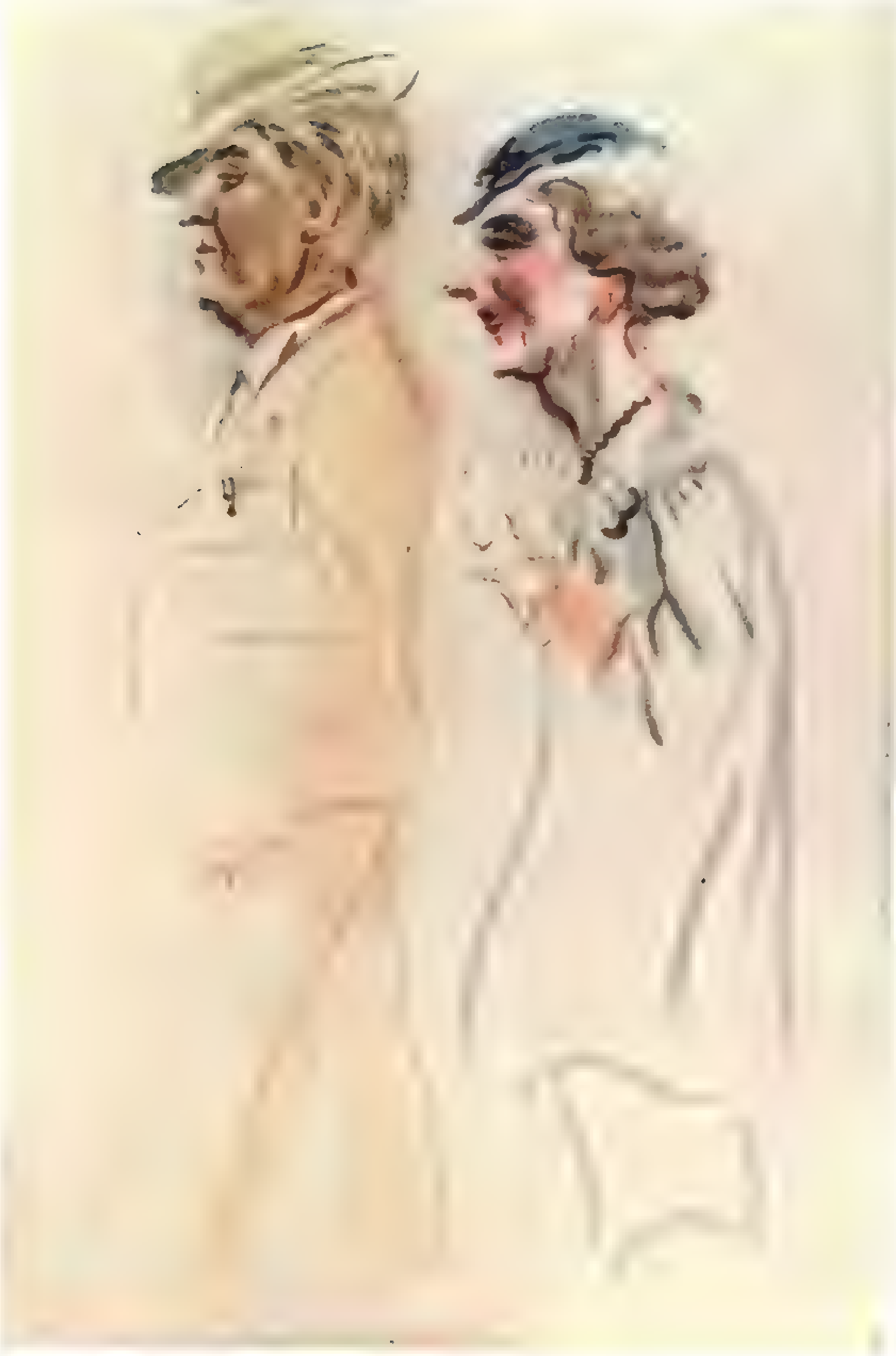
TEASE ACT



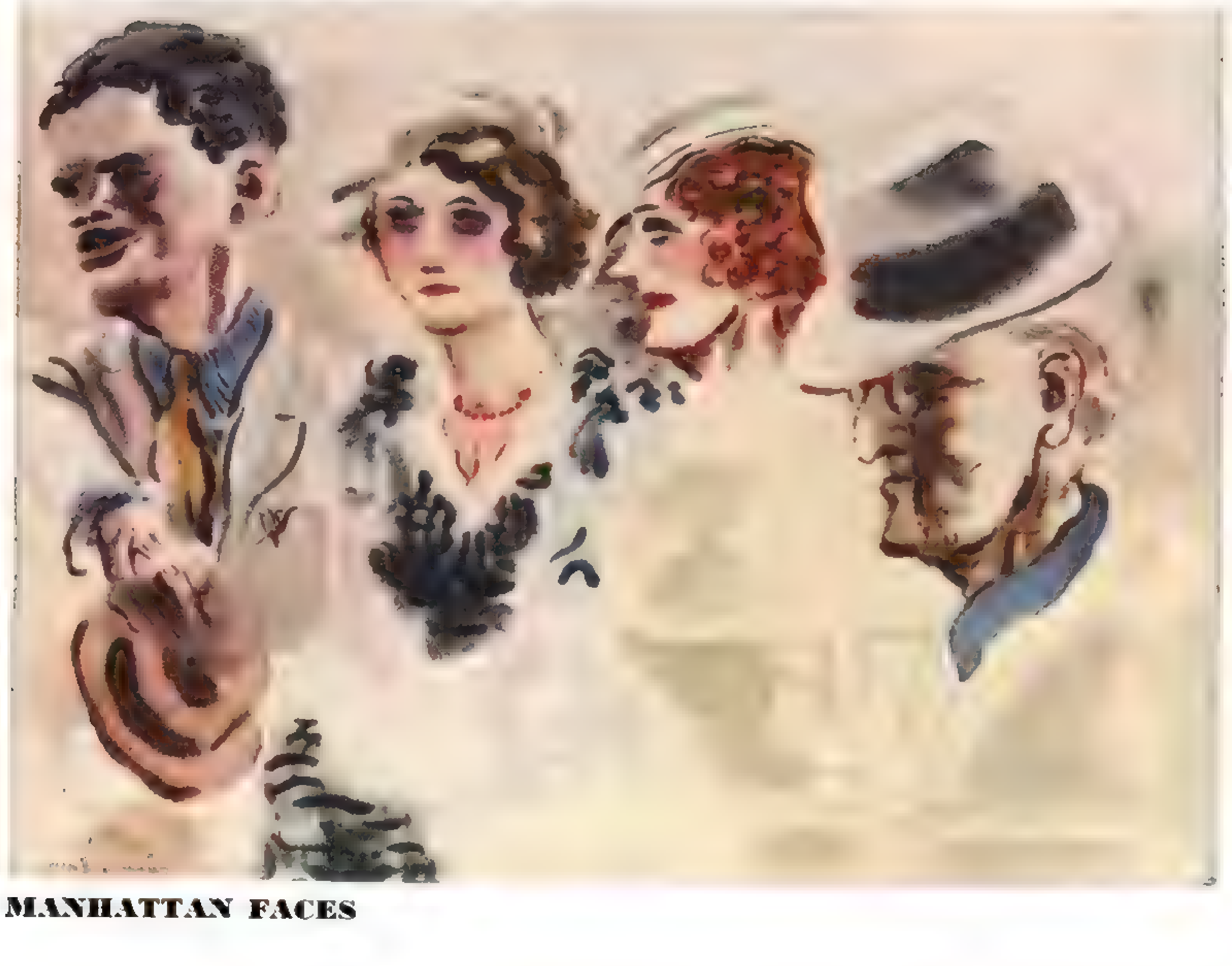
SUBWAY SIESTA



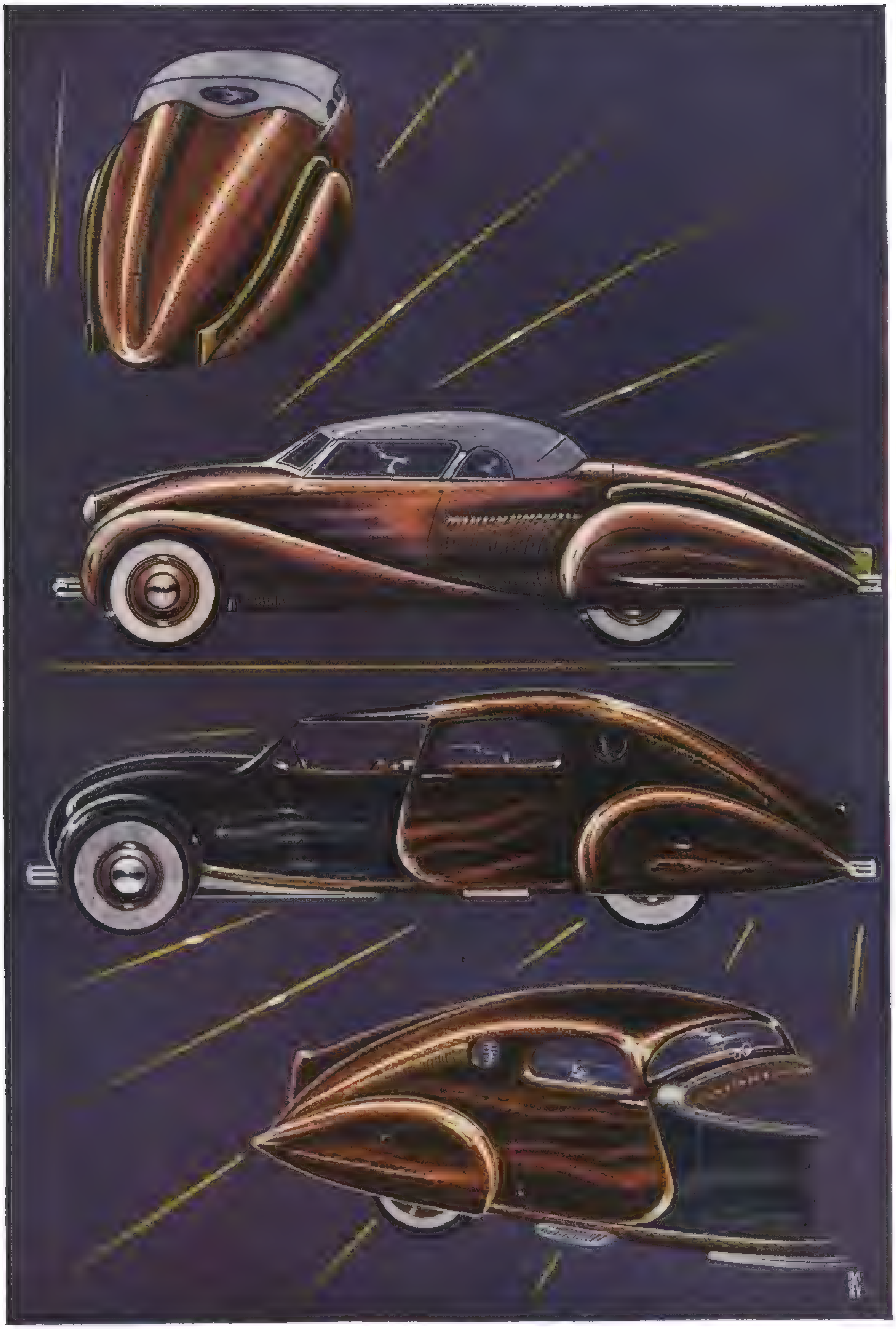
FURTIVE TRIBUTE



PILLARS OF SOCIETY



MANHATTAN FACES



REAR-ENGINED CARS *by* ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

IT HAS been rumored among engineers (the world's greatest gossips) that the evolution of the automobile will show a change in the future, with engines placed in the rear. The artist, therefore, offers these designs for graceful adaptation. The cars which he pictures are of two types: above, a five-passenger convertible sports roadster, and below, a formal town car. In both patterns the chief problem was to treat the hood so that an awkward, stubby effect could be avoided. At the top of the page is a perspective view of the rear of the sports roadster, housing the motor. Rows of louvers supply cooling air to the engine. Two outside exhaust pipes, made of copper, hug the fenders and contribute to the flared effect of the whole. In sketching the town car, the artist retained as many of its traditional details as he possibly could, sacrificing only those features not in keeping with the new arrangement.

Hollywood at War 1915–1918

Continued from page 60

film, but in featuring the sinking of the *Lusitania*, a world war, and a "selfish monarch who plunged his people into war for a conquest," Mr. Ince and his scenario writers were presenting the Kaiser and everybody knew it. And in those days it was good form to hiss the Kaiser, just as you hissed any other villain twenty years before in the older melodramas.

When we finally entered the war, all the bars were let down. Anything went. *The Kaiser—the Beast of Berlin*, *To Hell with the Kaiser* and *Kultur* were some of the more spectacular efforts. *War Brides*, the short play which Nazimova had done all over the country in vaudeville in 1915 and for the films in 1916, was withdrawn at the government's request when we entered the war, and reissued only after new scenes had been added, changing it from an abstract play about women who are regarded by governments as breeding-machines for potential soldiers, to a blast against Prussianism. In the final version it was made clear that such a situation existed only in Germany.

On the comic side were such shorts as *The Geezer of Berlin*, featuring The Geezer, the Boob Supreme of the Ages; Von Hindenbug, Von Turpentine, Von Bethman Bowlegs, etc., etc. Everybody from D. W. Griffith, the Gishes and Mary Pickford, down to the cheapest comic, contributed his or her bit. Viewed in the cold, clear light of the morning after, these effusions are frequently appalling.

The majority of the serious efforts featured German spies in America, the invasion and destruction of America by the Germans, and the "atrocities of the Kaiser and his gang of highbinders," but few scenario writers of the day were satisfied with simple fiction. Most of them unblushingly distorted history or blackened the characters of the enemy. *The Kaiser's Finish*, for example, told of the Kaiser's illegitimate son, who looked exactly like the Crown Prince but had been brought up as a good American. He entered Germany as a spy and killed both the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. The ads called this picture a "melodramatic epic of Yankee pluck."

To Hell with the Kaiser told of an American aviator somehow in Berlin. The Kaiser told him to hand over our "plans," but when the Kaiser opened the precious packet, a big silk American flag fluttered out! (Curses!) Later the Kaiser was captured by a flying squad of American aviators and taken behind the American lines where he was forced to salute General Pershing. Eventually we saw the Kaiser entering Hell . . . a real Hell full of flames and smoke. In the meanwhile the Crown Prince had been attempting to lay evil hands on an American girl in Belgium, for which she had "shot him through the heart."

Kultur, as I indicated, showed that the war started as a quarrel over a girl. *The Kaiser—the Beast of Berlin* pictured a monster so dreadful that he was struck in the face by one of his own captains. When the Allies finally whooped up the victory in the last reel, the Kaiser was turned over to King Albert of Belgium to do with as he pleased. The ads suggested that you "Come and hiss the Kaiser! Everybody's doing it!" ("Doing what? The Turkey Trot!")

Why America Will Win was perhaps the most preposterous of the lot. It purported to be a life of General Pershing and suggested that the fire in which the General's family lost their lives in California, August, 1915, was started by German agents. It then skipped rapidly to Pershing's triumphal entry into Berlin under two lines of crossed swords held by American soldiers. In a number of lengthy subtitles Pershing told the Kaiser what was what, after which Berlin was destroyed, the Kaiser was killed by lightning and the Crown Prince was shot down for the dog he was.

Lovely womanhood has long been one of the traditional inspirations of mankind, so Mary Pickford did her bit to make the world safe for democracy . . . did it twice, in fact, in *The Little American* (July 1917) and *Johanna Enlists* (September 1918). The first featured the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the invasion of America by Huns intent on raping Red Cross nurses, and a noble German officer who renounced the Kaiser for love of Miss Pickford. Jack Holt was the hero and Hobart Bosworth the villain. The trade papers complained of the "too realistic rape scenes," but the film was a big success.

Johanna Enlists was more in the old Pickford tradition and depicted the pretty situation which arose when a regiment of American soldiers in training encamped on the back lot of Miss Pickford's farm. Every single one of these fine boys fell in love with Our Mary, and when the officer took sick, she nursed him with his head in her lap.

The late Mabel Normand starred in a similar effort, *Joan of Plattsburg*. She was an orphan living near Plattsburg and overheard a German spy who was planning to blow up the camp. Dustin Farnum, a favorite of the day, was seen in *The Spy*, dynamiting a safe and stealing enemy papers for Uncle Sam. Bessie Barriscale was also mixed up with spies and a German submarine base in the U. S. A. in *Patriotism*. Wallace Reid was in *The Firefly of France*, an early aviation story, while Charles Ray in *The Claws of the Hun* was a munition manufacturer's son who stayed out of the war to please his cowardly mother. Of course he redeemed himself in spite of her. Madge Kennedy was in *Service Star*, and Dorothy Dalton in *The Kaiser's Shadow* and *Vive La France*.

Next to Chaplin's *Shoulder Arms*, D. W. Griffith's *Hearts of the World* was probably the most notable picture of the lot and the only one with any serious claim to artistic or dramatic value. This film was made in the ruined villages of France with the permission and assistance of the British publicity department. Dorothy and Lillian Gish and Robert Harron played in this story of women left behind in a devastated area. Reviews of the period indicate that it had considerable emotional effect.

To turn for a moment to the writers, John Emerson and Anita Loos concocted a comedy called *Come On In*, featuring spies known as G. Wottan Orphul Schmell, Count Von Bumstuff, etc., etc. And S. J. Kaufman wrote *Wanted for Murder*, featuring Elaine Hammerstein, which showed a method for ending the war by dropping "Wanted for Murder" posters with the Kaiser's picture, on Berlin. Unfortunately this was not finished and released until a month after the Armistice.

Even the horsy set went out to save the world for democracy. Bill Hart directed and acted in *The Border Wireless* with Wanda Hawley. It seems that there were German spies even out in God's country. After the proper amount of galloping over hill and plain, Bill forced a pro-German to kiss the flag and at the final fade-out was in uniform "on his way to Berlin." *Mr. Logan, U. S. A.* gave Tom Mix his chance to do his bit as a U. S. Secret Service man who uncovered a plot to blow up a mine which was being used by war manufacturers.

Then there were the special appeals. *The Road to France* with Carlyle Blackwell concerned two worthless whippersnappers who were brought to manhood by hard work in a shipyard, the phrase of the day being "A bridge of ships is the road to France."

Little Miss Hoover with Marguerite Clarke and Eugene O'Brien was on the food conservation theme, with Miss Clarke ending up raising white Leghorns. *Too Fat to Fight* by Rex Beach glorified the Y. M. C. A. and told all about the jolly time the boys were having in the huts Over There.

One of the most exciting of all the whoop-'em-up and smack-the-Hun thrillers was *My Four Years in Germany*, made from former Ambassador James W. Gerard's book. In its review, the *New York Herald* said: "This picture shows Germany and the Germans as they are . . . there is nothing at all suggestive of jingoism . . . scenes show imperious Prussian officers ordering pedestrians off the sidewalks . . . there is a young woman in the picture described simply as a beautiful American with whom the Crown Prince was often seen. It is in her he confides his unholy hopes. 'If my father does not make war on these nations I shall do so as soon as I take the throne. France first, then Russia, England . . . and then your own beautiful America.' The picture is simply history presented in an unusually attractive way."

There are several lines of procedure in getting a population steamed up to the point of going to war. You show them glamorous and thumping (if silly) fiction, you show them jolly newsreels from the front with all the ghastly details carefully cut out, and you yell "coward" at all those who don't fall into line quickly enough. There were quite a few films of this last description, particularly after the draft when vast numbers of slackers, who had refused or neglected to register, were rounded up every day and herded into armories for questioning. The standard plot concerned two brothers, one of whom was a conscientious objector until his sister was attacked by a Hun, then, by golly, he joined up in a hurry. *Her Boy* concerned a boy who enlisted against his mother's wishes, while *The Slacker* was a boy who married to escape the draft, but whose wife had the right stuff in her, so he enlisted after all. Flashbacks showing Lee's surrender, Paul Revere's ride and other patriotic episodes were rung in for effect. *Draft 258* (the first number drawn) showed a sincere pacifist who played right into the hands of some German spies. Fortunately he found out about them in time.

Of the personal narrative-newsreel films possibly the best known were *Over the Top*, by and with Sgt. Arthur Guy Empy, and *Private Peat* by Private Harold Peat.

Of all this mess of absurdity, nationalistic hatred and bad acting, but a single picture seems destined to be remembered, Charlie Chaplin's comedy, *Shoulder Arms*. In outline *Shoulder Arms* was pretty much like all the other war films. In a dream Charlie "captured the Kaiser" according to the formula of the day, and marched him behind the American lines, but the whole thing was magnificently comic. His villains were too absurd and his own adventures too fantastic to mean much as propaganda.

All this is now nearly twenty years away, and its technic seems crude and old-fashioned. Not enough of us believe in a literal Hell today to make *To Hell with the Kaiser* even a bad joke. Undoubtedly we live in a slicker, more urban world—and yet if we are not unceasingly on our guard, a modern version of these old hate-films will be upon us. And once the propaganda is at work, from whatever source or country it comes, we will be supermen indeed if we can laugh it off. #

So Take It Easy

Continued from page 41

Compulsion: You don't want to look like a dub in the water; everybody is a good swimmer nowadays, and you're not going to lag behind. So you swim harder than there's any need to. (An Athletic Compulsion may be present in any pastime, as a matter of fact; but right now we're talking about water and swimming.)

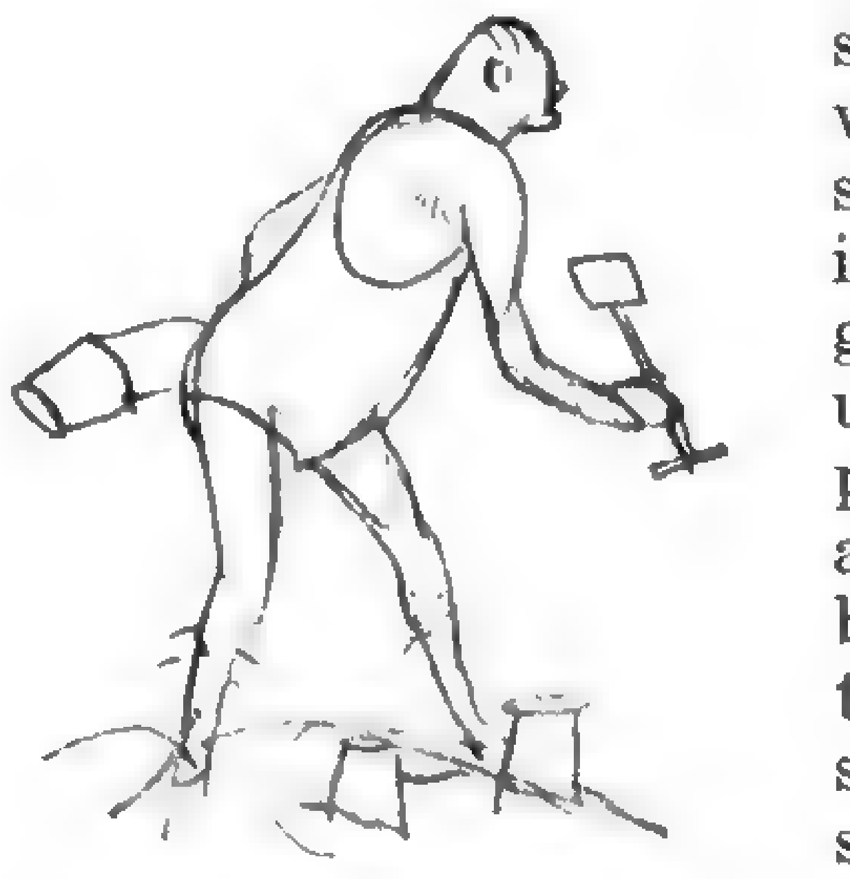
Just how critical are you of other people when they swim? Critical . . . why, you seldom even notice other swimmers. And other swimmers seldom even notice you. So skip the self-consciousness; forget it; slow down and have a good time. Take it easy.

Your Ironman Delusion is a little less simple. The McL in you is no show-off; as his initials might indicate, he's Scotch, and thrifty. He's come down here to have a good time, and he's going to make certain he's having one every moment. Fine; perfectly natural; but he doesn't think very clearly, and he certainly lacks imagination. He can't seem to remember that he's no athlete, that he's not even in especially good shape for a non-athlete. And on the other hand he can't invent ways of amusing himself which aren't unnecessarily strenuous.

An old codger who used to spend two weeks every summer at a little beach in California had the right idea. He may have been a McL to begin with, but years had cured him of his Ironman Delusion without robbing him of his love of long swims. He got himself a plank about four feet long, eighteen inches wide, and two or three inches thick. He rounded off the corners and nailed some old rubber hose all around the edge for a buffer. He used to be out for hours cruising around the bay on that thing, swimming and pushing it, lying on it and paddling and kicking, often just lying on it and drifting. He got his time's worth out of every moment of his two weeks, and he didn't kill himself off either. If I hadn't had such a bad case of Athletic Compulsion at the time you bet I would have had a little plank too, and gone out and dawdled around rising and falling on the waves and watching the little people on the beach and dodging the seagulls and giving my ears a rest from chatter.

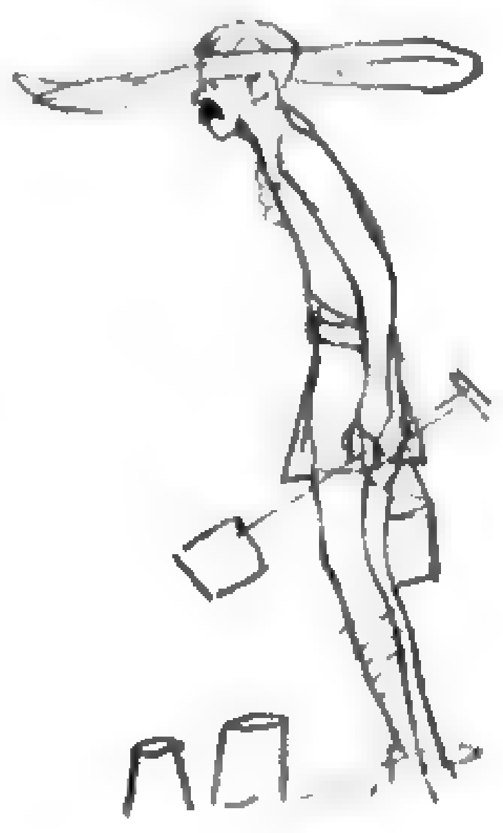
How is the water where you swim? Clear? If it's not absolutely murky, you ought to be able to find more interesting things under the water than on top of it. It's rather difficult to observe things beneath the water, though. You can't see down from the surface very well, because ripples distort your vision. And if you dive or swim underwater you still can't see clearly; the lenses of the human eye are set to receive light coming through air, and when your eyes are in contact with the denser medium of water your vision, though it's undistorted, is blurred.

To look down from the surface, you need to smooth the ripples somehow. The best tool is what's variously called a waterscope, an aquascope, or a waterglass; simply a bucket with a glass bottom. Cut the bottom out of a pail or a large tin can, seal on—with putty, liquid solder, even candle wax or adhesive tape—a piece of flat glass. Set the waterscope on the water, press it down so the glass end is clear in, and look into the open end. You can see just as if there weren't any water. If that's too much bother, simply stick a three foot length of four to six inch pipe endwise into the water and look through it. There's no positive smoothing of the surface, like that accomplished by the waterscope, but the pipe acts as a windbreak and does away with most of the ripples.



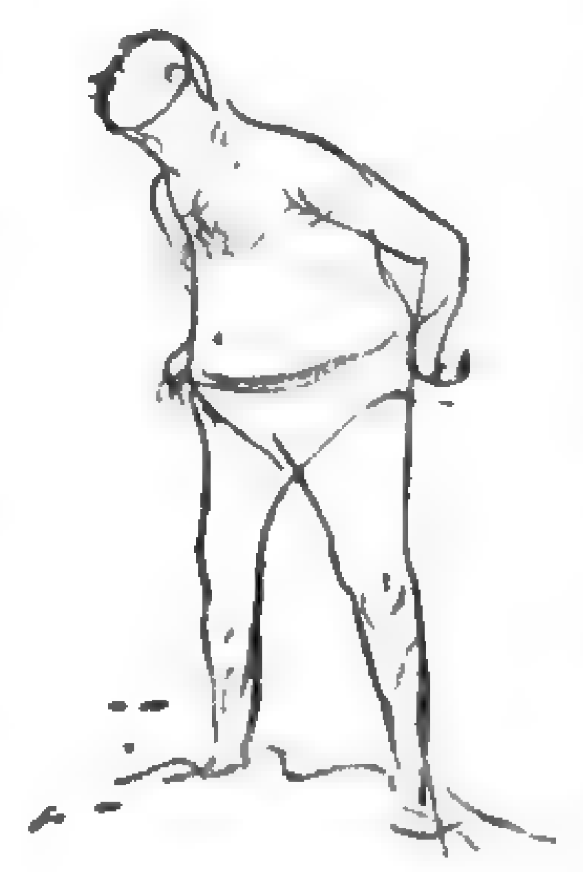
For seeing clearly while you yourself are underwater, the most satisfactory thing is a pair of water goggles; they're used chiefly by pearl, sponge and abalone fishermen, but you can buy them at most sporting goods stores around the water. Adjust them so they fit good and tight. And have a few drops of water inside each lens when you put them on; then you'll have something to rinse the glass with if it fogs up.

You can get an unblurred look underwater, not badly ripple distorted, just by trapping bubbles of air against your eyes. Put a hand on each side of your face, like a horse's blinder, with the thumb toward your ear and the base joint of the forefinger against the outer end of your eye socket. So long as your face is pointed straight down you can hold air in front of your eyes; if it leaks out, bubble some more in from your mouth.



Long swims with a plank to rest on, easy-going underwater explorations—those are just two of the possible ways of getting a kick out of the water without giving all you've got all the time. Is there a surf? Try riding it on a board; or without a board, just floating on your face or your back. Is there a beach? Lie down on it and relax. Delusion or no delusion, you are no ironman, and you better realize it before you spoil your vacation altogether. Take it easy.

Take it easy in the sun, too. Naturally you'd like to get tan as soon as you can. All right, do it—but don't try to get tan *sooner* than you can. On your first day, give yourself an hour in the early morning sun. Then stay in the shade till late afternoon. See how you look; if you look OK, take another hour. Give yourself an hour and a half next morning, if your aren't too burned. And so on. If you use a little judgment and have plenty of pigment in your skin you can tan yourself nicely in a week. Cook yourself thoroughly the first day and you'll not only have a miserable time but lose your opportunity for a tan besides.



Beware of misty days, by the way. Infra-red rays will come right through water vapor and burn you, but ultra-violet rays are stopped, so your burn never does turn into a tan.

Now for the Danger Deviser, the Mr. W in you. A lot of your fears are exaggerated; a lot more of them are totally unfounded. Lurking behind all the other fears is that of drowning, a grotesque and shapeless sort of fear—and in itself a very foolish one. Nobody ever just drowned; invariably something happens first, to lead to the drowning. If you don't believe that, go on in the water and try to drown yourself. Just try. So cross drowning, as such, off your list.

You've heard a lot about undertows. They exist, all right; but you've got the wrong idea of what they are. You think, or at least most people do, that an undertow is a downward swirl which seizes you in its icy grasp, pulls you to the very bottom, and sits on your chest, sneering. Fiddle. An undertow is no more than a current, underwater, which moves in the direction opposite to the current on the surface. Where water is coming in in waves on the surface, it's usually going out again, beneath. If you stand up in the surf, perhaps the undertow will sweep your feet out from under you. But if you can swim—and all this is on the assumption that you can—what do you care? Suppose it's a very devil of a current, close to the surface and too strong to swim against? Drift along the beach fifty or a hundred yards and you'll find you can come in all right.

Another thing you're constantly expecting to be grabbed by is weeds. Weeds don't grab people; they're not meat eaters. If the weeds are underwater, lie close to the surface and you won't even know they're there. If they're spread out on the surface, you can see them and swim around them. As a matter of fact, you can, if you're willing to take your time and go slow, swim right through any clump of weeds in the western hemisphere. Or eastern.

If somebody throws you right in the middle of a marine thicket, lie level on the water, take small, conservative strokes, and you'll have no trouble swimming out.

You're afraid of cramps, and certainly people do get them in the water now and then. There is one cramp which is dangerous, cramp of the stomach or diaphragm; cases of stomach cramp are very rare. A cramp anywhere else can be broken by forcibly stretching out the affected muscle. Cramp in your foot? Pull your toes up toward you with your hand, and straighten your knee; it will hurt a little, but it will break the cramp. Cramp in the calf of your leg? Cramp in the back of your thigh? Same treatment. Cramp in the front of your thigh? Get hold of your foot and pull it up till the sole is against your buttock; then hold it there and swing your knee down and back under you. Cramp in the shoulder muscles back of your neck? Force your head forward till your chin is on your chest, and roll it from side to side.

You can break cramps in the water, or you can swim ashore and then break them. But whichever you do stay out of the water for a little while, and give the muscle a rubdown to help circulation.

Learn to float in some position, on your back or with your feet hanging below you, so that you can keep your nose and mouth above water without moving a muscle.

If you can do that, Mr. W, the chances against your drowning are a million to one.

Don't swim within two hours after eating.

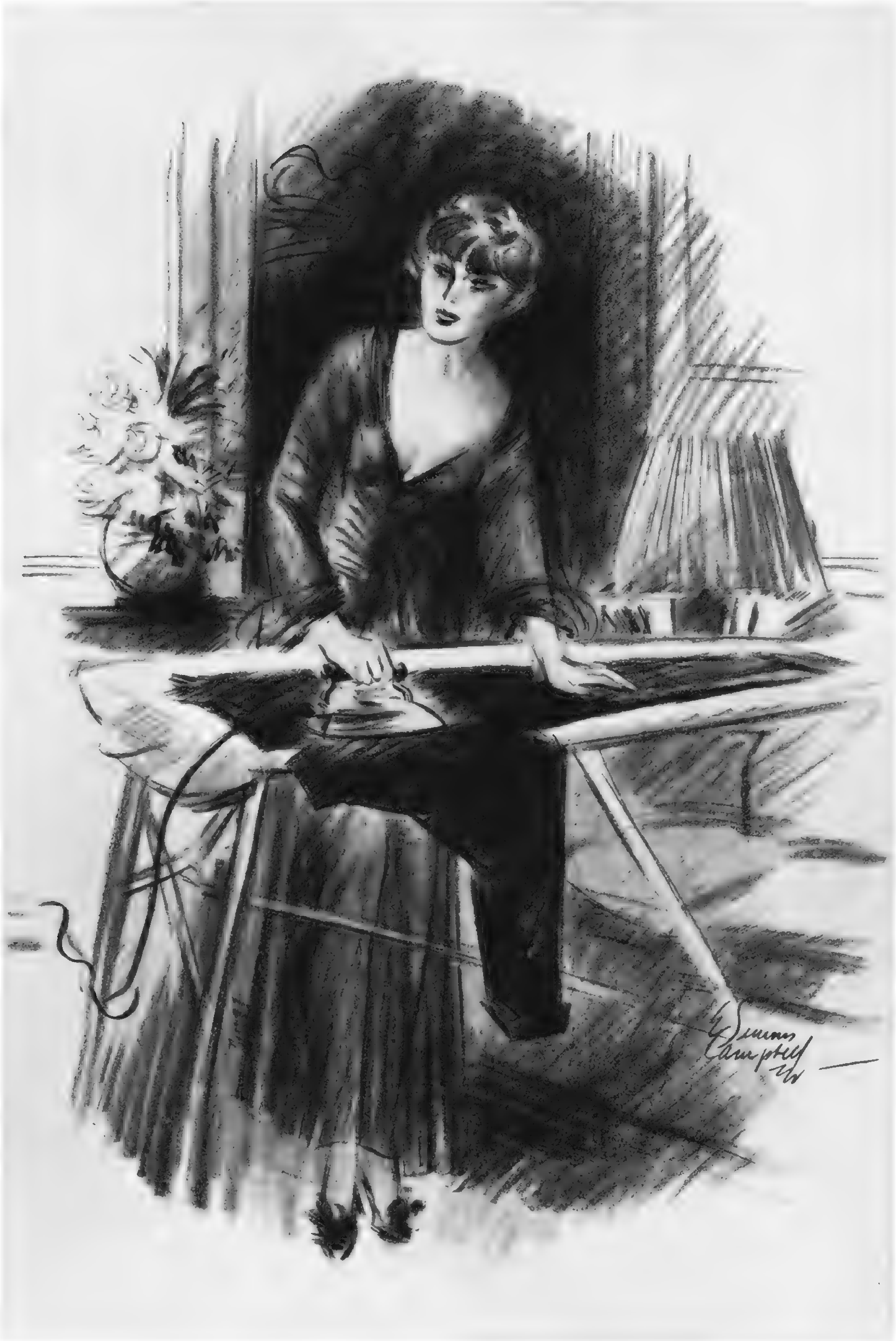
Digestion usually takes that long, and though nobody knows what causes stomach cramps, swimming while you're digesting food seems to have something to do with it.

Don't swim when you're feeling off form, or when you're very tired or very hot. Or When You're Plastered.

You aren't normal under those circumstances. Your judgment is bad, as well as your physical condition and endurance.

Don't swim absolutely alone; always try to keep within sight and hollering distance of somebody or other.

And all of you—B, McL, and W—for safety, for health, for enjoyment: take it easy. #



"Oh that's all right Mr. Lieder—it'll only take a minute"

The Top Hobby

Continued from page 103

"Ooop! Ooop! Ooop!"

We caught several young ones and got a few good looks at the old birds. For the life of me I couldn't figure out what they were so my records remained blank.

When I got home I rushed to my reference books and was soon rewarded. It was the Wilson phalarope!

Few persons except naturalists have ever seen these birds, at least to recognize them. In all my life I'd never seen one before. And such a bird!

Mrs. Phalarope is the gay and joyous member of the family. In the Phalarope household things are rather topsy-turvy. While she is large and brightly plumaged, Mr. Phalarope is small and dull colored. His lady is boss.

A hen-pecked husband, he incubates the eggs and does the menial work about the place which means that he feeds and tends the babies. Perhaps I shouldn't mention this. It might give ideas.

Banding birds in a large way requires continued interest and unflagging energy. I have found four distinct ways of getting the birds:

1—Capturing the young in their breeding grounds.

2—Catching adult birds by means of baited traps.

3—Trapping tree-climbers, chimney swifts and bank swallows by taking advantage of their habits.

4—"Shining" birds at night which means using a spotlight and net.

The first method, already described, means taking the young birds. In trapping about the home yard you will get mostly adults. In my backyard I have score on score of traps. One is more than a hundred feet long. It consists of a long wire tunnel, forty feet wide at its open end.

The bird, working its way up a little stream, or in the bushes bordering it, gradually reaches the small end of the tunnel. There it sees an opening and passes through it. But instead of the open air it finds itself in a cage from which there is no escape.

Other traps have doors that drop when the bird alights on a perch inside to inspect the food lying about. Some species will come up through holes above them but will not go down again through the holes.

Tree-climbing birds such as the various woodpeckers and flickers start at the base of a tree and work upward searching for larvae and insects. I trick them by building a flaring wire funnel about the trees.

The bird climbs up into this funnel and pops out of the top of it only to find himself in a cage. To make his capture easier I have built a metal chute down from the top. Pretty soon he hits this and skids down into a receiving cage. He is never injured and doesn't seem to mind the adventure in the least.

As evidence that capture has no special terror for the birds I cite the fact that many become regular boarders. Some of them get to be a nuisance for I have to take certain fellows among them out of my traps almost every day. These have learned where they can get free board with little trouble and decide to make the most of it.

Perhaps they think I am running a government relief station. On numerous occasions I have boxed up persistent offenders and have driven them off from ten to twenty miles before freeing them. But, even then, numbers will return.

I trap birds about my home every month of the year. My busiest months, of course, are during the spring and fall migrations. One Bohemian waxwing that I banded in the spring was picked up in Craik, Saskatchewan, 1,100 miles away, twenty days after I had set him free. I get my best fun out of banding these distance flyers.

The chimney swift is a mystery bird. Insofar as I know no one has ever learned where he passes his winters. He comes with the spring and goes with the autumn. A few banded swifts have been captured in our southern states but only while passing through.

Chimney swifts return to the same locality, often to the same chimney, year after year. I trapped a number of them in a chimney in August, 1932. One year later, to the day, I trapped the same chimney again and my catch included ten birds I'd banded the year before.

Some birds seldom travel far from home. In scanning the reports on a group of 97 bluejays I had banded, later recaptured or found dead, only one was taken more than 50 miles from my banding station. The single traveler in the list was found dead at Peruque, Missouri, 300 miles away. Some other banders have reported a larger percentage of long flights among the jays.

One of my red headed woodpeckers made 200 miles, to Antigo, Wisconsin, in two months. The farthest I have ever known a cardinal to fly was thirty-five miles. Up to a few years ago there were no cardinals as far north as northern Illinois.

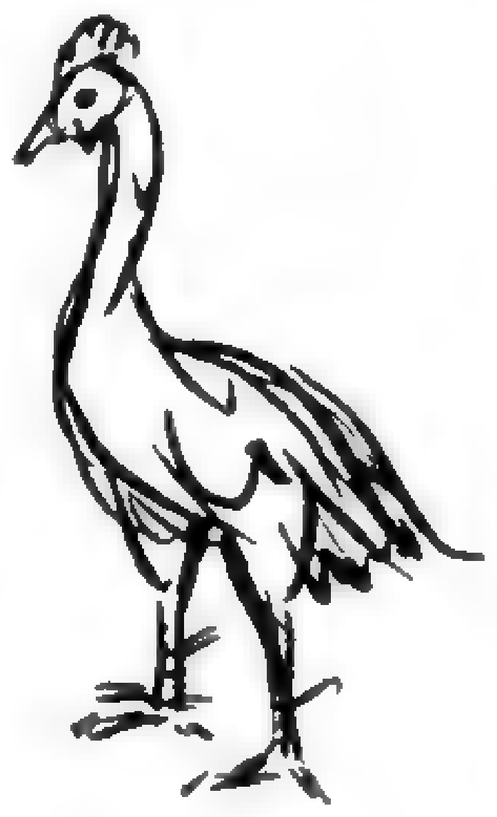
The first cardinal I ever saw in this region appeared in 1918. When I captured my first cardinal, in 1923, it was a thrill. Now they are fairly plentiful and I have captured and banded as many as sixteen in a single year.

I have recaptured robins in my traps seven, eight and nine years after I first banded them. My robins have been reported to the Biological Survey as picked up all the way from Duluth to Louisiana and Florida.

Bronze grackles, out of my traps, have been reported all the way from Green Bay to Louisiana and Mississippi. My work has proved, apparently, that this bird has little or no eastern or western range. They seem to fly up and down a narrow strip of the Mississippi Valley.

The cowbird, smallest of the blackbirds, also appears to migrate almost directly north and south. I have retrapped cowbirds in my yard up to four years after I first banded them.

The catbird is another fellow who comes back. On one page of my book of records I find the numbers of twenty-eight catbirds. Twenty-seven of them were retrapped at my station one, two and three years after they were first banded. One was reported captured seven hundred seventy-five miles away three and a half months after I had placed the band on him.



On another page I find the reports on twenty-six brown thrashers. Twenty-two of them were retaken in my own traps from one to four years after I banded them. The other four were found dead down in the Gulf Coast country.

Mourning doves banded in Waukegan have been shot in Louisiana, Alabama and Tennessee.

I banded 136 white pelicans at Chase Lake, North Dakota, on July 13, 1928. Ten of them were killed, captured or found dead within three years. One was taken in Texas, 950 miles away, while another was shot at Liman, Colorado.

On the other hand, out of 7,618 common terns that I had banded up to January 1, 1935, I have had reports on only thirty. I have had to band 3,144 Caspian terns to get back returns on sixty-three. But such returns! From Barranquilla, Columbia, South America, from the west coast of Mexico, far down; from Cuba and the lower Atlantic coast.

Out of 2,982 ring-billed gulls I have heard from only ninety; out of more than 9,000 herring gulls, only 523.

There is reason for this, perhaps. These birds are not game birds. Those who kill them are only "pleasure killers." Storms destroy many of them because they are birds of the open places and have little protection in violent weather. Many are grabbed by large fish. Turtles and alligators pull them down. Often they die in the water and become food for the fishes.

Only a small percentage of them spend much time around harbors and lakes where many people live. They are fast breeders or they would soon be extinct. Birds of this type are not good life insurance risks.

Some of my friends believe me a bit queer. They are likely to tunk their foreheads and smile when they think I am not looking. At times I have caught fleeting winks among them. But from my viewpoint I can see less sanity in watching the bang-tails run. Or seeing a batsman pound a leather apple. Or in many other things that men delight in.

As long as birds fly I know where there are more interesting things to do.

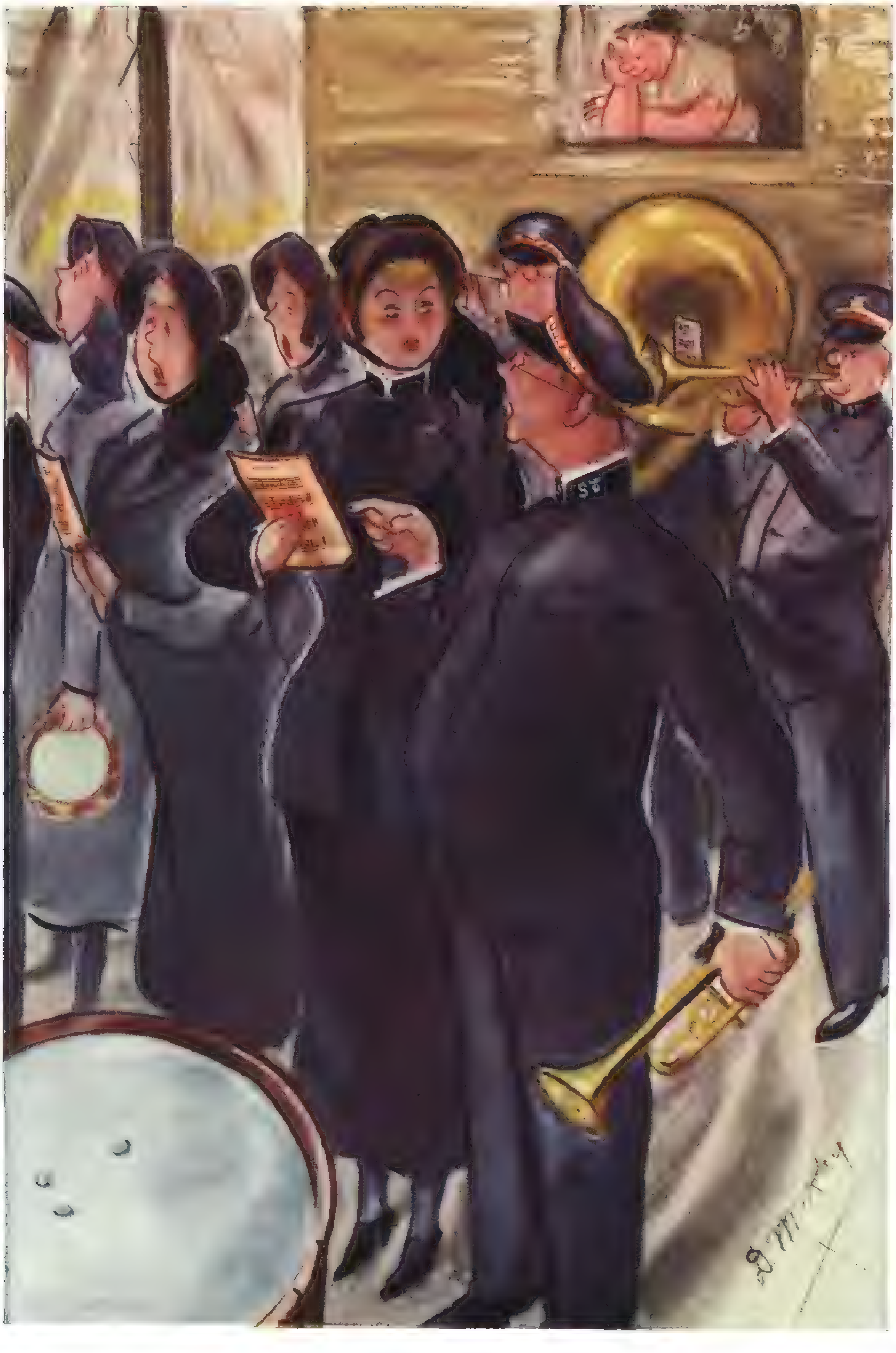
My hobby has its by-products. With it I combine boating, motoring, tramping. I get the opportunity to cast a dry fly on a stream or drop a wet plug in some placid lake. Sometimes I get beyond the frontiers of rail and concrete. I can occasionally take a swim in waters that have never known a bathing suit.

The smell of virgin forest is familiar to my nostrils. I often tent where the fresh breezes are redolent of balsam and fir. I watch deer drink beneath the moon. The eerie wail of the loon, the keerrr-unk of the slough pump, the quack of the night heron and other night-time sounds are as familiar to me as the rattle of the streetcar is to my city friends.

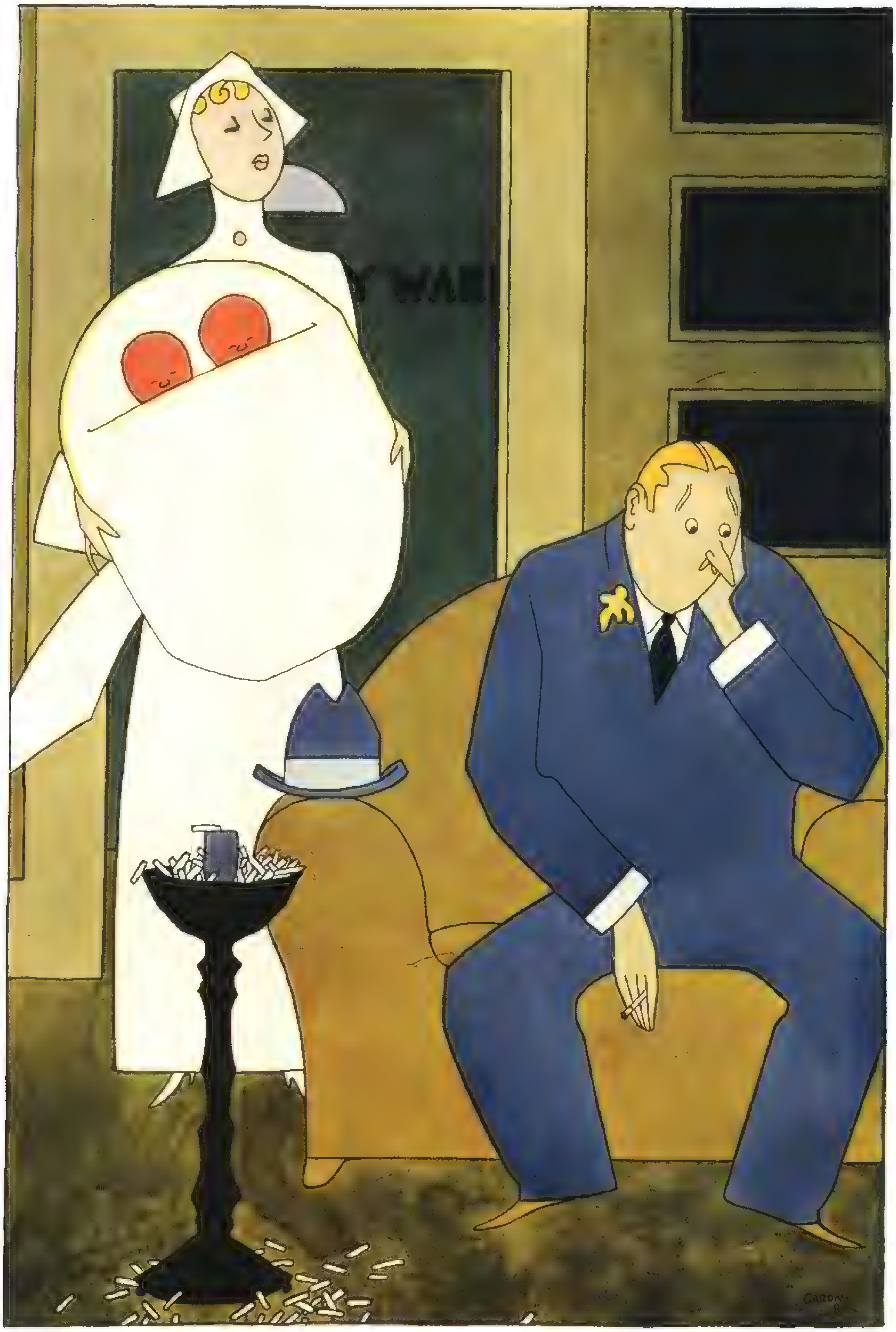
My hair may be thinning out in patches and I may be graying about the muzzle, like an old beaver, but my hobby has kept a lot of man in me. My heart is sound, my lungs are good, my legs stand up well and fallen arches are not among my worries. When night comes down in some northern camp, and I have stowed my share of fresh brook trout, and poured my coffee down the hatch, I get out my pipe and light up. My pipe and I are friends. We've adventured together.

My disposition, I think, is mellower than it would have been without my pipe and my birds. They have given me charity and understanding. Yet they have brought to me one conclusion, a deep fixation, that may pour wrath upon my whitening head:

I believe that the best place for a cat is under a rose bush. Plant a cat under your rose bush and the blooms will come bigger and thicker. They will have brightened color. Their scent will be sweeter. Yes, the best place for a cat is under a rose bush. #



"Never mind how Grace Moore sings it, Miss Mathews, just follow the others"



"And me with my heart set on quintuplets!"

Trouble in the Hydrofluoric

Continued from page 81

Finally when everyone had about given up hope of ever moving her, someone said, "Mr. Egan!" and the crowd parted respectfully, and we knew it was all right now, and *he'd* soon get her out.

Our Super is a man who must have his own way. If he don't he finds out why with his fists or a Stillson wrench. A big rigger working on a new storage tank once gave up and fainted after he got two on the nose, and when he come to he said never again no backtalk to Mr. Egan. Mr. Egan won't take sass. He don't like it, and he won't take it, and that's all there is about it.

He come busting into the building sore. I guess he's got plenty to do up at the office without fooling around with an old lady that Tom lets get by the gate. The Company's got fifty or sixty plants dumped down all over the country, and they say that Mr. Egan has got the finest rating of all the superintendents. No doubt about it Mr. Egan's got a head on him to make acid, and he's a whale of a big man besides, which don't hurt any in our industry.

He come busting into the hydrofluoric sore, and shouting:

"Who's responsible for this old woman being inside here? Get her out immediately!"

No one moved, because what was the use? There was a silence, and though she didn't say nothing, you could feel that old Ma Morrison had taken a dislike to our Super.

Mr. Egan had no time to waste. He come right to the point now with Mrs. Morrison.

"Who let *you* in here?" he shouted. And when she didn't answer, thinking her hard of hearing probably, he repeated the question even louder.

"I ain't deaf," said the old lady coldly. "I heard you the first time."

Backtalk was backtalk to Mr. Egan whether it come from a man or a woman, and this was backtalk. Old Ma Morrison was giving him backtalk, and right away he started to do something about it. Only it didn't turn out to be the right thing.

He steps up and grabs the old lady by the arm. Minute he does so *wham!* she give him a slap you could hear clean through the building. He don't let go right away, and she give him another.

Boy, did news of that travel! Fellows you never see moving quicker'n a slow walk at their work come on the run when they hear that the Super's getting slapped down in the south plant by that queer old dame with the umbrella they see passing through a while ago.

The Super stood breathing heavy, and eyeing the old lady mean, as she wiped her glasses and peered at him now through them and now without them, trying her best to see him. She must have got some idea about his looks and size, even though it was all wrong, because she said:

"You little runt, don't you do that again. Your face don't look familiar to me, but I can tell you one thing without looking—you ain't no gentleman! When I get my glasses wiped and set on my face I'll be able to tell you more about yourself. Drat these glasses! I can't think what ails them."

She'd got over her scare partly, and was more in the mood now she'd been in when she sailed by Tom at the gate.

"If I hadn't been afraid of breaking my store teeth I'd have done more than slap," she told the Super. "I'd have bitten that hand of yourn clean through! Ain't you shamed to act that way towards an old lady?"

"You must leave this building immediately," said Mr. Egan very slow and solemn. "It is unhealthy and dangerous for an old woman like you—"

"Don't call me no old woman again!" cut in old Ma Morrison. "You done that before, and I don't like it a bit."

"What you doing anyway roaming around this plant like this?" exploded the superintendent.

"I come in to bring my Steve his laundry," said the old lady. "Ain't that a good enough reason?"

"Get out of this building!" hollered the Super. "Can't you see you're ruining your glasses if you're doing nothing else?"

"If you done anything to my glasses you're going to pay for it!" said the old lady grimly.

Our Super made a step forward and she heard him.

"Mr. Smarty, do you want me to slap your face for you again?" she asked.

All that crowd of pipefitters, and leadburners, and process men from every building in the plant edged up closer. You could just hear a sort of sigh of happiness and expectation go up from the crowd. I heard it, and I guess the Super heard it because he turned and roared:

"What's the idea of all you men being here? Well, what is it—what's the attraction?"

Someone out of reach said:

"We thought there was maybe trouble—."

"Trouble!" roared Mr. Egan. "There's no trouble in here except what you'll be making for yourselves if you don't get back to work quick." And he turned his attention back to the old lady.

"Now Mrs. Morrison," he said —he had found out her name— "I'm asking you to get out of here for your own good. You have delivered Steve's laundry to him, and there's no sense to your remaining in the plant any longer."

"I won't go without I can see through my glasses," snapped the old lady, and started wiping again.

It seemed hopeless, but it was the old lady herself who made the suggestion that saved the situation.

"I don't know what's the matter with 'em," she said, "but I don't seem to be able to get them clean noways."

"Well," said our Super sharply. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I got another pair at home," said the old lady sweetly.

You should have seen the Super brighten up at those words. He had work to do and now maybe he'd be able to get at it.

"Here Steve," he says briskly. "You drive up to the house right away and fetch down Mrs. Morrison's other pair of glasses for her. Then see that she gets home." And he turned away to go on other business. The old lady called him back.

"Steve Leitner's going to stay right here with me," she said firmly. "After the way you fellows been behaving, do you think I'm going to let him leave me here all alone with you? I can't see the most of you, but you seem to me like a pretty bad crowd."

"All right," agreed Mr. Egan, after thinking a moment, "you stay here with her, Steve, and I'll send another messenger up for them." And looking around he spied Shorty Davison, a sort of plant buttons who did errands, in the crowd, and called to him, "Heh you, Shorty, drive up to Mrs. Morrison's house and bring back her other pair of glasses for her. She'll give you all the directions."

"She won't do nothing of the sort," said old Mrs. Morrison. "Do you think I'm going to give the key to my home to any little shrimp of a Shorty who wants to go in and help himself?"

The Super stood with his mouth open. Finally he got out:

"Then who *can* go, Mrs. Morrison? In the name of Heaven be reasonable!"

"There's only one man from here I'll let go into my home without me being there," said Mrs. Morrison firmly. "And that's the superintendent. He ought to be responsible."

"I'm the superintendent," said Mr. Egan.

"Let me feel of you," said the old lady cautiously. "Maybe you're telling the truth. You don't seem quite the little runt I thought you was at the beginning. If Steve says you are I'll take his word for it." Steve said the Super was okay, and she gave the Super her key. Leastways he thought she was giving him it, but she left his hand hanging out in the air awhile while she give him a lot of instructions about the bureau drawer her other pair of glasses was in, and what not to touch, and how to be careful to lock the door and shut the garden gate behind him. And then when our Super started off he didn't have the key yet, and she was still talking.

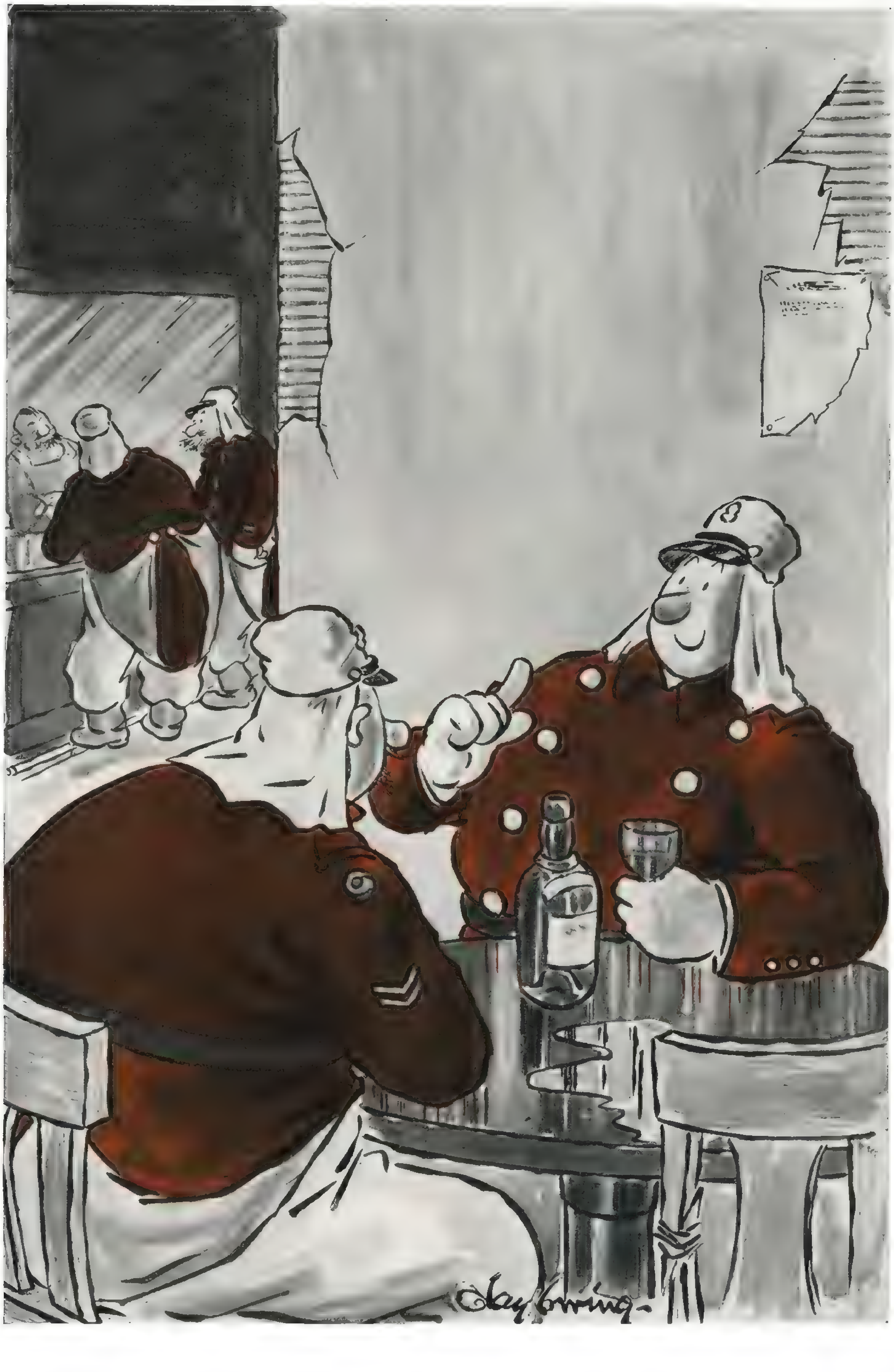
"No reason why you shouldn't stop at the American Stores on the way and get a quarter of a pound of cat liver for me," she told him. "You certainly made enough trouble for me here already to be willing to do that. Get Mr. Jones to wait on you, he's the only one who knows just what I want. Tell him it's for me. Here's two dimes, and I expect some change. If Mr. Jones tries to charge you more'n fifteen cents for that liver you just tell him from me that—." But the superintendent was gone. He had snatched key and dimes from her hand, and was out of the building while she was still giving instructions. "That young man's got manners to learn if he's got nothing else," commented Mrs. Morrison.

The old lady wouldn't budge off Jerry's stool until the Super got back. She sat there sort of in state, snuffling and wiping, and peering about when she heard footsteps to try and discover who was coming in and going out.

"You got a lot of coal gas in here," she said once, sniffing. "If it ain't coal gas I don't know what it is."

Even when the Super come back with her glasses we still had a time to get her out. If he brought 'em in to her they'd be spoiled like the others, and he had to do a lot of talking to get her off that stool and into the doorway. But as soon as she got that other pair of glasses on her nose and could see again, Ma Morrison was so pleased that she became quite chatty. She didn't talk to the Super because Mr. Egan just plunked the key and a couple of dimes in her hand and went off looking mad, after telling Steve it was up to him now to take the old lady home. But she talked to us boys and what she said about Mr. Egan wasn't too favorable. She talked about him in the car all the way home, and when she found Mr. Egan had left the garden gate open she let out quite a squawk. First thing she did when she got home was sit down and write the Company out a bill for her spoiled glasses, and send it back to the plant by Steve; and the Super paid it right away, scared to death I guess that she might try to get back into the plant if he didn't.

Old Ma Morrison don't think nothing at all of our Super, Mr. Egan! She's told more than one of her roomers that a man so careless and who don't have sense enough to do a simple errand can't be the proper sort to be running a great big plant like ours, and she wonders the Company hasn't found it out long ago.



"First I was an apartment-house doorman. Then I was a movie-theater usher . . . I guess I'm just a militarist at heart . . ."

"The Morning Star"

An Arab's homage to the little war-mare who endured a record desert journey against death

by CARL RASWAN

• ARTICLE •

The Bedouins say angels of God descend by night and visit their horses, laying their gentle, invisible hands on the sacred strand of hair on the forehead of each horse and they call them blessed while they wish the owner blessings too—or a curse—according to the treatment given to the noble steed of the desert!

"El-Nauwas"—the sacred forelock. Often you see it carefully braided in one beautiful little plait, which hangs down over the wide forehead, a blue bead "for good luck" tied into the strand of silken hair. Riding into battle or on a raid, sometimes the woman of a camel-plunderer, braids a strand of her own hair into the forelock of her lover's horse. Of course, the Bedouin still has much superstition left. But his true religion is a primitive though very spiritual and very personal worship of God.

When I was in Eastern Arabia, I also visited the Muteyr Bedouins. A very powerful nomadic tribe with some of the finest horses in the desert. At that time the Muteyr had been fighting Ibn Sa'ud, the King of Arabia. The Muteyr were very independent and they did not like a Governor who had been appointed in one of their trading centers, a larger town and oasis at the edge of the Great Nufud, the red sand desert.

Aziz, the young son of Feisal Ibn Dauish, the chief of the Muteyr, had taken matters into his own hands (while his father was away) and persuaded four hundred and eighteen men to join him on a raid against that Governor of Ibn Sa'ud.

Someone must have betrayed the young chief, for when he and his raiding-party had almost reached their goal to make a successful surprise attack, they were ambushed in a Wadi (or dry river bed) and had to retreat.

They fell back on the nearest watering place, called Umm Ruthumma, as their camels and horses needed a rest to gather new strength. But imagine: when they came in sight of the wells, they found a much stronger fighting party than their own waiting for them there. Aziz was a courageous young man, but courage was not the only motive when he led his men against the enemy.

The Muteyr had to drive the camel riders of Ibn Sa'ud's Governor away or they and their animals would all perish of thirst.

It was a terrible fight and disastrous to Aziz and his band. Their enemies were well protected, while they—the Muteyr—had over and over again to make desperate attacks upon them. But the end came, when another camel-corps of Ibn Sa'ud's Governor arrived on the scene. Now the Muteyr were between two fires and they knew it was their certain death.

Aziz would rather die fighting than surrender and escape was impossible. His animals—horses as well as camels—needed water badly and while they might last another day, the mounts of the enemies were freshly watered and could outdistance them within twenty or thirty miles.

As two guards of Aziz rode up and announced that the new camel corps of the enemies was approaching fast, Aziz gathered his men about him and ordered all waterbags brought before him and cut open so that even the last drop could be drained from them. They gathered not more than half a skin—about seven gallons.

The best racing-camel, that is, the one in the best condition, was picked to make a dash for the home camp—a distance of over two hundred miles.

A "red" (bay) mare was also selected to accompany the camel—the last resource to the rider in case his camel should break down or be shot under him.

Aziz preferred the bay mare among all others, because she was the only one whose forelock was braided with a strand of woman's hair—the lovelock of the wife of the owner of this horse. When Aziz called for the man it was found that he had been killed. Aziz now appointed his Katib (scribe) to ride home and bring the news that Aziz and his band had not surrendered, but perished.

The mare and the camel were allowed to have their fill of putrid water—the filthy remnants of so many heated goat-skin waterbags and to the rider were given two small skins of some milk—about two pints each, some dates and a handful of rag-like pieces of stale desert-bread.

During the ensuing attack, the Katib rode off with his camel, the "red" mare tied to the girth of his saddle.

Soon the enemy had noticed the lone rider heading off into the desert and a band of fifteen camel-troopers started to pursue him.

It was two hours to the night and in the clear light of the full summer moon (it was in July, 1930) the enemies could tell by the tracks where the authors of these imprints (as the Arabs say) had passed. The pursuers harassed the fugitive all night, but they could not get within shooting distance. Throughout the following day this remarkable ride continued. Only five enemies were in the pursuit when the second night fell and the clear moon rose silently in front of them in the East.

The Katib pinned his hope on El-Safa, a well in Wadi Batn which he expected to reach in the morning. At dawn Aziz's scribe noticed that his pursuers had lost his track or had given up. He rested his animals for two hours and had his first meal since he had left Umm-Ruthumma. But there was nothing that he could give his animals, except force two handfuls of sour milk into the mouth of the horse. Afterward they continued. The Katib, still rode the dhalul (race-camel), saving the strength of the horse for any emergency—and reaching a promontory, the man realized that during the night he had missed his straight line for the well in Wadi Batn. But he had his bearings now and rode off to the southeast and came in sight of the waterhole he was looking for.

Coming closer he took the field glass which Aziz, his young master, had given him before he left the fatal wells of Umm-Ruthumma and started to search the neighborhood of the watering-place in the dry river bed. This is always advisable to do anyhow. Waterholes, rainpools and wells are the most precious and strategical possessions of the wandering Arabs—and the raiders know it and always take advantage of it.

The Katib's hand started to quiver—he had discovered the couching camels and the five figures of his pursuers in a ravine, not very far from the well of El-Safa. They had known all the time that the Katib was heading for this well in Wadi Batn and when they discovered during the previous night that he was riding off the short-cut to the waterhole, they decided to leave him alone and waylay him in the Wadi, as there was no other watering-place within reasonable distance—and that meant within seventy miles or so.

First the Katib planned to fight it out, but his enemies were in a very favorable position and he gave up this idea.

The enemies had not discovered him yet. He rested his animals again for almost two

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Cocktail Party, Masculine

Continued from page 85

there's any economizing to be done, let it be on food. Substitute peanut butter for *pâté de foie gras*, or cheese for caviar.

What drinks to serve? Well, it's a cocktail party, so you must provide at least one sort of cocktail. Where you happen to live will have a lot to do with the choice of drinks—as well as one's own special taste for some pet concoction.

But it's a pretty safe bet to offer two cocktails, one of which is a "standard"—in other words, a Martini, Manhattan or old-fashioned. Then, for your other choice, you can go in for something fancier.

Besides cocktails you must serve a long drink. It's noticeable that since repeal has educated our tastes in drinking, we do not consume so many cocktails. At least, not so early. We assume that if we are dining out we are going to get a cocktail before dinner, and probably wine and liqueur.

Therefore, more people take highballs or long gin drinks at cocktail parties than they ever did in the days when the big idea was "the kick's the thing."

Besides these libations, you should also provide a milder drink—or, as we Europeans say, an aperitif. A glass of sherry (and most people prefer the dry variety), Dubonnet, or (for those who have adopted the South American and Italian drink) plain vermouth. Aperitifs such as these will be welcomed by many men as well as the ladies. You might think of Madeira, too, as a change from sherry.

WHAT TO EAT

I have no idea of trying to compete with the countless food authorities who write columns daily on cocktail canapés. The subject has become so important that whole books have been published about it.

I'll just give a few random ideas—some things I remember at parties where there was a host instead of a hostess.

Unless you have a caterer or someone who is tireless at cutting sandwiches (which must be very small and paper thin), don't attempt sandwiches at all if they have to be evolved by your slave-of-all-work. Instead, use some of the many cocktail crackers (or "biscuits," if they're English—and the British turn out some honeys). You often see jars of this and that in the center of a large platter filled with a variety of such crackers. A handy knife permits each guest to "roll his own."

Those little crackers that are as shiny as if they had been shellacked and which contain Japanese seaweed, are a good bet (one brand I particularly remember is called Arare). That pop-corn with cheese on it is going great guns and it is always a popular, if not original, cocktail accompaniment (and not yet as dated as potato chips). Bowls of nuts are easy to place around on tables.

It seems to me that peanuts are really better in the long run than some of the flossier kinds—and in New York the best, I've discovered, come from Woolworth's.

If you want the ultimate in cocktail fare, you can't do better than to serve caviar. But don't attempt it unless you serve the best. The jar should be packed in a bowl of crushed ice and with it have the following: a plate full of very thin, dry (Melba) toast, stacks of butter, the grated yolk of hard boiled eggs, and, separately, the chopped whites of hard boiled eggs. Also, chopped onions and parsley. Remember that caviar, the last word for cocktail food, should be reserved for smallish parties, especially when the kind of caviar I have in mind is $8.00 or $9.00 a pound. From cocktails to hot dogs is quite a come-down, but you can't get away from it that those baby wieners and sausages, stuck on toothpicks, are just about as good, and easy, cocktail tidbits, as any.

Around New York many hosts—though this stunt isn't confined to men—are going Bernard Shaw and serving raw vegetables. Such an idea may not sound very appetizing, but actually a platter full of celery, radishes, shredded carrots, small knobs of cauliflower, tiny pickled tomatoes, and baby scallions, can be as decorative as a still life by Van Gogh. And raw vegetables are good for what ails you, i.e., alcohol.

VARIATIONS

To make your party different, you can resort to all sorts of ideas. I know of two bachelors living in apartments which are directly across the hall from each other. These men decided to throw a party together. So, they left their front doors wide open, tacked up signs showing where the ladies' and men's coat rooms were, and in which apartment the bar was. The party was given Sunday afternoon, so they decided to spring an innovation in the way of drinks. Only one thing was served and that was Black Velvet which, as you probably know, is a mixture of stout and champagne, fifty-fifty. It intrigued many because of its novelty. Right here let me suggest that if you try Black Velvet, experiment in using American champagne. It seems foolish to waste good vintage bubbles on a drink which, because of the heavy stout, drowns the bouquet of a delicious wine.

At this same party there was only one main attraction in the way of food. That, too, was a novelty—at least when served at a cocktail party. Great platters were passed on which were oysters on the half shell packed in mounds of cracked ice. Also, bowls of crackers, radishes and celery. Such a party could almost come under the designation of a supper. Certainly stout, champagne, oysters and celery contain enough vitamins and nourishment for a stevedore.

Other ideas which could be carried out are: A Swedish cocktail party at which you serve Swedish snacks with beer for chasers, and have a display of *smörgasbord* spread out as an impressive serve self *hors d'oeuvres*. Or you might turn South American by having cocktails made with pisco, a liquor widely used all down the West Coast and obtainable through the larger liquor distributers. With such cocktails serve, as they do in Peru, large bowls of roasted corn kernels, and some sort of hot, highly seasoned tamales.

In summer, you might produce planters' punches, mint juleps, fish-house punches, or a German bowle (white wine, a little champagne, a dash of liqueur, sliced fruit).

SUNDAY NOONS

There's another type of cocktail party that seems to be considered a bachelor's—or at least a man's—pet province. I mean those "come in for a cocktail before lunch on Sunday" parties. Being usually nothing more than eye-openers, the reason men are apt to be adept at this sort of an affair is because they have learned by bitter experience how best to counteract any havoc that may have been raised by Saturday night.

If you do pull a Sunday morning get-together—whether you call it a cocktail party, breakfast, or buffet—here are some tips: In giving your guests "a bit of the hair of the dog that bit them" try to make it as smooth as possible. In other words, most people can down a champagne cocktail, a mint julep, or eggnog with greater ease than something more harsh such as a highball or martini. Drinks containing egg, cream and sugar are smiled on—such concoctions as porto flips and Alexanders.

And—to again harp on Black Velvets—they are grand for morning pick-ups. Likewise, a "Builder-Upper," named for Jimmy Durante. This libation is merely a horse's neck (ginger ale with a lemon peel twirled in the glass), to which are added brandy and a dash of benedictine, to take the curse off.

If you do give a Sunday noon cocktail party, better be prepared to have some eggs in reserve. Many guests may arrive breakfastless and—well, you know the dangers of drinking on an empty stomach.

S. O. S.

For the man who is planning a cocktail party, there is a grand institution in New York called The Party Mart (510 Madison Avenue). Here a harried host can rest his head and all his worries will vanish. Just tell The Party Mart what kind of a shindig you intend throwing and they will attend to everything. I mean they will not only furnish invitations, but will address and mail them. They will provide bars, decorations, and refreshments. And it isn't merely Manhattan they serve.

The Party Mart claims there is not a state in the Union where their first aid to hosts has not been administered. They often deliver original cocktail foods, packed all ready to serve except to be heated, to the Pacific Coast. They have even shipped ice cream to Florida!

Here's a sample of the kind of thing this organization does for you. If your party is to be given in honor of someone, send on a photograph of the person (or persons) and they will make a sketch—or possibly a caricature—which can be hung up back of the bar or used on invitations. But if you ever call on The Party Mart for help you should be as explicit as possible when writing them in order to let these master minds have a complete picture of your "problem."

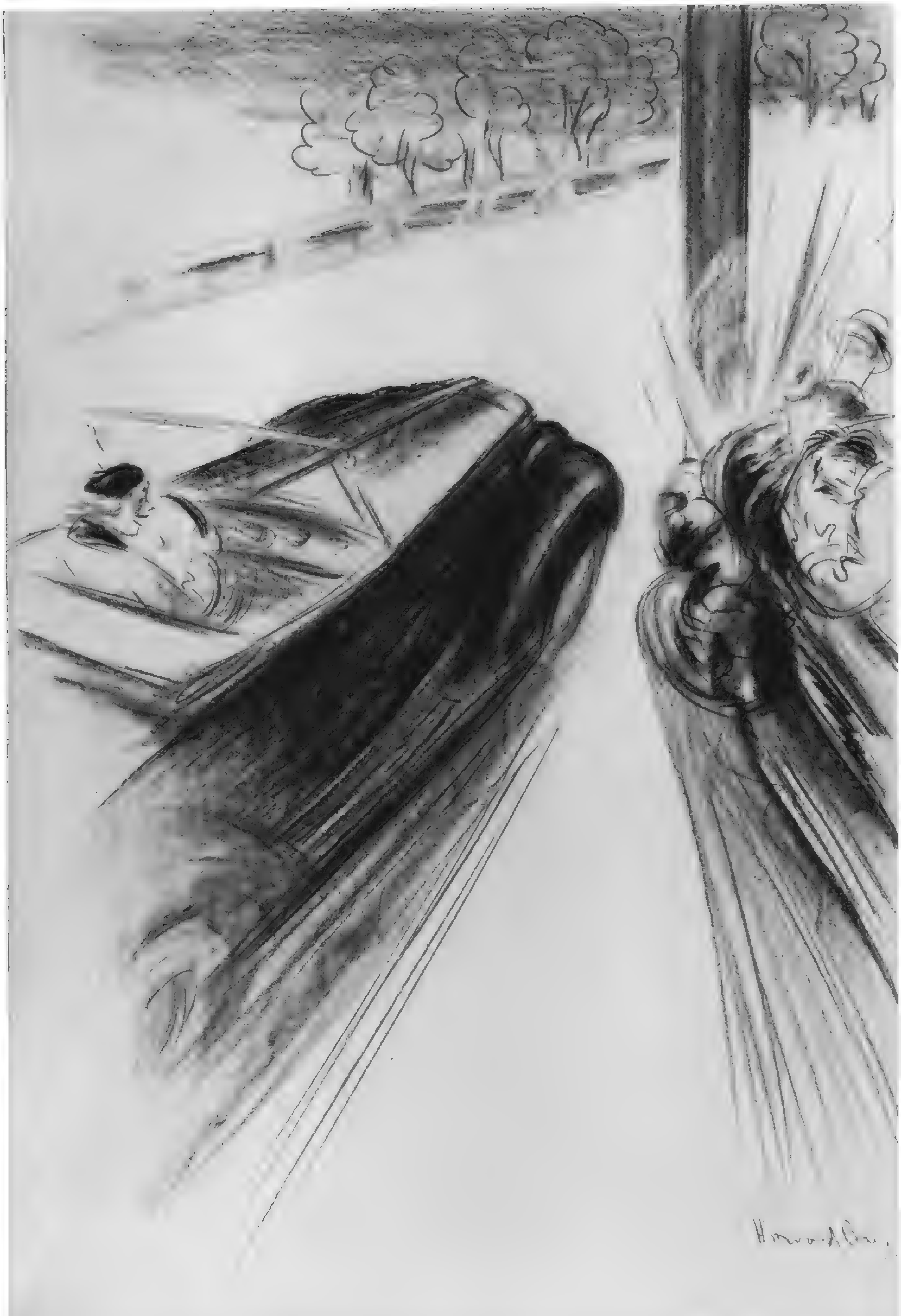
Give an idea of the type of guests you expect (whether broadminded, dignified, whether mixed company or stag), how many people, how much you are willing to spend, and a rough idea of where the party is to be held. Tell them such things as that. Then you can relax with the thought your party is going to be original—and not much trouble.

P. S.

Perhaps a host's biggest headache is how to get rid of his guests. They have a way of staying on and on—especially if a cocktail party is given by a bachelor, a creature whom people never consider as being fettered by regular hours such as bind a benedict. If you are an ideal host, I suppose the thing to do is to urge your lingering guests to stay for a pick-up supper. Personally, no such hospitable blood flows in my veins.

Comes 7:30 and I find my apartment still cluttered up with guests loath to leave, that means my zero hour. I am sick of half filled glasses and stale cigarette smoke.

The wise-cracks being bandied about don't sound so side-splitting any more. So, having first seen to it that there is an adequate liquid supply on hand, I then announce that I have an 8 o'clock dinner date—and I go out into the night. Not very cordial, I'll grant you—but often the only tactics to adopt unless you are willing to have your cocktail party prolong itself into a midnight supper, or perhaps even a breakfast. ⧺



"Thank you!"

Pierre, He Forget

The hurricane blew away their camp but *le bon Dieu* sent more money than Pape could count

by HEWITT L. BALLOWE

• FICTION

PIERRE and Lilite, and Hilaire, their almost grown son, lived on Grand Bayou. They lived in a palmetto camp in a clump of scrub oaks. They were trappers; but the marsh near them was pretty well cleaned of fur. The good trapping ground was owned by companies. These had their managers, rough-talking men, who bossed the land. One had to go to them and bargain for a piece, agree to pay a certain percentage of the catch, and agree to let the manager grade the fur and fix the price.

The managers were not impressed with Pierre and Hilaire. Pierre did not like the manner of the managers. So they never made a bargain.

They were happy, these children of the marsh. Their wants were few. They wore bleached flour sacks next to their skin. Lilite went about in cottonnade trousers and jumper like the men. None of them had ever had shoes on.

Just when their humble fortune was at lowest ebb *le bon Dieu* smiled on them. He chose an awful time to show His favor.

A great equinoctial hurricane swept over the marsh, the furious wind driving the water of the Gulf before it. Their flimsy camp blew from over their heads and floated away. They fled to the scrub oaks and shared the trees with the animals that had sought refuge there. They spent a night of terror clinging to the frantically swaying branches. Volleys of rain raked them like shot. Waves leaped at their refuge and tried to pull them down. Wind that moved through the air like a solid thing battered them; but they clung, and, when a great peal of thunder announced that the war of the elements was over, they wedged themselves between branch and trunk and slept.

When the water receded they crept down and stood on the bank watching the swollen tide of the bayou racing to the gulf. The stream was covered from bank to bank with *rapports*, great masses of marsh grass. Embedded in this was the debris of half a hundred houses, carcasses of animals, logs, all racing by in protean procession.

A jug bobbed along the shore. Hilaire seized it, removed the cork and raised the jug to his lips.

"Water. Good fresh water." He passed it to his mother.

"*Comme le bon Dieu est bon,*" said Pierre. "He know we was t'irsty, an' he san' de water to us."

Refreshed they began to salvage things that they needed. They drew lumber ashore, pieces of furniture, trunks. Hilaire was for breaking these open.

"*Non, mon fils,* we got to wait. The ones what they belong to might come for them."

There were corpses, of women and children, many of them. They reverently laid these on the bank and covered them with cool, damp grass.

People from out at the River came out and identified some of the bodies but they took all with them. A few claimed trunks but many were left.

Pierre and Hilaire worked until the water ran clear. They surveyed their treasure. There was nothing missing—pirogues to replace their own, kitchen safes with food in them, armoires with the fragile door miraculously unbroken and full of bedding and clothes, everything that they needed. Pierre and Hilaire, smokers, had dry matches that they kept in yeast powder boxes. They had a fire and ate food of a quality that they had never tasted before. They spread wet bedding, raised mosquito bars, and slept. Before retiring they knelt and thanked *le bon Dieu* for his kindness, not forgetting to pray for the repose of the souls of the unfortunates who had lost their lives in the storm.

For days and days they worked like beavers. Hilaire had to go to the River for fresh water. Pierre and Lilite broke open the trunks, not to see what was in them but to dry the contents. There were good clothes, papers, money, and a few pieces of jewelry. They put every article back, each in the trunk that it came from. Hilaire brought a hatchet and nails and they built a shed to shelter them from bad weather.

A few more people came to claim things, grief-stricken men who took only what belonged to them. There was considerable money left, almost a hundred dollars, a gold chain, rings, pins, but what pleased Lilite most was what looked like a trousseau. That particular trunk that no one had claimed was full of unused clothes. There were be-ruffled undergarments trimmed with lace, silk stockings, silk garments of green and pink and blue. Pierre and Hilaire held them to the light and wondered at them. Instinctively Lilite snatched them and put them away.

Strange men in fine boats began to pass up and down the bayou. Pierre and Hilaire stared at them. Lilite retreated behind the camp and peeped shyly. Then came a terrific explosion that sent them on their faces in terror. Later in the day there was another, and then many more. They put a ladder against the camp and climbed to the roof and looked at the black columns that leaped from the marsh to the sky.

Hilaire was not long in finding out what all of this meant. He came back and told his father and mother. The men were locating oil.

The day came when these finished their work and did not pass in the bayou any more. They had gone, Hilaire said, to some far place to hunt for more oil. A few mornings after they left *le bon Dieu* sent the *pac-pac.*

They were sitting on the bench in front of the camp when it drifted down the bayou. Far off they saw it coming. They thought that it was a skiff that had broken from its wharf. As it neared they saw the motor in it. Hilaire didn't have to jump in his pirogue to get it. Its bow touched the bank and he just had to reach and grab the painter.

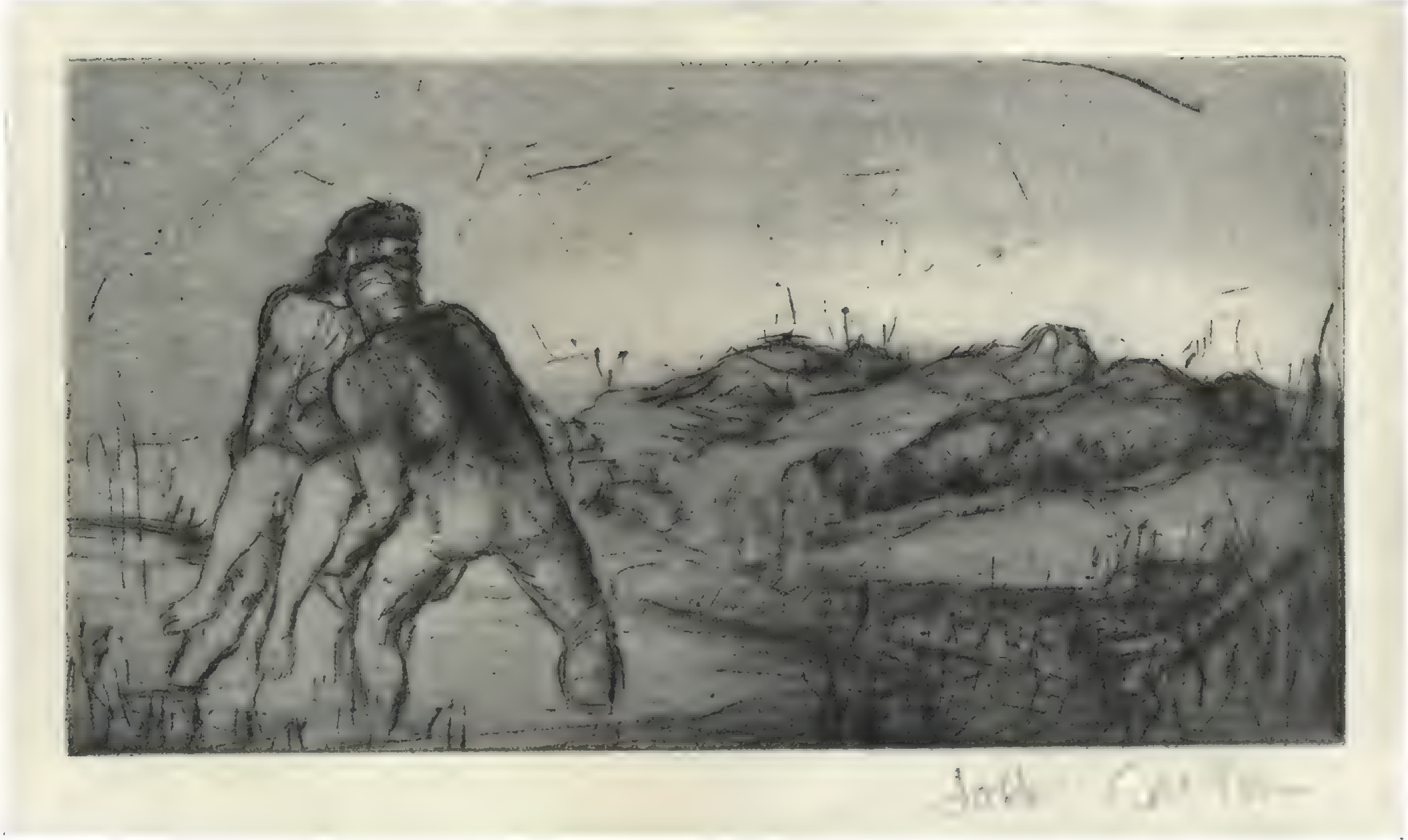
Of course it belonged to somebody and he would come for it. They went aboard and Hilaire looked over it as if he had owned one all his life. He knew just where the cap of the fuel tank was and he looked in and saw that it was full. He knew where the valve on the feed pipe was and he saw that it was open. He rocked the flywheel to make the cylinder suck oil from the carburetor. He threw on the switch, flipped over the wheel, and the motor started. He pulled a lever on the clutch. The boat moved. He turned the steering wheel and the *pac-pac* minded him just like a child would its father.

Pierre and Lilite couldn't realize it. Lilite sat in the ecstasy of her first motor ride. Pierre stared at Hilaire and marvelled at his smartness. Hilaire was pleased with himself. At the head of M'sieu George's canal, where the fishermen brought their baskets of crabs for the truck to take them to the market in town, he saw men handle their motors and he had watched, dreaming of the day when he would own one.

No one came to claim the *pac-pac,* and then they knew that *le bon Dieu* had sent it just as He had sent the material for the camp and the things to put inside of it. It started them on the road to prosperity. They took the pirogues in tow and went to far places up the bayou where there were good places to trap and no managers to talk to people like they were dogs, to take part of their catch, and to rob them on the rest.

One day they heard a whistle in the bay back of the camp and saw a smoke plume mounting in the sky. A little tug was towing two barges piled high with machinery and swarming with men.

That was the beginning. A well was drilled and oil found. More. Sulphur was discovered in apparently inexhaustible quantities. A company worth millions was going to mine the sulphur. They would build a town on the River and dig a wide, deep canal fifteen miles back to the mine. They would lay great pipes along the canal. Back at the mine a town would rise out of the marsh with high buildings, and there would be huge engines and machinery, and everything would be lighted up with electric lights like



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

in the city. Hilaire found out all of that by listening when he went there to sell crabs and fish. He didn't sell any. The men laughed at him. One boss told him that he was carrying coals to Newcastle but he never understood what he meant.

"Say, podner," said one red-faced man, "why don't you open a beer joint? There will be five hundred thirsty men working here, and on the canal, and on the pipe lines, and putting up the fuel tanks—all working for contractors, and the company won't have a damned word to say. You spend a nickel for a bottle of good beer, a nickel for ice and overhead. You sell for fifteen cents. You make a nickel profit and get rich. God is giving you this chance. You are a damned fool if you don't take it."

Pierre and Lilite listened open-mouthed as Hilaire told them.

"De man say *le bon Dieu* want us to do dat? Mais how we will make out? We are not educate in monnai, us. We do not know to make change."

Hilaire went to the head of the canal and waited for M'sieu George to come out of his house.

"M'sieu George, Pape an' me want to open a beer joint on da bayou, mais I am not educate in monnai an' I'm don' know to make change. You will show me, hein?"

Hilaire learned to know a ten dollar bill, a five, a two, and a one. He already knew nickels and dimes, quarters and halves. M'sieu George taught him to use his fingers as a Chinaman uses the balls of an abacus, and he made wonderful progress.

Hilaire did not have the same success when he tried to teach his father. Pierre could not learn to make change.

"Mais, Pape, how you did when you sell you' skin?"

"De man what buy don' steal me. Two or t'ree time I take de monnai to M'sieu George. He count it. It was all right, so I don' go no more."

Pierre just had to learn to make change for a dollar and Hilaire showed him how. He made rouleaux of twenty nickels, wrapping them in paper; also of ten and five.

"Now Pape, one bottle, t'ree nickel. A man take a bottle an' give you a dollar bill. Bien. You open de pile of nickel. You take you' t'ree, you give him de rest. He t'row you fo' bits. You open from de middle pile. Two bits, de little pile."

Hilaire bought imaginary beer and Pierre made change until he was perfect.

Taking the *pac-pac* he went to the head of M'sieu George's canal and waited for M'sieu Clem Ballay to pass on the road on the way to the Courthouse at Pointe-à-la-Hache. M'sieu Ballay was the friend of the poor people. He gave them advice and attended to their business as far as he could.

"M'sieu Clem Ballay, Pape an' me wan' to open a beer joint on de Bayou. W'at we got to do!"

"Get licenses, three of them, Internal Revenue, State, and Parish. I will get them for six months so that you can see if it is worth while."

"*Merci bien.* How much?"

Hilaire did not try to show off how he could make change. He passed his money for M'sieu Ballay to help himself.

There was much more to be done. He had to speak to the man in the beer truck, and to the one who sold ice from the factory. At the camp, too, there was a lot of work. A counter had to be built in the front room, a box to ice the beer in, and one to keep the surplus ice, also a place for the unused cases.

A dredge made the first cut from the River to the mine. Another was in sight. Boats passed in and out loaded with workmen. Hilaire went out to tell the red-faced man that the beer joint was ready.

"Are you going to have an opening day and give free suds?"

"*Ah, non, m'sieu.* That will eat all our *bénéfice.*"

People crowded to the camp. Pierre went to pieces on making change, but he could remove caps from the bottles fast. Lilite peered from the back room her heart bursting with pride.

"Gimme a glass," demanded a customer. Hilaire's hands dropped.

"A glass? I don' think to buy glass."

"Ah, gwan. What the hell do you want with a glass? The beer is the best, and cold, ain't it? Some guys are never satisfied. If you got to have a glass, bring one with you."

There was general assent to this. Hilaire was relieved.

When the men left Lilite crept into the room. She crowded between Pierre and Hilaire and stared at the pile of bills between them.

"You make good, hein?" she whispered.

They drank a bottle of beer apiece. In sheer joy they ate supper. The money lay between Pierre and Lilite, and the guns of both men were loaded with buckshot. Next morning they were up early waiting for the day to break so that they could see to work. Lilite had her broom, her scrubbing brush, bucket and bar of yellow soap. Hilaire chose a hiding place for the money so that Pierre could guard it while he hurried to the River in the *pac-pac.* He had to bring the empty cases, order more beer and ice.

From the start they prospered. One room of the camp was too small. They took out the partition. Pierre and Lilite put their bed in the storeroom. Hilaire occupied the skinning shed. The pile of bills grew steadily higher. The care of these worried them until M'sieu George suggested that they buy a safe. A man who had kept a small store on the River and had gone bankrupt had one

Continued in center of page 168

Lie Down and Die

Continued from page 88

had two standards already: first, the universal notion that it is a good thing to make a lot of money and second, that even if we do not succeed, it's the pleasure in the struggle that counts. The nerve-specialists and psycho-analysts have taken care of the victims of those two delusions. The third phase should persuade us that whatever men desire turns to ashes in their mouths and that they had better not try to get anything because they won't like it when they get it. With considerable research we could find a bank president who didn't enjoy his job, a baseball pitcher who was sour on the game, and a screen siren who hated Hollywood. These three, representing the three major lines of American activity, should be widely quoted, in effective advertisements, assuring the American people that nothing is so pleasant as a half-hearted effort leading to a thumping failure.

What we want is a touch of Oriental calm, a bit of sour philosophy, and a shot of pessimism. We want to slacken off and lower the speed. Anyone with half an eye can see that the prize money isn't what it was ten years ago; why should we redouble our efforts when the rewards have been cut in half. Moreover, the idea of individual success runs against the collective spirit of the age. What will Moscow say if we try to over-reach one another? What will Townsend say? What will anyone say? And what will we get if we succeed? Two more bread cards or an extra ticket to the circus?

You have probably observed some of Mrs. Brande's disciples already—people you could depend on, in the old days, to flop in a chair, sip a drink, and be agreeable human beings. Their eyes are now stern-set, they've lost the twinkling double chin which was a charm, they haven't much time, and they are, in their own language, going places. The banner they carry still has that strange device, Excelsior, but fortunately they have joined no army to march with them. Their hand is against every man and as miracle after miracle happens, sending the publishers into greater and greater ecstasies, the world becomes grimmer and grimmer. It's an awful mistake and while I am glad Mrs. Brande is in the money, I am sorry we didn't get together and talk it all over before she published. I couldn't have shown her a better way to success; but I might—I just barely might—have persuaded her that success is an illusion.

If she wouldn't believe me, she might at least believe Pascal who often said that "all the troubles of man come from his not knowing how to sit still." Or lie down. #

"The Morning Star"

Continued from page 117

hours and rode off in a half-circle to the west and back to the south and east again, because his enemies expected him from the north and he trusted to escape them by this detour.

His plan would have worked out undoubtedly, but he ran directly into a strong raiding party of Ibn Sa'ud's Governor, some two hundred men or more. It happened as he entered the wide depression of Wadi Batn, above (west) of the waterhole.

The enemies were only half a mile off when they sighted him and very soon opened fire upon him. His racing-camel fell under him. But he managed to jump on the back of his mare and ride off, leaving the camel-riders way behind him. Their camels must not have been in good condition, as dhaluls are usually able to pick up on a horse after fifteen or twenty miles and gradually overtake the horse in a few hours by their greater stride and endurance.

Now the almost unbelievable incident happened:

Over two hundred camel-riders pursued one solitary rider on horseback, who had spent already two nights and one day in the saddle—and kept going the second day and the third night—and always in hearing or at least visible distance.

During the third day three camel-riders kept on gaining on him.

Undoubtedly they were of the five men who had originally started out to pursue him. They had joined the two hundred riders, but their camels had rested a while and what was more important they had found water and could now easily stand several days hard riding.

They were gaining so fast now, that the Katib had to surrender or make a last stand. He looked for a favorable location and a few miles further on reached a piece of elevated ground. He jumped from his mare and led her to cover.

Returning to the edge of the plateau, he was shot at as he tried to crawl into position and was wounded in the left elbow and neck, but not seriously, though he rolled over from the shock of the bullet into the arm and the three camel-riders, thinking him to be dead, jumped off their animals and rushed towards him.

The rifle which the Katib had carried in his left hand had dropped to the ground and was lying in front of him. He had been dazed, but regained his senses quickly and suddenly realizing his situation, seized his rifle and without getting up and almost without any movement of his body, was able to shoot four times from the ground, still lying on his back.

Two men fell at once, the third started to shoot at the prostrate figure of the Katib, but with the fifth shot fired from the man on his back, the life of the third camel man was blown out.

The left arm of the Katib was completely numb. He tied it up across his neck and head to stop the flow of blood and he had hardly strength left to search the bodies of his enemies. There was nothing of any value that he would have cared to add to the weight of his mare. He even left his rifle behind.

After mounting his mare again he tried to ride over to the three camels, but they moved away. They had not been tied with one of their forelegs bent in the knee, as the Bedouins usually do when leaving a camel alone, as the riders had been rather in a hurry.

The Katib had to give it up, though one of the camels would have been a godsend to him to ride and a relief for his mare to spare her his weight.

The poor Katib must have been a curious sight with his left arm over his neck close to his right shoulder, riding the poor, emaciated mare. If the camel riders had come now they would have finished him and his horse easily, but they did not come. They had trusted to the three freshly watered mounts and their riders to succeed in bringing down the straggling pair.

Only one thing was now left for the Katib to do—go on towards his home camp which he hoped to reach in the late afternoon or evening.

But there was no camp—not even a herdsman with a camel flock indicating the vicinity of a migrating clan of his tribe.

As the sun set he knew that his tribe was far to the south. The Katib could not take a chance on finding them during the night—and the morning would be too late. The miracle had happened—his mare had carried him seventy-two hours without water and food—even a camel could not have done much better. Four days and a half without fresh pasture, food and water is the most even the very best camel could stand. For a horse to go more than two nights and days without water was never heard of in the desert. And this was in the midst of the summer.

But the brave mare did it.

She walked throughout all of the fourth night—plodding along untiringly, as if she knew that she had to reach Kuwait on the Persian Gulf.

Kuwait was the only place that could save the Katib and his horse. The Sheykh of the Kuwait was friendly with the Muteyr tribe and there was water—the first water unless he had known where his tribe was pasturing.

The dawn of the fourth day reddened the eastern sky and the outline of the solid walls of Kuwait were traced into the horizon—the morning star paled away.

The Katib dismounted.

He could not bend down, but he prostrated himself on the ground at full length, his injured arm like a dead limb around his neck and he cried:

"Ashhadu Anla Ilah Il Allah, Ashhadu Anna Muhammadan Rasul Allah—I testify that there is no other God but Allah, and I testify that Muhammad has been sent by God."

And he recited the prayers of the morning and when he had finished he laid his hand upon the mare and he kissed her nostrils, her eyes, her forehead and her four hoofs, as if she were his beloved woman and he said:

"Anjeyma—thou Morning Star—this be thy name by the grace of God."

He did not mount her again, but led her the few miles to Kuwait. The guard at one of the gates took him to the garden of the British Political Resident, Colonel Dickson.

While they waited on the gravel path, the legs gave way under Anjeyma and the brave little mare broke down.

The "Bright Morning Star" hovered between life and death for fully nine months. A gallant fight—as courageous in spirit as her ride from Umm Ruthumma to Kuwait, two hundred and thirty miles in three days and four nights; that is, in eighty-five hours in the midst of the summer heat of the desert without a drop of water or a morsel of food, except two handfuls of sour milk.

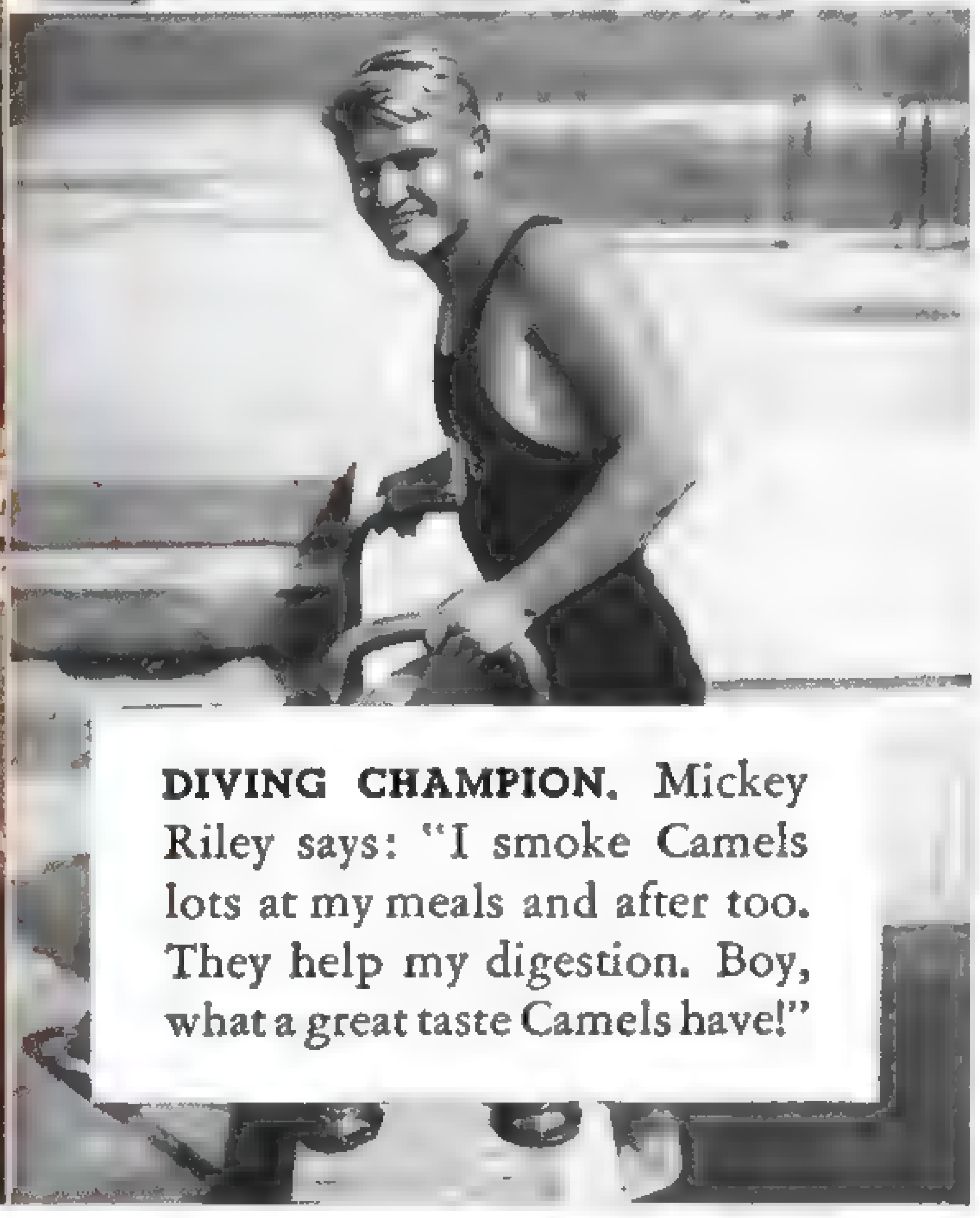
For nine months the little bay mare was too weak to stand on her feet. She became a shadow of her former self, but the Colonel and his wife and his three children patiently nursed her back to health and strength. By the end of April of the following year, Anjeyma was strong enough to make her first attempts to raise herself on her feet. And by massaging and liniments, she finally walked and in the fall, five months later, Ibn Sa'ud, the King of Arabia, who had heard of this remarkable feat of stamina and endurance, asked the Katib to bring Anjeyma to Riyadh, the Capital of the King.

There Anjeyma was restored to Feisal Ibn Dauish, the father of the brave, but unlucky young Aziz, who had revolted single-handed and without the permission of his father, against the Governor of the King of Arabia.

Long live the King and the "Morning Star" of Feisal Ibn Dauish! #

THE VIENNESE ROOF ATOP THE FAMOUS ST. REGIS HOTEL IN NEW YORK duplicates the resplendent ballroom of the Imperial Summer Palace in Schönbrunn, Austria. Here at the St. Regis, as at other fine dining places from coast to coast, Camels are the preferred cigarette. "Our patrons understand the art of dining well," says Lawrence, deft *maître d'hôtel* of The Viennese Roof. "You can see Camels on nearly every table. They are the most popular cigarette here."

MRS. NICHOLAS PENNIMAN, III, charming Baltimore hostess, says: "When entertaining, I have Camels. Camels taste so good! And help digestion."



DIVING CHAMPION. Mickey Riley says: "I smoke Camels lots at my meals and after too. They help my digestion. Boy, what a great taste Camels have!"

Each Camel at mealtime adds cheer... stimulates digestion... increases alkalinity. So—

"For Digestion's Sake ... Smoke Camels"

As every Camel smoker knows, Camels at mealtime help to create a cheery sense of well-being. Camels assist the normal process of digestion. They increase the flow of digestive fluids...alkaline digestive fluids...in a pleasant way.

Like Lee Gehlbach, Mickey Riley, Frank Buck, Bill Tilden, Tony Manero, Willie Hoppe, and millions of other discriminating smokers, you too will find that Camels help to ease the tension of modern life. With their "lift"... their aid to digestion...and their mild, rich flavor, Camels do indeed *set you right!*

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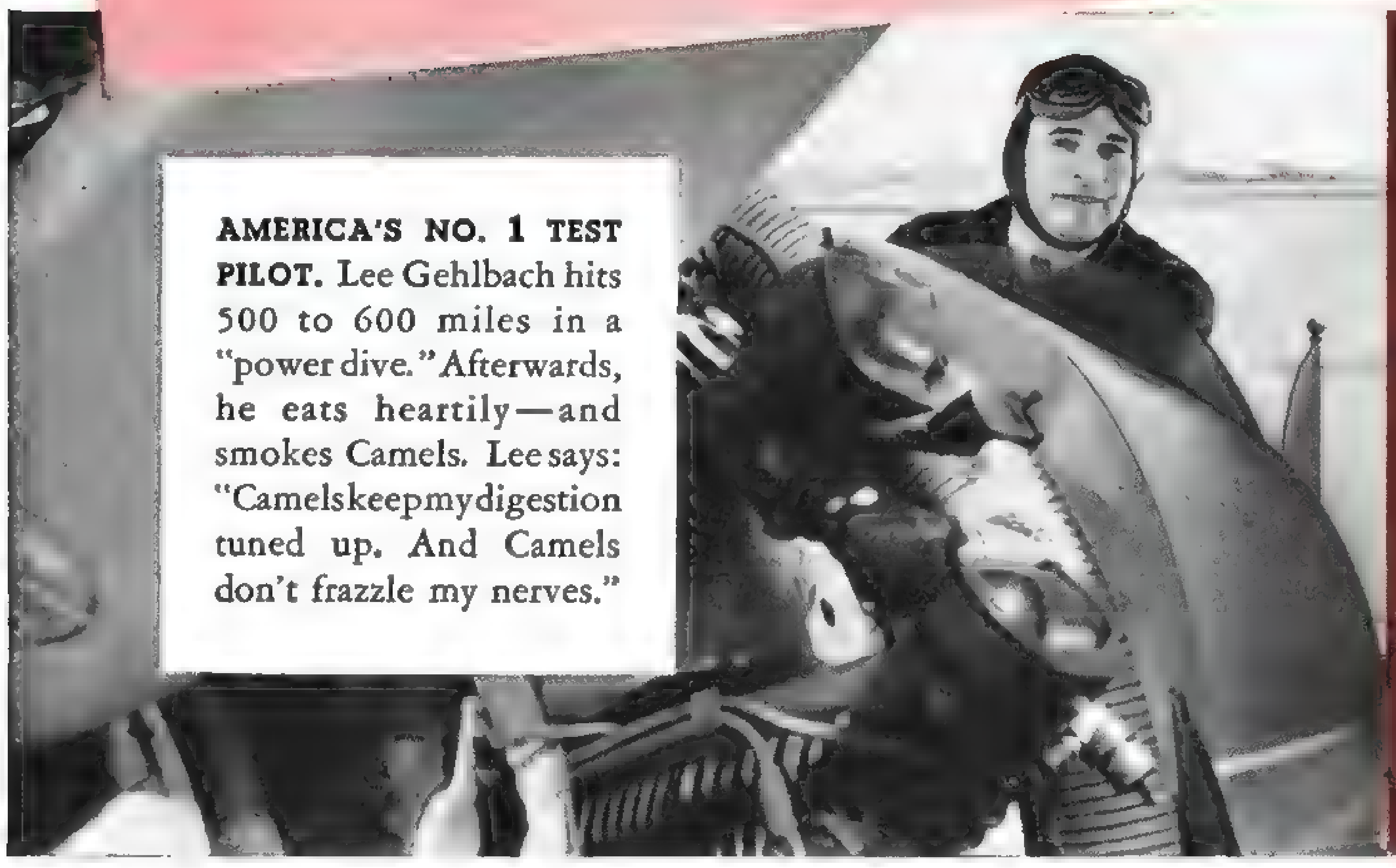


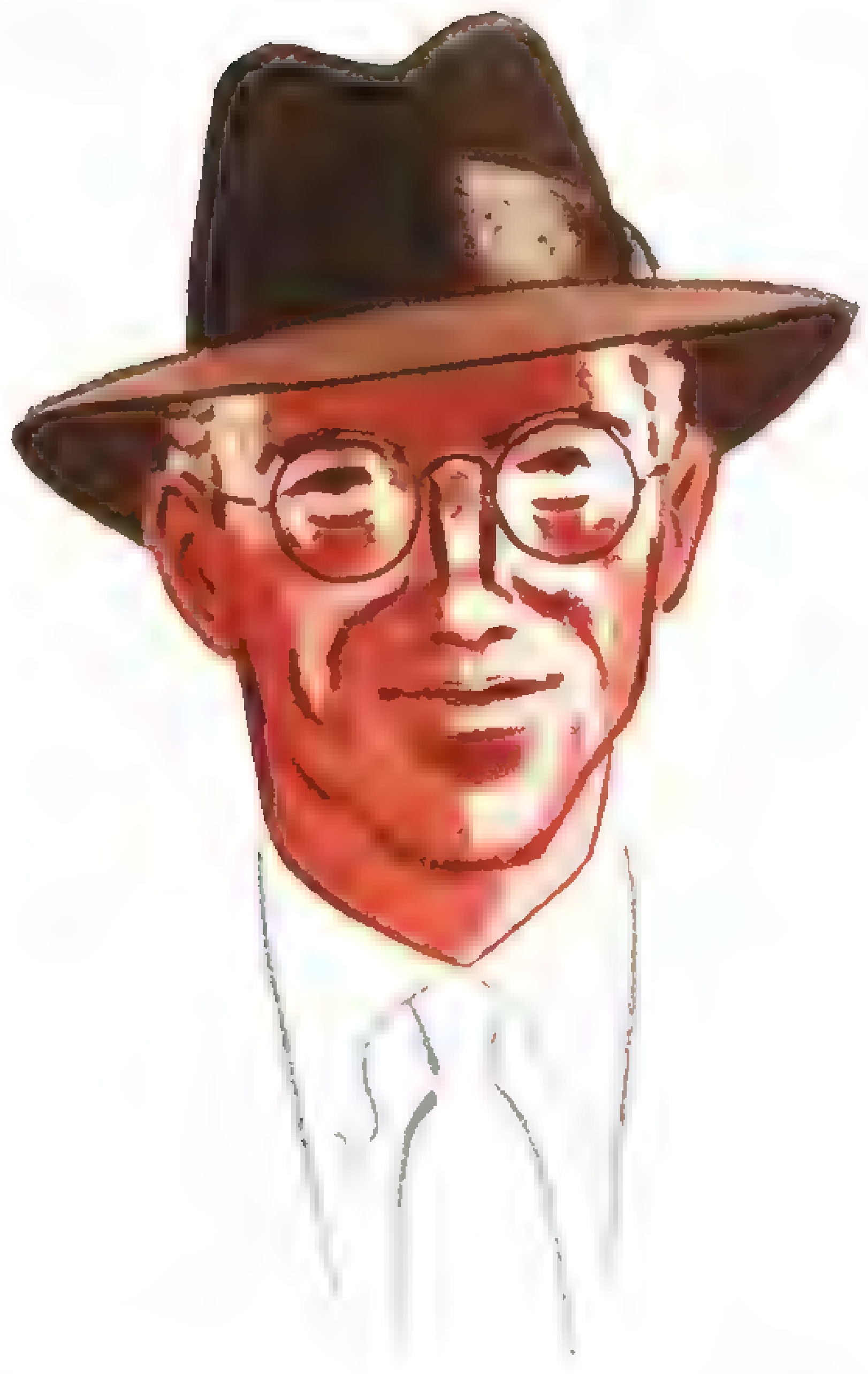
AMERICA'S NO. 1 TEST PILOT. Lee Gehlbach hits 500 to 600 miles in a "power dive." Afterwards, he eats heartily—and smokes Camels. Lee says: "Camels keep my digestion tuned up. And Camels don't frazzle my nerves."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

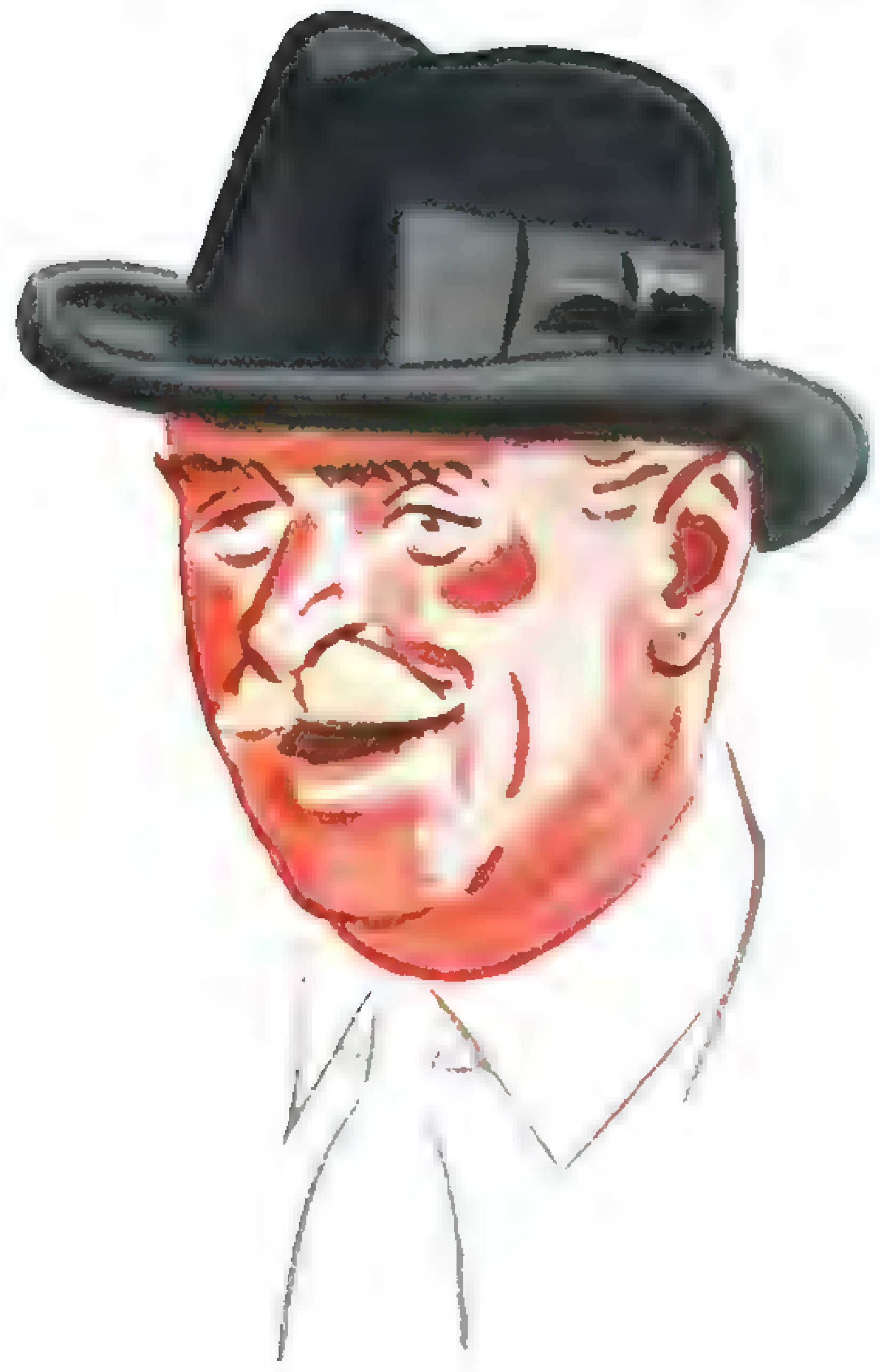
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

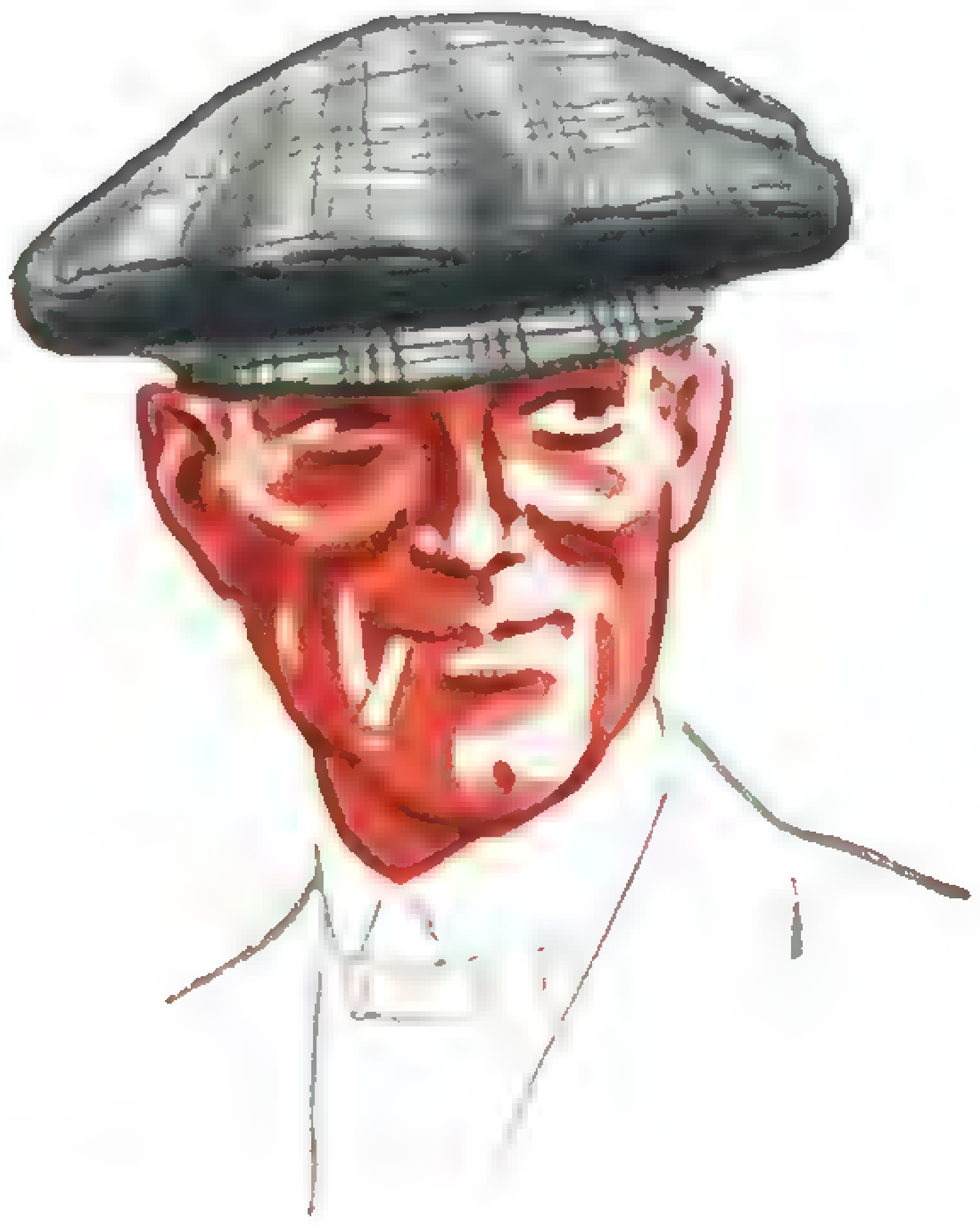
A Complete Hat Wardrobe for Fall and Winter



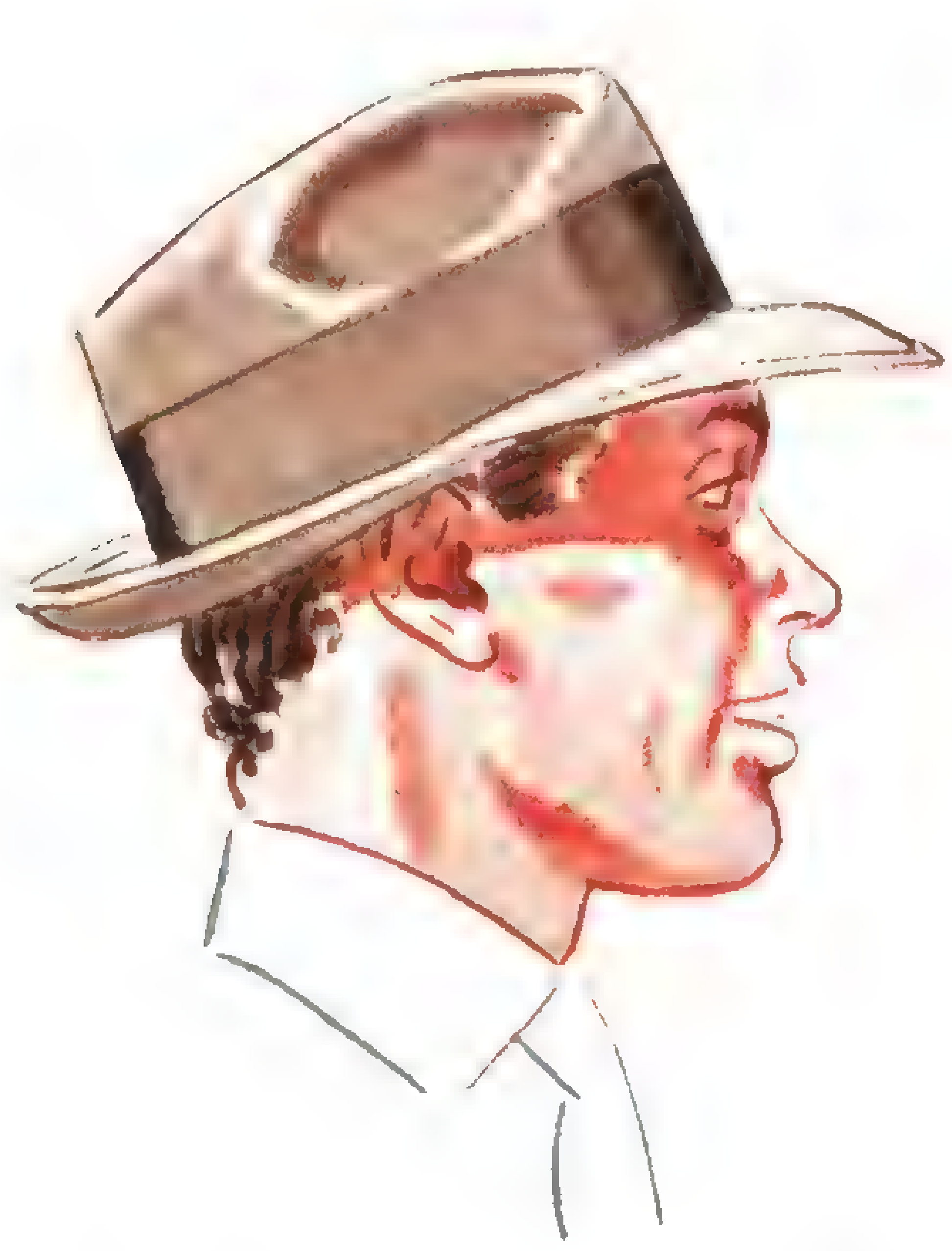
The English type snap brim hat suited to men with long, lean faces and correctly worn for early fall in town and week-end wear.



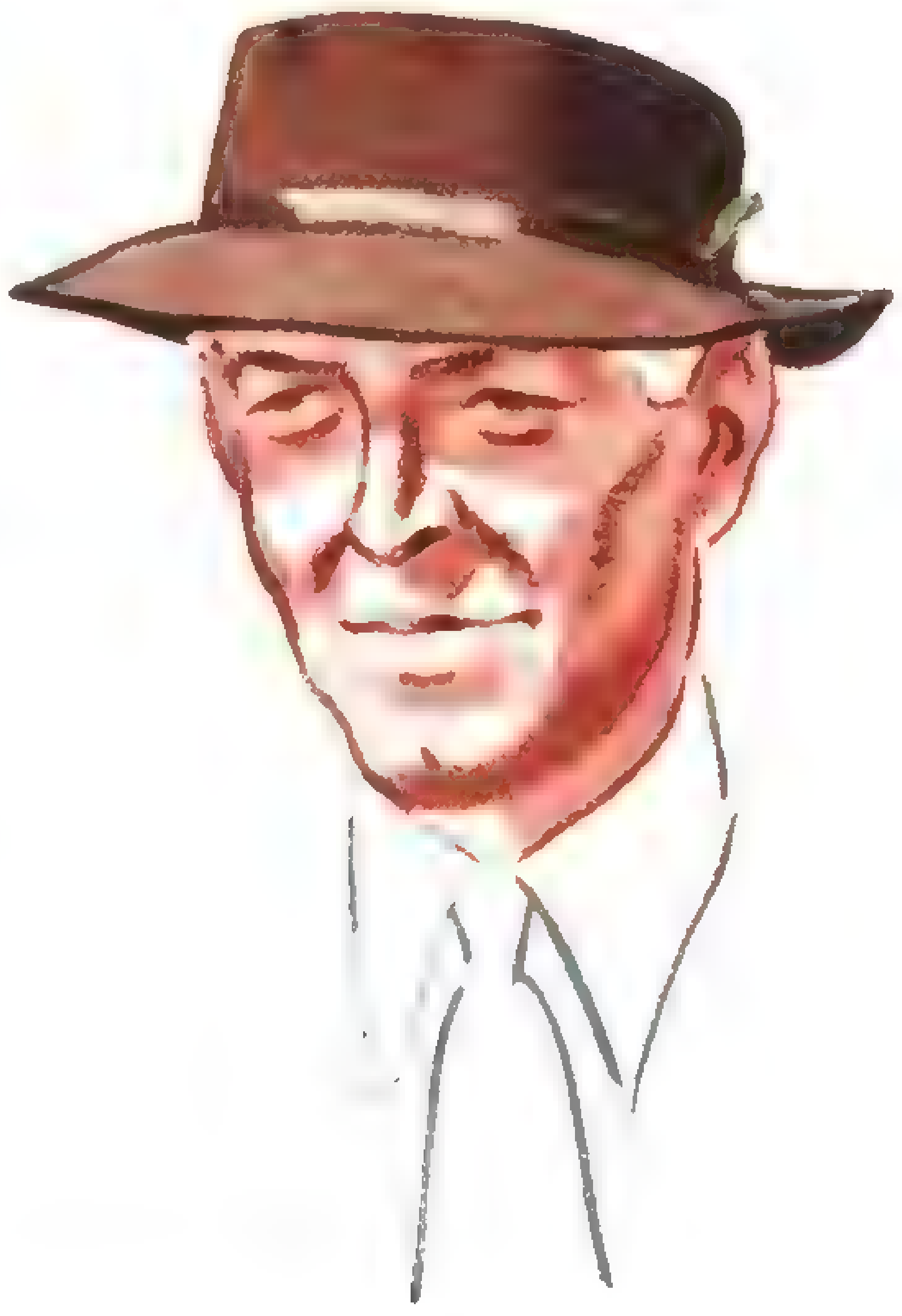
The midnight blue Homburg suitable for men of all ages but for an oval face the crown should not be too high and should have a definite taper and a brim fairly wide with a well-defined roll, for town wear.



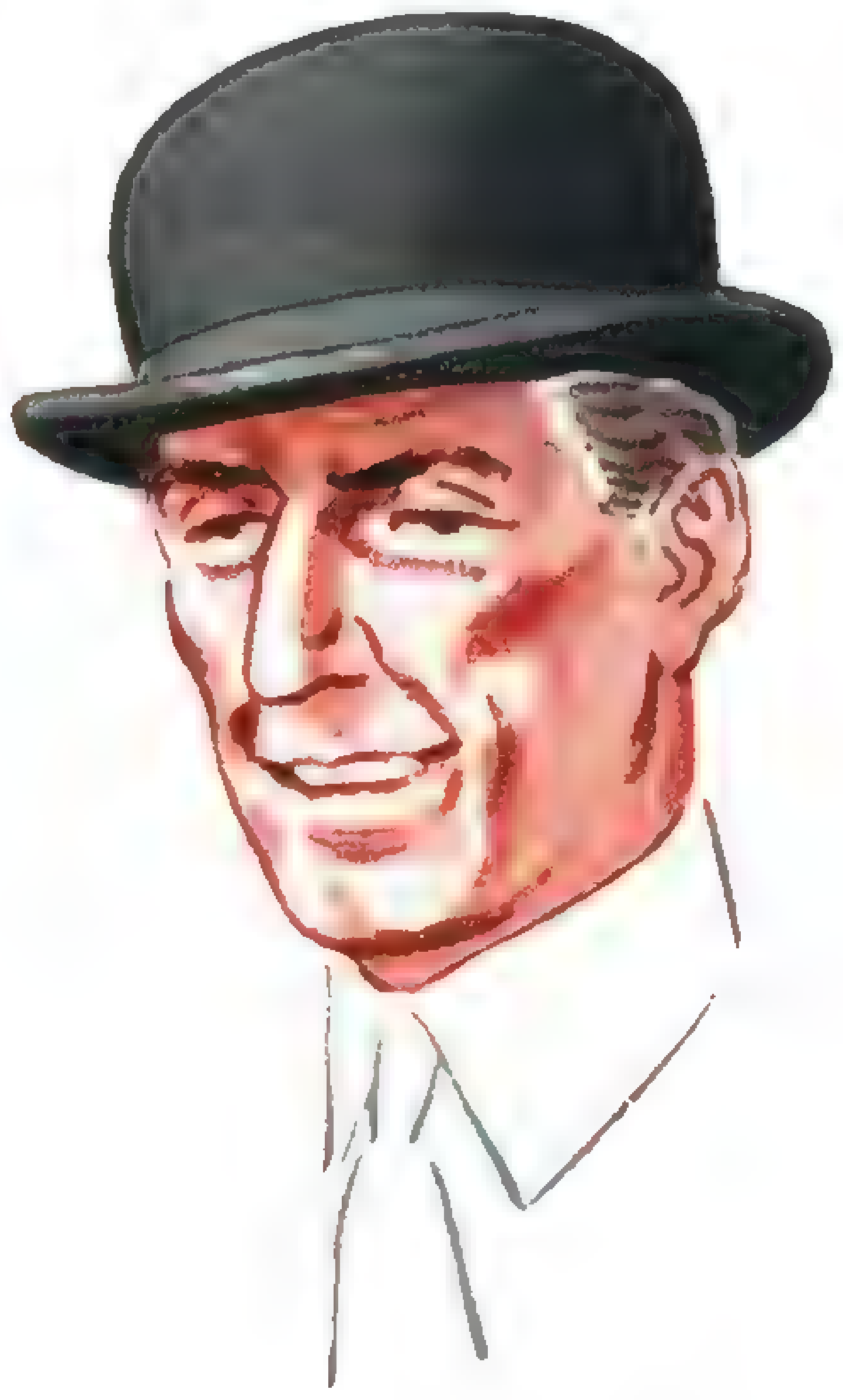
The correct cap with one-piece top suitable to most men for very informal country usage, golf and other active sports wear.



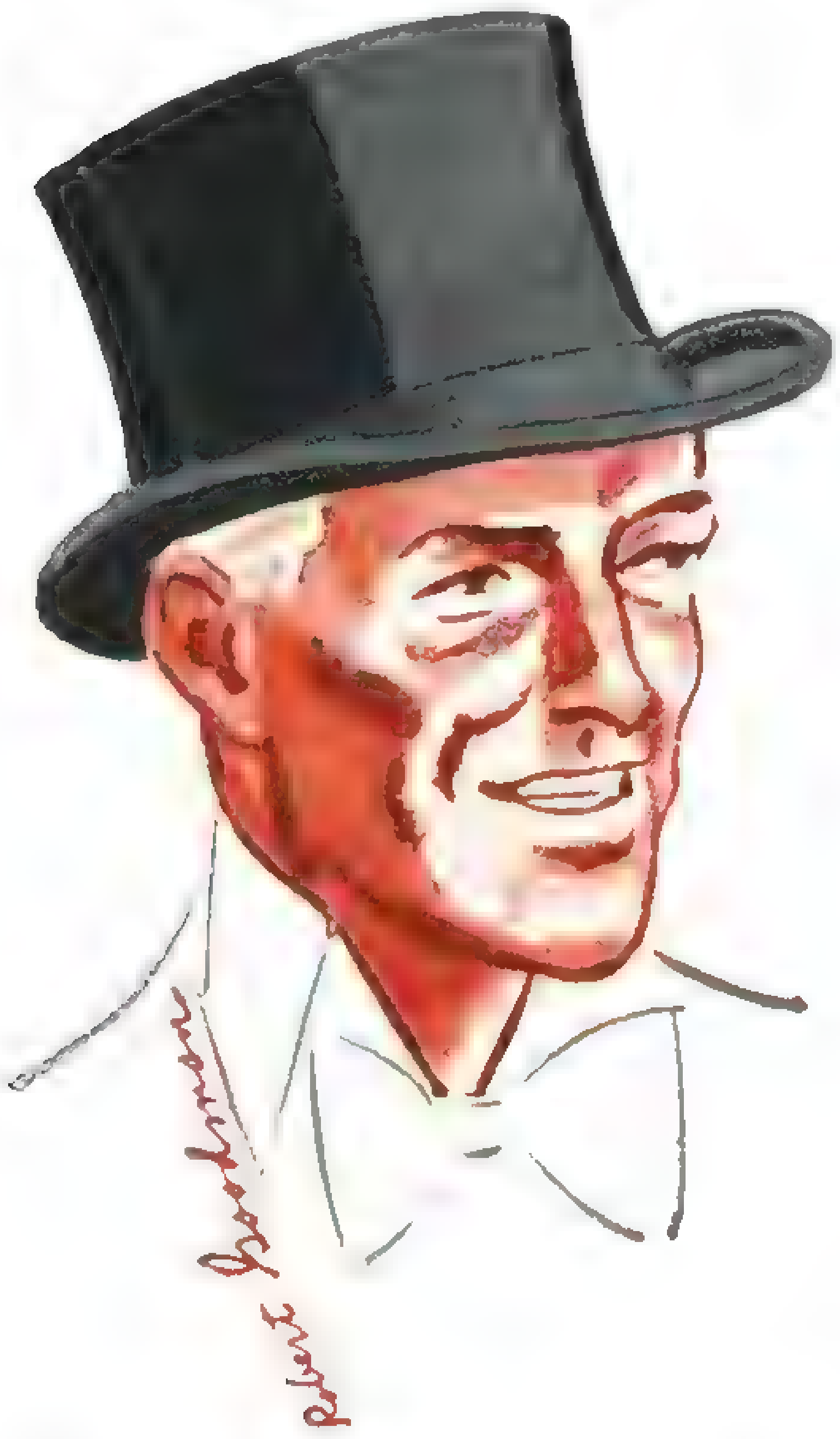
The modern college type snap brim hat with lower crown and wide brim with stitched welt edge suitable for most young men and most worn at the universities.



The brown porkpie hat meant only for country wear and for men who have small faces.

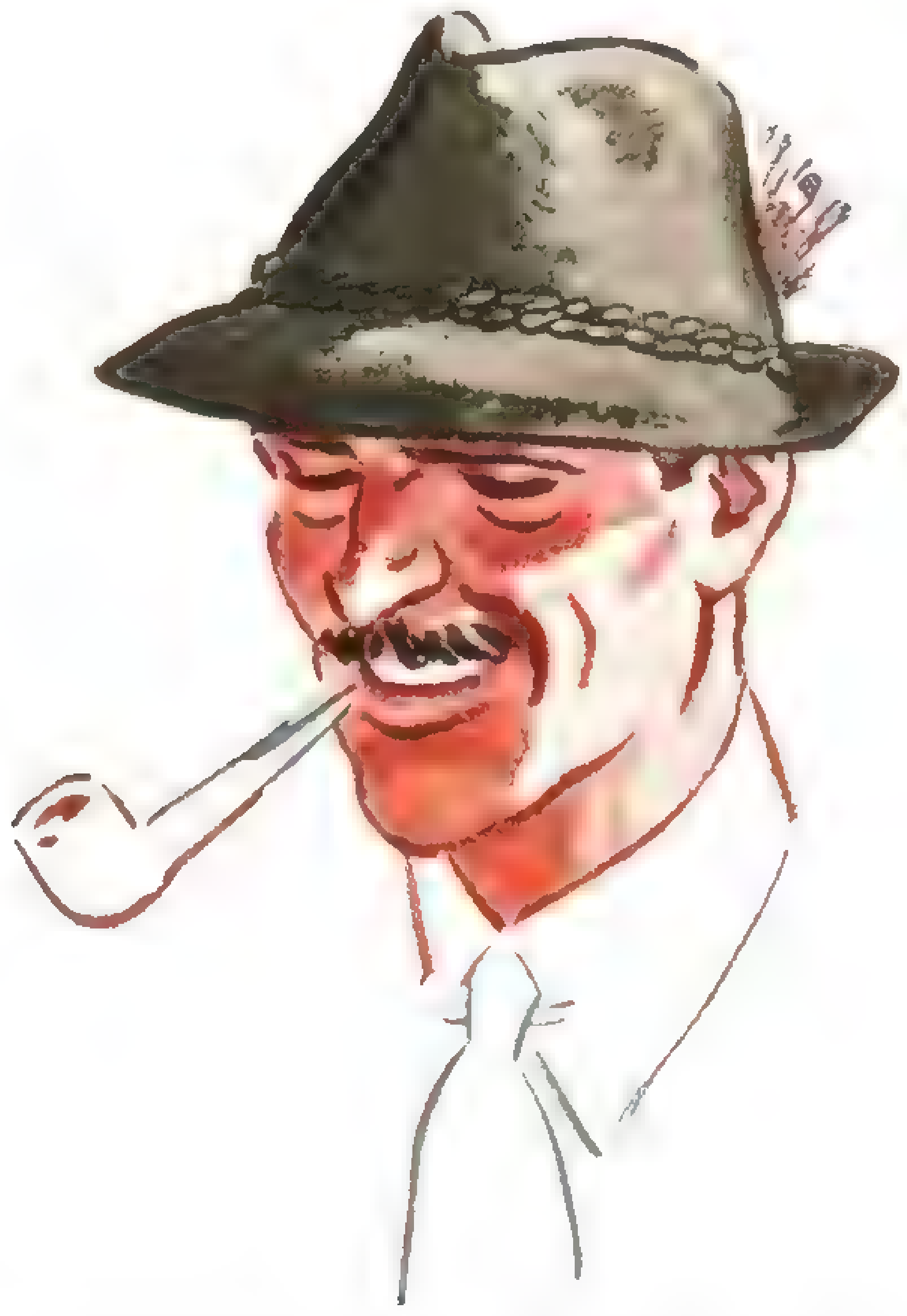


The correct bowler with full crown and narrow straightish brim, to be worn in town with business clothes, topcoats and overcoats. In the right proportions the derby can be worn by anyone.



The midnight blue silk opera hat in the new shape with 5⅛″ crown. This model is made especially for the younger man with small face and is correct with dinner coat and tailcoat.

Only one snap brim hat is necessary and one type of country hat. However, every other hat on this page should be included in the wardrobe of those men who wish to be dressed correctly for every occasion. The snap brim hat should be reserved primarily for week-end wear in the country, football games and other informal usage, and may be worn in town during early September. The porkpie and Tyrolean hat are meant only for country wear and spectator sports wear. For business and in-town wear from September through April the Homburg and the bowler should be worn extensively. Particularly when a white stiff collar is worn. The opera hat, of course, is absolutely necessary with the tailcoat although the black or midnight blue Homburg may be worn with the dinner coat. The cap, while suitable for active sport wear, is also the most practical hat for wear aboard ship as well as for motoring. The hats sketched should suit a man for every occasion with the exception of his favorite sports, which may include additional and specialized headgear.



The authentic Tyrolean hat with cord band and plumage. Adapted to men with small or square faces. To be avoided by men with full faces. Green cannot be worn by those who have pallid complexions. This is meant only for country wear, football games, etc.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Knife Thrower

Continued from page 82

mount on that account. They had a very pretty girl that had just come over under contract, name of Frances Drake. George Raft introduces me to her during the filming of *The Bugle Blows.* Says I'm the champion knife thrower of the world. I noticed she was eyeing me sort of curious, and after awhile she came over and said she'd like to have me throw some knives at her.

Took me a little while to learn she was in real earnest. I said I'd catch it from the Director, Steve Roberts, and I didn't dare throw any knives at her. But what can I do? She's got a way of lifting her head up and looking at you, so that you jump at her orders. Says she, I'll square you with Steve if you get caught.

So we went out behind the sound stage and she stood up against a wood door. I made my first throw—wide.

None of that, Steve, says she. I'm not afraid.

I explain that every knife thrower tosses one wide, just to test the distance and get the feel of the knife. Then the next one goes *chunk* alongside her arm. The next one slides by her head.

She laughed, and said it was fun, and for me to bring my knives and we'd do it again. Roberts caught us at it, and she stuck by her word—took all the blame.

You know, it's an odd thing, says Steve, the way knife-throwing fascinates people. Everybody seems to like to see knives flashing at a shapely woman. Put 'em in shorts, with a few spangles, and then start throwing knives at 'em, and you've got a show that always gives the folks out front a thrill.

Maybe it's a streak of cruelty in human nature. If I stood a man up there I couldn't draw ten people to see my show. But outline a pretty girl with knives that come within an ace of nipping their tender skins, and the customers come a running. Maybe they're hoping I'll miss—just once.

Steve quit philosophizing to spin another yarn.

Those are reasons, he says, why one of Lon Chaney's pictures, *The Unknown,* had a climax that laid 'em in the aisles. Lon usually had a piece of knife work for me in one of his flickers, but this one topped 'em all.

Here's the situation—a man aching for revenge gets his chance to throw knives at a girl. You can see that has the elements. On top of it, the guy is a armless wonder in a circus, who throws knives with his toes, and the girl is one of the prettiest targets that ever stood up in front of a catch board.

That was before Joan Crawford was a big star, but Lon Chaney was the No. 1 box-office draw of the country. And that particular job was the toughest I ever tackled. I charge seventy-five bucks a toss, take it or leave it, and I sure earned my money in that picture.

The first problem was how to show Lon Chaney throwing knives with his toes. Well, they found an armless wonder who could eat, draw, do anything with his toes. He was to double for Lon's legs, and I was to double for Lon's arms.

It worked this way: Lon, with his arms wrapped tight to his body, and wearing a coat with the sleeves pinned up, sat down in a special-built chair. Under the chair, his legs sticking out, was the armless wonder.

The camera set up behind Lon, so you could see Joan against the board. Then the armless wonder reaches out a toe, picks up a knife, and brings it back over Lon's shoulder, and just out of range of the camera, and drops the knife.

As soon as the fellow's leg starts to snap, as if throwing the knife, I heave one at Joan. It was the most perfect illusion ever worked out on the screen.

Lon Chaney sure liked that sort of a thriller. I can't say that Warner Oland gets the same enjoyment out of knife work, though. In these Charlie Chan pictures he is always getting knives heaved at him, and whenever he sees me come on the set he knows he's in for a bad half hour.

It's no fun, says Steve, to face knives if you got a active imagination. Warner, he'd come over to me before we shoot a knife-throwing scene, and chat real chummy with me. Just making sure I didn't have no hankering after his blood, maybe.

We asked Steve why they didn't fake the thing in movies. Pretty big risk, we thought, to toss knives at a million dollar star.

Those wide spaced black eyes of Steve's lit up with the fire of battle. Fake it! he explodes. That's one thing you sure can't fake in pictures.

You savvy, says Steve, that the thrill about knife throwing is to see the steel go flashing through the air, the suspense of wondering where it will strike, and the kick of hearing that *thunk* as she hits.

I'll tell you how they've tried to fake knife throwing in the movies. It's pretty clever, but there's no kick in it. They pick a spot in the wall where the knife is to land. Then they cut a hole in the wall right there, and rig up a knife attached to a mouse trap spring. Over the hole they put a strip of rubber with a slit in it. Now, when the spring is released, the knife jerks out through the rubber and stands there, just as if it was throwed.

But not quite. You don't see it turn over and over in the air and land *ker-chunk.* It's just one of those things you can't fake.

Take the time that Maurice Chevalier risked his neck for me, says Steve. Chevalier was a million dollar property, you can bet, and if the thing could be faked, they'd a faked it.

Maybe you saw the picture. It was called *The Way to Love.* Chevalier is supposed to fall in love with a knife-thrower's girl, and take it from me, that's risky. Steve grinned secretly.

Well, naturally this knife thrower decides to practise on Chevalier when he finds out he's getting crossed up in love. That's where I'm called on to do my stuff. Norm Taurog is directing the film, and he is stumped about shooting this scene with Chevalier. The French idol at that time represented a lot of money, though if they was shooting the scene nowdays they might not be so particular.

Norm studied and studied this shot. He wanted to get the big thrill of the picture right here, where Chevalier is running along beside a board fence and the knife thrower starts heaving knives after him.

If Norm used a double, the fans would spot it as a fake. So he took me by the arm and we went outside. You back my play, Steve, he says, and we'll give 'em a swell take. First off, I want to find out how close you can come without nicking my ear.

He stood up against the sound stage door and I heaved a knife beside his ear. After a couple more demonstrations, Norm was satisfied.

Well, we went back in and Norm started his campaign. He told Maurice how bum it would look and how much it would cost to fake it with doubles and so on. Of course, says Norm, I wouldn't think of letting you stand up to a knife, but it's sure going to look punko.

Norm goes on moaning about how it will cost four thousand dollars to fake it, while the cameras get set up. Maurice listens to this propaganda. He's a good soldier with plenty guts, and I can see he's turning something over in his mind.

Finally Norman goes up to the board wall and shows how he plans to shoot the scene. He wants Chevalier to come running up, halt, and have a knife plunk into the wood right beside his ear. Like this—says Norm—and gives me the come on. I heave. Norm doesn't budge, and the knife shivers beside his ear.

Well, he isn't satisfied. He thinks this other spot might be better for the knife to hit. So I fling one there, right on the mark. All the time Norm mutters about getting doubles and so on, and how lousy it will look on the screen using a double.

Chevalier sees me hit the mark every time, and finally he speaks up.

Wait a minute, he says. Hey, Steve, you never been mad at a Frenchman, eh? Good. Then you throw the knife at me!

Oh, I couldn't ask you to do that! says Norm. Absolutely not.

But I insist, says Maurice.

Norm looked at me, and I could see the sweat on his face. I wonder if he'll really go through with it. He knew dam' well his goose was cooked along with Chevalier's if I missed.

I take off my hat to those two hombres. They was as safe as if they was in church, doing that stunt, but they didn't know it. The cameras started, the blade goes over and over in the air, and bingo, there's the knife—and a million dollars worth of star is still alive.

As Steve explains, he takes precautions when he can. He puts thin metal shields on the star if he can do it without spoiling the take. But you can't put a shield on a guy's face.

Another thing, when the target is a woman, Steve has a problem trying to use a metal shield. Girls don't wear enough clothes to hide 'em. There was an English actress with a shape too good to hide with a lot of tinware, for instance. Steve was supposed to sling a knife between her arm and her body. And she's dressed in an evening gown.

It was naked steel against practically naked flesh in that shot. When Steve made the throw, the haft vibrated gently against the round firm breast of the girl. The sort of shot that gives you a thrill with trimmings.

When a knife is aimed at a man's back, Steve has a chance to take precautions with his metal shield. Like the time in filming *Menace,* when he tosses a knife into the back of Churchill. In that case Steve strapped a thin, sheet iron steel shield around Churchill's back. It's 16-gauge stuff, shaped to fit. In the middle of it he attached a bit of wood four inches across by two inches long.

When Steve starts to throw, Gertrude Michael is to duck out of the way, and the knife hits Churchill. Steve threw from 27 feet, and hit the exact center of the wood. That's some shooting.

You can't fake a thing like that, says Steve, and we agree with him.

One time we tried to fake a stunt in a Garbo picture, Steve recalls. The prop department worked a week on it and gave up. Fred Niblo wanted a shot where Roy D'Arcy sat plunkin' a guitar by the light of the moon, and in the middle of the take he wants a knife to come sailing and cut the strings, right in the middle of the song. See? Well, no amount of figgering would work out a way to fake it. There was nothing to do but call in old Steve for the job. I rigged up the guitar with an extra backing of white pine. That's all I needed.

D'Arcy was plenty bothered

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The Knife Thrower

Continued from pages 82-125

about this stunt. He made enough preparations for a condemned man. The day finally arrives, and Roy has all his friends invited to watch. I had to dope out a shield for him, though the knife never could have gone through the wood on the guitar.

It was doped out that Roy was to plunk the guitar twice. Then I'm to throw.

Roy grinned at his friends in what was supposed to be a cheerful farewell, and swept the strings—once. I wait for him to sweep 'em twice and draw his hand back, but Roy just couldn't do it.

Well, we started over again. He sweeps the strings. I wait. D'Arcy knows that the next plunk of the strings will bring that knife, right toward the region of his belt, and it isn't a pleasant prospect. He plucks the strings the second time, all right, but he won't lift his hand away so I can throw.

Okay, thinks I, there's plenty of room for me anyway, and I lets go. The blade whooshes through the air, turns over once, and smack she hits the guitar. Two strings give way with a loud whang. The knife quivers there, and the expression on Roy's face was something to behold. A second later a third string, partly severed, let go with a loud twang.

Could you fake a stunt like that? Not in a thousand years.

Knife throwing is a lot of fun, but it don't make you popular, says Steve. I don't know why it is, but it's always the villain who heaves a knife, while the hero has to stick to guns. Minute you see a knife thrower in a picture, you know he's the heavy.

Steve sighs a little. Over the butte we can see a buzzard swinging in circles against the blue. A horse blows through his nose.

Show you how popular a knife thrower is, mutters Steve. One time me and Yakima Canutt was working a Western picture, when a bevy of school teachers comes on the set to watch 'em shooting a movie. Me and Yakima used to work the rodeos before we hit Hollywood.

He's just as handy with a gun as I am with a knife, and that guy can ride anything that ever looked through a halter.

Well, these visiting teachers was getting a big boot out of it all, and Yakima thought we ought to hand 'em a special thrill. So he put the wood target under his shirt and we were set to give 'em the business.

While the director is setting up for another take, Yakima and I get ourselves into a hot argument. The girls begin to turn our way, listening. We get more and more sore at each other. Boy, did we put it on!

When the time is ripe I step back, jerk out a knife, and fling it smack into Yakima's chest. The dames was too horrified to let out a yip. They just stand there, jaws clean down to their chests, while Yakima clutches the air and staggers back.

Then a woman screams and faints. Yakima manages to sit up, and his hand starts toward his gun holster. Slowly it comes up. I turn as if to run, and bang! Yakima thought he knowed how to die, but he was a piker side of my death throes. I whirl around, crashing into this and that, dying all over the place. By the time I hit the floor a couple more dames is out, cold.

I thrash around, gurgling and clawing, and finally I'm on the floor.

A woman rushes over to me. I thinks, *por Dios*, that at last a knife thrower is going to get some sympathy in his last spasms. But you know what?

Serves you right! she screams at me. You started the fight. I hope you die!

I don't know why it is. They always seem to think a knife thrower is a villain.

Steve patted his knife as if it was his only friend, and put it away. It was time for lunch. ##

Grandpappy Say Simply Starved

Continued from page 63

"send these clothes to my room at the hotel." End of the first chapter.

CHAPTER TWO

In the luxurious room of the hotel Hazel slowly undressed and walked toward the bathroom. She stopped and surveyed her cool young body in a mirror, admiring her slender curves touched with a roseate glow from the soft lamp. Then she walked into the bathroom and took a warm, stinging shower bath, the water cascading down her firm white shoulders.

"Grandpappy," a boy-chile interrupt, "you're taking the pleasure out of this for me. That's two baths she's had already and it not twelve o'clock. I know girls are sissies but two baths before twelve ain't no fun for anybody—"

But Grandpappy just raise his hand for silence.

Hazel dried herself until her body glowed, then she slipped on one of her new filmy negligees which touched her firm white body caressingly. She lay down on the luxurious bed with part of her slender white limbs showing and rang for a bell-boy. In almost a moment he knocked. "Come in," Hazel said sweetly. She noticed at first glance that the bell-boy had broad, athletic shoulders, a slender well-knit torso and dull copper-red hair. He looked quite like the young high school athletes whom she had always admired.

"He was the son of the proprietor of the hotel, of course," say Alice, "and he was working as a bell-boy for the adventure of it. Seems to me like I have read this story before."

Grandpappy's face turn awful white. "Is you sure?" he ask in a weak voice.

"Oh that doesn't matter," Alice say kindly. "Plots don't matter in a sex story. Go on Grandpappy." Grandpappy read on.

Hazel regarded the bell-boy through lazy blue eyes which swam with queer desires. "Have you got a drink on you?" she asked languidly.

"Why, of course," he answered eagerly producing a bottle. He and Hazel tossed off a few together. The fiery fluid seemed to course through her veins and set her pulses reeling. She never stirred from the bed and her whole body was suddenly aflame.

"Well doggone," interrupt the littlest chile, "how come she never get up. Why she lie there and burn up?"

Grandpappy blush awful. "I tole you we ought not to let him hear this," he say. "Take him out and feed him. He hungry."

"Don't mind me," say the littlest chile. "Your characters sho' do suffer Grandpappy. You make their knees hurt and then make 'em burn up."

Grandpappy drive on.

The bell-hop, who said his name was George, leaned close over her. "What's your name, darling?" he asked. "Hazel," was the answer through parted lips. "Is there nothing that I can do for you ma'am?" he said thickly, "pull down the shades or turn out the light or something?"

Hazel put her arms around his neck. "Yes, George," she said, "all my life, and because I am a clergyman's daughter, I have suffered. I am simply starved—"

Suddenly George drew himself away. Horror shone in his eyes. "I forgot," he moaned.

"Forgot what?" panted Hazel.

"The Man in Room Three," George answered through dry lips as if a strange fear gripped him. He backed slowly away as if he saw something terrible through the wall. Hazel lay weakly on the bed where he had dropped her. "Oh, what is it, George?" she panted, "I am simply starving," but George was backing to the door and in a moment had fled. Wearily Hazel got up from the bed, her whole soul feeling a little sick. What had George meant by the Man in Room Three? She went into the bathroom, scarcely looking at her slim figure in the mirror. After a stinging hot bath she lay back down again. "I am still starved," she moaned under her breath. "Oh George, you were so handsome." End of Chapter II.

Grandpappy stop and meditate for a moment. The littlest chile had fire in his eye. "There ain't no sense to it," he say out loud.

"How come?" ask Grandpappy.

"If Hazel so starved," say the littlest chile, "why how come she never ask the bell-hop to bring her up something to eat like a glass of milk, a sandwich, or maybe a ice-cream cone? Doggone, if I had all that money I'd order me up six ice-cream cones."

"The trouble with Hazel," say another boy-chile, "is she's washin' herself away with all them baths. And what's her maw and paw doin' all this time, Grandpappy?"

"This book," Grandpappy say, "is writ just like it's writ. It's the way all sex novel is writ and I'm going on."

Chapter III come next.

CHAPTER III

The phone by Hazel's bed rang merrily. A voice said, "Hello. Is that you Hazel?"

"It is I," answered Hazel in her best modulated voice. Somehow the tones of the masculine person on the wire set her pulses bounding.

"Well slip on something," was the gay answer, "I'm coming right up."

"And who are you?" Hazel said icily.

"I'm Bill Harp of the *Herald*," came the clear, quizzical voice of the *Herald's* star reporter. Big Bill, the tall, black-haired, cynical, wise Bill, kind but yet, oh so rough, as her chum had told her. Hazel quivered in every fiber. "Bring some Scotch with you, Bill," she said in a voice that trembled with anticipated desire.

"I always bring Scotch when I interview ladies," was the bantering answer. "Control yourself, Honey."

Grandpappy stop and look hard at the boy-chile. "Go on and read it," say the boy-chile, his face set in lines of suffering, "I know what's comin'." Grandpappy read on.

Hazel slipped off her negligee and went to the bathroom. She stopped and looked at her cool young nakedness in the mirror for one last time. Within her now was sureness that the starvation which she had endured for all these long years was at an end. "Big Bill," she whispered to her reflection, "if you only know how hungry I am. But now I am sure it is ended. Body I am sure." And suddenly the color flamed high in her cheeks. After the stinging shower she felt only a little calmer.

Big Bill Harp, tall, dark, his quizzical eyes full of hidden desires and strange knowledge, dashed off five or six highballs with Hazel. "You're just a little innocent kid, wandering around in a strange world," he said strok-

Continued at top of page 128

There's no thrill like speed—

get it with a movie camera

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Get people and things in action—and you get them *alive*. That's why a movie camera opens up a whole new world of picture-taking experience.

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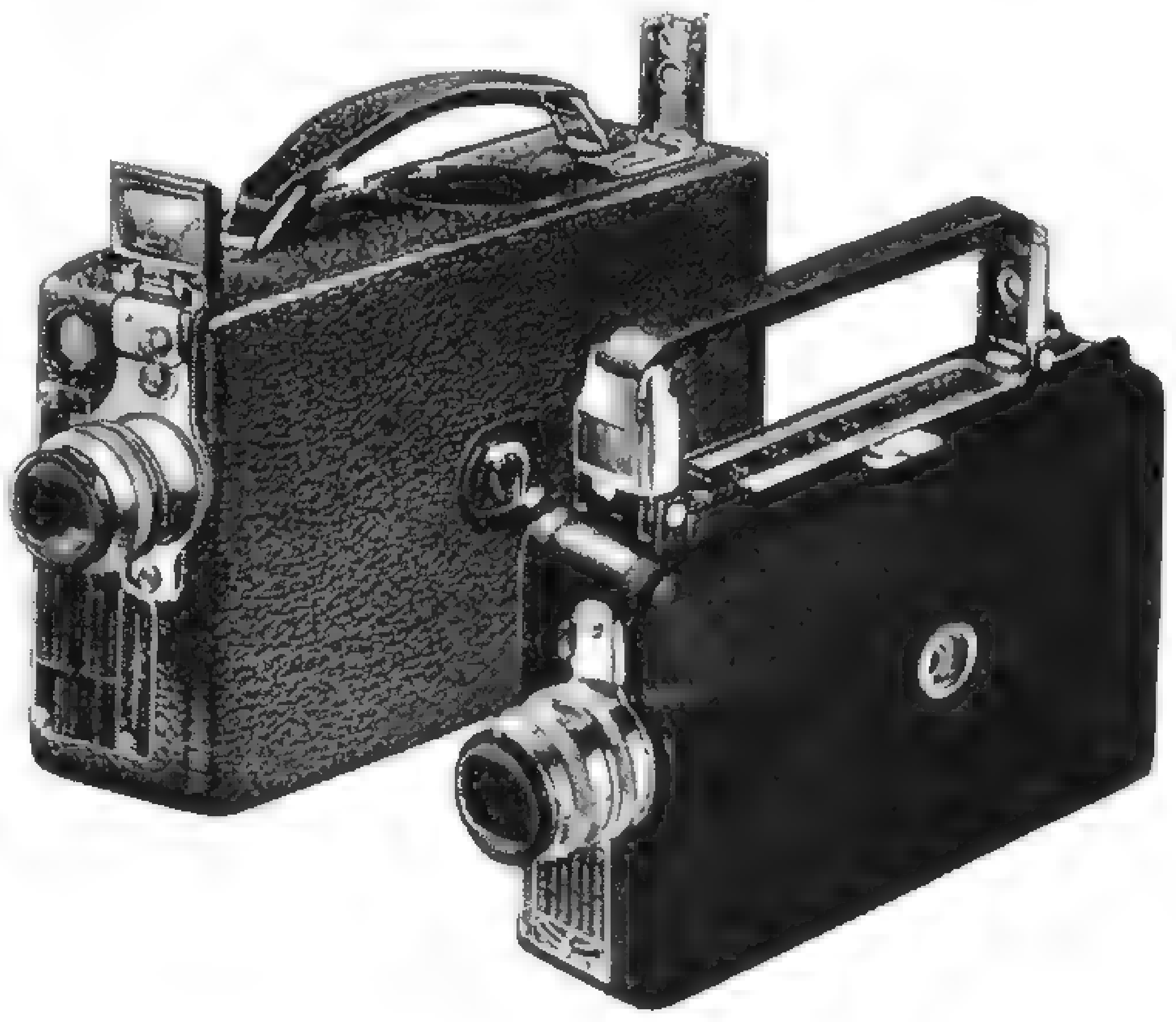

MAGAZINE CINÉ-KODAK loads in three seconds. You don't touch the film. It comes in a magazine. Just slip the magazine into place, close the camera cover and shoot. Effortless loading is only one of six new features in this remarkable pocket-size movie camera. With fast *f*.1.9 lens, $125; including carrying case, $137.50.

Grandpappy Say Simply Starved

Continued from pages 63-126

ing her lightly on the bare knee until Hazel's eyes swam with misty passion. "The world is full of wicked men," Bill's voice grew strangely tender. "I shall make it my job to protect you. Poor kid, you need a man like me. Tonight you are going out with me to my friend the Count De Artery's studio for sandwiches. He is a very wild, blasé man and there will be no end of debauchery but I will be with you. I'll be your big brother." As he spoke Big Bill was absent-mindedly planting kisses on her cheeks, mouth and ears.

"Poor, sweet little kid," he said tenderly kissing her on the neck just where her negligee ended, "I'll look after you. You must be taught before you venture out into the world." All of a sudden Hazel sensed a new quality in his kisses. He made movement, as if to turn out the light.

"Oh Bill," Hazel said, raising herself on one elbow, "I'm so glad you're here. For years and years, I've hungered. Now I shall be satisfied. I've been simply starved—"

But something strange had happened to Big Bill Harp the ace reporter of the *Herald*. His face twisted into a look of infinite horror and he leaped up from his prone position. "Go take your bath," he said harshly. "I'll wait for you here with my back turned. The Man in Room Three—he is a fiend. Your charms—I nearly forgot—"

Wearily Hazel rose from the luxurious bed. Weakly she dragged herself to the waiting shower as Big Bill resolutely turned his back upon her. Her starving body was scarcely able to totter. "Oh body, body," she said to her trembling reflection, "why, why—" End of Chapter III.

"That's all that I've writ," say Grandpappy.

The chillun sat in silence 'til Alice spoke. "It's all right, so far Grandpappy," she say in a thoughtful voice. "The way that I understand it is that you are building up to a grand climax when her hunger is to be satisfied. There are some sex novels which give partial satisfaction in each chapter. I do not understand the Man in Room Three as yet. What strange hold has he on Hazel and her men?"

"Damn if I know," say Grandpappy. "It'll work out. It's the way all authors write sex books. They work themselves out."

"You're goin' to wash her to death at the rate you're going," say the boy-chile. "There ain't no sense in torturing anybody even if it is only a sissy girl."

The littlest chile got up. "Grandpappy," he say in a disappointed voice, "your book get me all worked up and then drop me down again. I done said if that Hazel woman had a thousand dollars in the bank how come she let herself starve to death like that? All she do is just wash herself thin and never eat nothin'. No wonder she so weak. At the speed you is travelin' it will be eleven o'clock before she will get so much as a sandwich and that ain't much to look forward to. As for myself," he say, striking a pose and beatin' on his tummy, "after hearin' all this starvin' business, I'm so hungry I could eat a steak as big as a grown-folks chair bottom."

And the littlest chile he go out to get him a piece of bread with jam on it. #

Grosz Comes to America

Continued from page 105

the heyday of the school of Paris. It's not entirely because we are considered the freest spenders that artists who find Europe more and more impossible to live in tend to settle in the U. S. There is growing up here—fifteen years ago how we wise guys would have sniggered at the suggestion—the sort of previous atmosphere of appetite and enthusiasm that might make great work possible if any painters should be found who were men enough to do it.

Thus far outside of purely domestic painting, whittling and ironwork, of which those little bathroom pictures I spoke about were the last representatives, American art (always excepting Winslow Homer) has been first English provincial, then French impressionist provincial, school of Paris provincial and now it leans towards becoming Mexican provincial. We haven't yet done anything important in that direction. Young Americans with a taste for that sort of thing have felt that they had to go abroad somewhere to do it and have come home devout faddists, useless to themselves and to the culture of their country. But now in the last few years Europe (due to the abundant sprouting of the dragons' teeth the old men so sanctimoniously sowed round the green baize at Versailles) instead of being the land of liberty and art young middlewestern highschool students used to dream about, has become so stifling to any useful and rational human effort that suddenly the tables are turned. In the arts as in science America has become the refuge of the traditions of western European culture.

One can't help wondering whether we'll muff our opportunity the way our bankers (provincials too) muffed their chance to take the financial primacy away from London after the armistice.

Anyway there's a Chinaman's chance that we may come to something. The fact that firstrate men who can't live in their own countries feel that they can breathe here makes you feel good about the country. The fact that George Grosz, the great visual satirist of our time, has come to live here, has taken out papers and considers himself an American makes you feel good about the country.

It was in Paris on the Boulevard St. Germain some time during the Peace Conference that I first saw a German booklet of drawings by Grosz. It must have been in a bookstore, I suppose, but I somehow connect it in my memory with a magnificent colored drawing of cirrhosis of the liver in the window of the Society for the Suppression of Alcoholism opposite the old abbey. I suppose it was because what Grosz was representing was cirrhosis of nineteenth century civilization.

It's hard to reimagine the feelings of savage joy and bitter hatred we felt during that spring. We were still in uniform. We still had to salute officers, to go into outoftheway bars to talk to our friends who happened to be wearing the bettergrade uniforms. But with the armistice each one of us had been handed his life back on a platter. We knew what dead men looked like and we weren't dead. We had all our arms and legs. Some of us had escaped G. O. 42.

The horsechestnuts were in bloom. We knew that the world was a lousy pesthouse of idiocy and corruption but it was spring. We know that in all the ornate buildings, under the crystal chandeliers, under the brocaded hangings the politicians and diplomats were brewing poison, fuddled old men festering like tentcaterpillars in a huddle of red tape and gold braid. But we had hope. What they were doing was too obvious and too clear. It was spring. The first of May was coming. We'd burn out the tentcaterpillars.

We knew two things about the world (two things that most of us have since forgotten), we knew that unorganized industrial life was becoming a chamber of horrors, and we knew that plain men, the underdogs we rubbed shoulders with, didn't go out of their way to harm each other as often as you might expect, that they had a passive courage the topdogs had never heard about and certain ingrained impulses towards social cohesiveness, the common good. Loafing around in little old bars full of the teasing fragrances of history, dodging into alleys to keep out of sight of the M.P.'s, seeing the dawn from Montmartre, talking bad French with taxidrivers, riverbank loafers, workmen, *petites femmes*, keepers of *bistros*, *poilus* on leave, we eagerly collected intimations of the urge towards the common good. It seemed so simple to burn out the tentcaterpillars that were ruining the orchard. The first of May was coming.

We felt boisterous and illmannered. Too many sergeants had told us to wipe that smile off your face, too many buglers had gotten us out of our blankets before we'd slept our sleep out. The only restraint that had survived the war was this automatic social cohesiveness among men that seemed to come on whenever they slipped for a moment out from under the thumbs of the bosses. If the old edifice crashed the bosses who lived in all the upper stories would go with it. They had already shaken the foundations with their pretty war, their brilliant famines. Their diligent allies, typhus, cholera, influenza were working for them still. Now their peace would finish the job. A couple of heaves and down she'll go. When the dust clears we'll see whether men and women are the besotted brutes the gold braided bosses say they are.

Finding Grosz's drawing was finding a brilliant new weapon. He knew how the old men, the fat men looked. He drew them as they grewsomely were. Looking at his work was a release from hatred, like hearing wellimagined and properly balanced strings of cusswords.

May first came and went. And another. And another. Outside of Russia the edifice trembled but it still stood. In the great halls at Versailles, Locarno, Geneva generals and dignitaries clustered in front of the camera to pin medals on each other, seemingly unconscious of the rotten smell of corpses from the cellar.

At home we went in for normalcy and Teapot Dome. We kept cool with Coolidge. The automotive boom began. America was filling the world with jazz and Ford cars and electric iceboxes. Americans poured over Europe to buy up artobjects cheap in the devaluated currencies. Americans still felt whole enough to make wisecracks about the bloody farce. We felt we had good comfortable seats for the last act of the European tragedy.

Those who didn't have any seats at all, who were actors in fact, felt differently. George Grosz's drawings will show the future how Europeans felt while their culture died of gas gangrene, just as Goya's drawings show us the agony of Europe a century before under the last convulsive stamping of the ironshod heels of the feudal church and the feudal army. Their impression is not verbal; (you don't look at the picture and have it suggest a title and then have the title give you the feeling) but through the eye direct, by the invention of ways of seeing.

The impact naturally was much sharper on Europeans who came

Continued at top of page 131

They're going back to school

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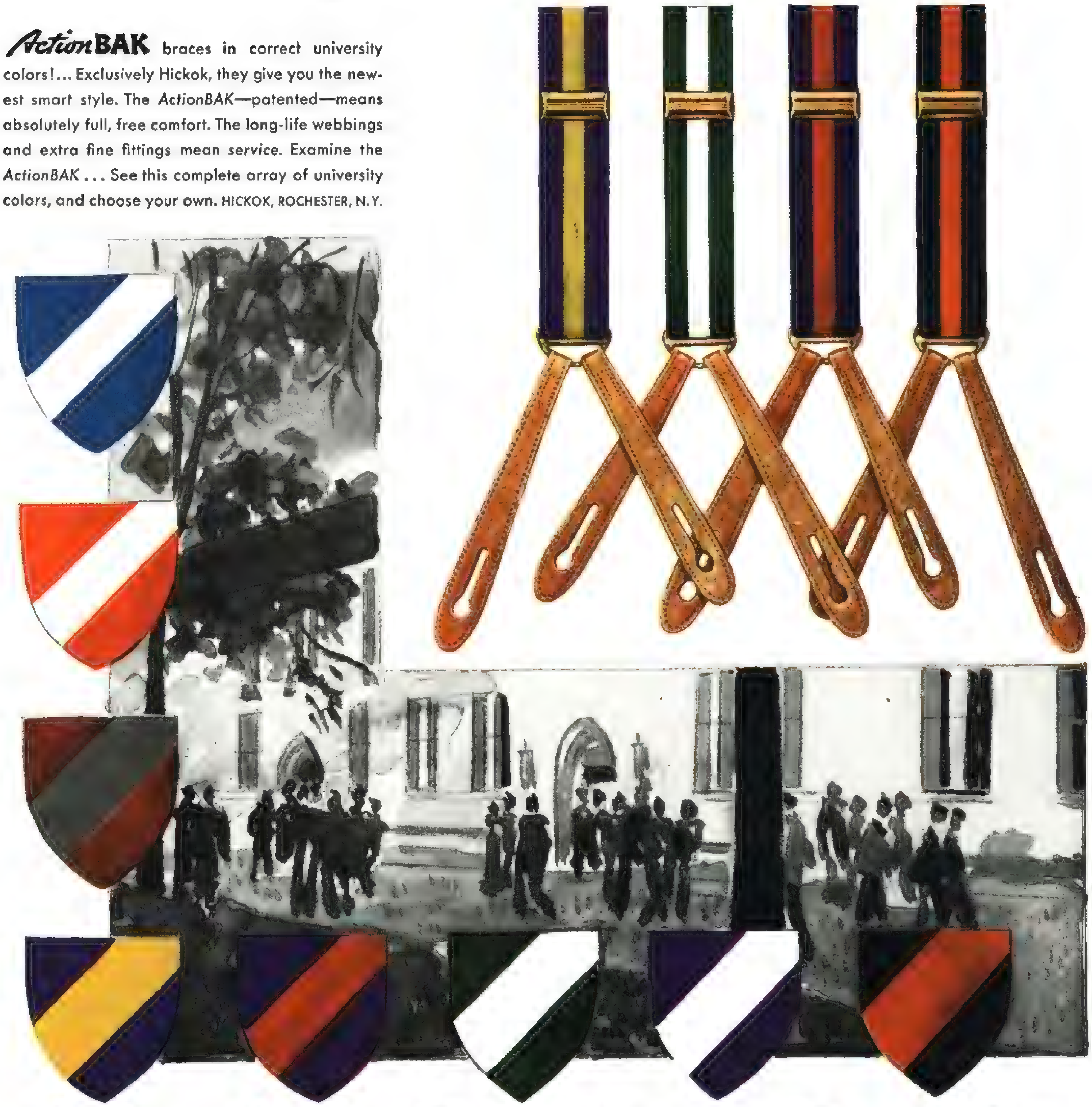

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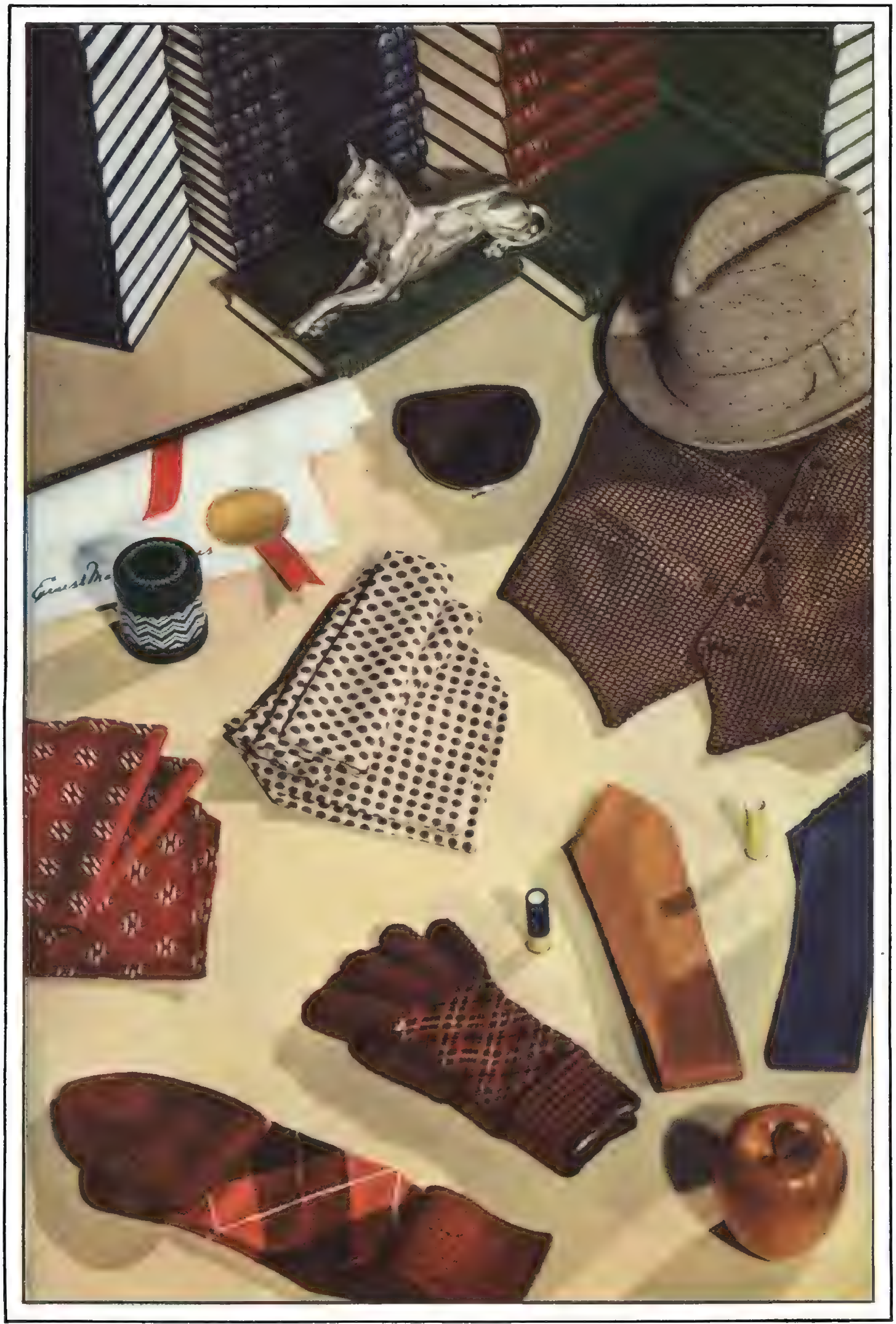


DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

OFF TO THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT OIL

Should any freshman happen upon this page it may be advisable to explain that the apple in the lower right hand corner is not for teacher but is a cigarette box coyly shaped and finished to look like an apple. Since it is unequipped with a Yale lock it is, presumably, recommended only to those who room alone. Two Irish tweed ties are shown. Why, do you suppose? Because not even a roommate will "borrow" two ties the same day. Two wool mufflers are shown, for the same good reason. As for the stitched tweed hat, the knitted waistcoat, the plaid wool gloves and the Argyle wool hose, these are shown singly on the assumption that the undergraduate is too smart to pick a roommate of his own size. Other items are two cigarette lighters that look exactly like shotgun shells, a fancy leather cigarette box, a tweed tobacco pouch made in the style of an old-fashioned purse, and a large paper weight.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Grosz Comes to America

Continued from pages 105-128

of age during the war years than on Americans and sharpest of all on Germans. The generation of Germans who had begun their schooling in the nineties and were in their twenties when war broke out found themselves under a pressure almost unequalled in European history. They grew up in a respectable, easygoing, beer-drinking, sausageeating, nature-loving world where everybody went to hear the band play in the *tiergarten* Sundays and was delighted to shine the shoes of his superiors, and if he didn't like it he could go to America. They had hardly begun respectfully and agreeably to occupy the situations to which God and the Kaiser had called them when they were goose-stepping to the railroad station and in another fortyeight hours were being slashed to pieces by the French seventyfives.

George Grosz was born in Berlin in '93 and spent most of his boyhood at Stolp in Pomerania. His parents were Prussian Lutherans. His life developed at the exact point of greatest strain in the European social structure, in the more impoverished section of the middle class. His drawings must have shown promise in school because he was sent to Dresden to learn academic pencil-work and charcoal from casts of the antique. He started making his living by drawing for comic papers. He studied in Berlin. The summer of 1913 he spent in Paris.

Grosz had too much Prussian and too much Lutheran in his bones to feel at home in Paris, but he must have been stirred by the fact that the full tide of European painting was running through the less prosperous studios of Montmartre and Montparnasse. *Bohème* was attaining real eminence under Guillaume Appolinaire, its last poet and king. Out of student traditions of the cult of oddity, the romantic libertarianism of *les bourgeois à la lanterne*, scraps of science and anthropology, and the pressures on sensitive young men of a social system tottering to collapse and its releases, the modern point of view towards painting was coming into being. In spite of the romantic bohemian tradition of spontaneous artistic flareup (the sideshow charlatan tradition) painting suddenly became a matter of experiments and theories followed up with almost scientific rigor. In the fads and isms of the painters and writers of that time there was a core of real effort to cope with reality. Grosz seems never to have espoused any of these causes but his work shows the influence of all of them, particularly of Italian futurism and of cubism. He used what elements he needed out of all the various methods of seeing that flourished and disappeared. His interests lay not in the studio or in the metaphysics of color and form, but in the everyday life as he saw it of men and women sleeping, dressing, eating, going to work, drinking, making love, and in their dreams and their wants. He was a satirist and a moralist.

Like Swift in another age and working in another medium, Grosz was full of the horror of life. A satirist is a man whose flesh creeps so at the ugly and the savage and the incongruous aspects of society that he has to express them as brutally and nakedly as possible to get relief. He seeks to put into expressive form his grisly obsessions the way a bacteriologist seeks to isolate a virus or a microorganism. Until he's done that no steps can be taken to cure the disease. Looking at Grosz's drawings you are more likely to feel a grin of pain than to burst out laughing. Instead of letting you be the superior bystander laughing in an Olympian way at somebody absurd, Grosz makes you identify yourself with the sordid and pitiful object.

Experiments in the visual arts (the invention of new ways of seeing things), are made because, due to the way the apparatus that makes up the mind is made, old processes and patterns have continually to be broken up in order to make it possible to perceive the new aspects and arrangements of evolving consciousness. The great enemy of intelligence is complacency. The satirist in words or in visual images is the doctor who comes with his sharp and sterile instruments to lance the focusses of dead matter that continually impede the growth of intelligence. Without intelligence it is impossible to cope with the intricacy of nature or with the madhouse every man carries within him. No one with any sensitiveness to words who has read Swift can ever be so complacent again about his position as a human being. Grosz's work combines visual freshness with a bitter satirical intensity that few complacencies can survive. When complacency goes young intelligence begins. #

If Wishes Were Horses

Continued from page 93

body and the old body was pretty much a wreck. One day it was arthritis in his hands and knees and another day his blood pressure or his liver or his lumbago. There was good food on the table but he couldn't have much of it unless he wanted more pills and doses, more pills and doses. Besides, he had his fits and tempers and several times I saw him crying to himself as though his heart would break right open.

"You're wondering how the Stuyvesant family took to me? Well, they didn't. But they just took it for granted that the old guy was going off his head and that I was one of his whims.

"One day the old man had a heart attack and it looked like curtains. The family didn't waste any time. They kicked me out plenty quick. But he got better and the same dick hunted me up again.

"I tell you it was living a nightmare. All day the servants and family spies were poking around and all night it was sleeping in a spook-house. Once one of the grandsons came for a visit with his governess, a tall good-looking girl of about twenty-five. And Andy fell for her. I think he made a pass at her and she screamed—God, it was awful!

"One night the butler came in and said they'd found a man prowling around the windows, should they call the police. The old man stood up and I saw a funny look come into his eyes. He said to bring the man into the library. They brought him in. That man was Andy Thomas *in the flesh*.

"But when he opened his mouth it was an old, old voice coming out like a worn-out record."

"What did he say, what did he say?" Parsley broke in.

Phil Hastings smiled queerly and looked down at the floor.

"Not much. The poor fellow didn't have much to say. I guess he didn't know who he was or even what he had been doing. He just mumbled in an old voice that he was sorry, he was sorry, he didn't know what had made him go prowling near the windows, that he thought he had once lived in this house. He said he couldn't remember his name or where he came from. I could see that the real Andy didn't know what to do with this poor fellow. Finally he gave him a fistful of banknotes and turned him loose.

"Somehow that day changed everything. Andy turned religious. Pray, pray, all the time. At first he did it secretly, then he did it openly. And pretty soon he had me doing it, too. He was praying for forgiveness and I found myself praying for him. He could have gone to shows and theatres, to the races, to directors' meetings, he could have sat and read, he could have gone on his yacht or bought anything he wanted. But all he did now was pray. He couldn't sleep and when he did sleep he sometimes had nightmares and yelled out like a crazy one. Once I got him a book about engineering and he looked at it and smiled and that was the only way I could convince myself it was really Andy, the kid I had known when we were both broke and sleeping on park-benches.

"Often I tried to cheer him up but it didn't do much good. He said he was doomed. He had made a bargain by wishing. Better one year in a palace than fifty in a flop, he'd said, and he had an idea it would be all over in a year.

" 'It was my own fault,' he insisted over and over and repeated the old saying 'If wishes were horses beggars might ride. If wishes were horses beggars might ride.'

"Well, it was almost a year to the day that he got the stroke that laid him out. He couldn't talk, couldn't say a word. Just lay there and looked on helpless. There were three doctors on call and they all rushed to help, but he was through. All night they worked over him but he was too old in body. The family came and relatives haunted the place, snooping around and feeling vases and tapestries. I saw them staring my way and whispering to themselves and as soon as the doctor said the old man was cold I left by the back way. A few hours later the coppers picked me up but they had nothing against me. A lawyer for the family made me sign a paper saying I had no claims on the estate and then they let me loose.

"Later that day I bought a newspaper. It was full of the old guy's death. In one paper there was even a picture of me as the eccentric millionaire's companion, but that was all. Look for it in last Tuesday's *Herald* if you don't believe me. But reading through the paper I saw a notice that a man who had been found dead on a park bench was identified as Andy Thomas, unemployed engineer. That hit me. I hurried down to the morgue. The keeper said the post-mortem found death was due to shock that had caused a heart block. I had a last look at him. Poor Andy! Or was this old Stuyvesant before me? The keeper was watching, so I said the prayer under my breath as I went out."

Hastings became silent. No one spoke for a moment. In the distance a river-boat hooted and there was the faint clanging of a locomotive bell.

"You don't believe it!" the mechanic suddenly cried.

We each assured him we did believe it. I remembered having read about old Stuyvesant and how eccentric he was supposed to have been. But somehow there wasn't much else to say. In a few minutes Parsley was snoring. Then Joey the Ox accompanied him.

I lay awake pretending sleep but watching Hastings. Soon I saw him creeping from his cot. I strained to make him out in the dark. He got down on the other side of his bed and put his hands together—He was praying! I held my breath and listened, half-ashamed, "For Andy Thomas, God!" I heard him mutter. Then he lay down again and there was peace in the municipal lodging house. #

The Undesirable

Reverse American on the saga of the poor man who immigrated to his relatives who were well off

by ILYA ILF & EUGENE PETROV

▪ SATIRE ▪

AMERICANS are held in high esteem in all parts of the Soviet Union—that is, in all but one part of the Union; for there, that salutory feeling has suddenly disappeared.

It all began with the following advertisement in *Izvestia:*

> An American Citizen
> ARCHIBALD SPIVAK
> is trying to locate his relatives. He asks all to write to him at 136 Second Avenue, New York.

Who can fail to be excited by the words: American citizen, New York, and—avenue! In a city where a number of Soviet Spivaks lived (quite a few of them, to be sure—two hundred Spivaks per two thousand population) that issue of *Izvestia* skyrocketed from the customary ten kopecks to three roubles a copy. The Spivaks spat in disgust, but they paid the price. They wanted to read with their own eyes the appeal of their American kinsman.

There was no room for doubts! Something very auspicious was in the offing.

Glorious dreams possessed the Soviet Spivaks, whose level of political development was not too high. Reading as they ran the magic advertisement, they stumbled along the streets, colliding with each other, and idiotic smiles appeared on their faces.

All of a sudden they wanted to cross the ocean, driven by the insistent longing for elemental anarchic happiness and for the consanguinal embraces of dear old Archibald. They longed for one more fling at life under capitalism.

Guesses and conjectures were supplemented by recollections of all the Spivaks who at one time or another went abroad. At last they remembered. They found photographs—even two photographs. On one of them Archibald was represented as a child; and the gilded inscription "Rembrandt" with a flourish proved that the photograph had been taken in Russia. On the other photograph, the American one, Archibald was portrayed with a derby on his head and a soft hat in one hand, which in itself proved that the kinsman was fabulously wealthy.

"That's the same Spivak," said Spivak the debt-collector portentously, emphasizing the word 'same.' "Producer! Merchant! Prominent Business Man!"

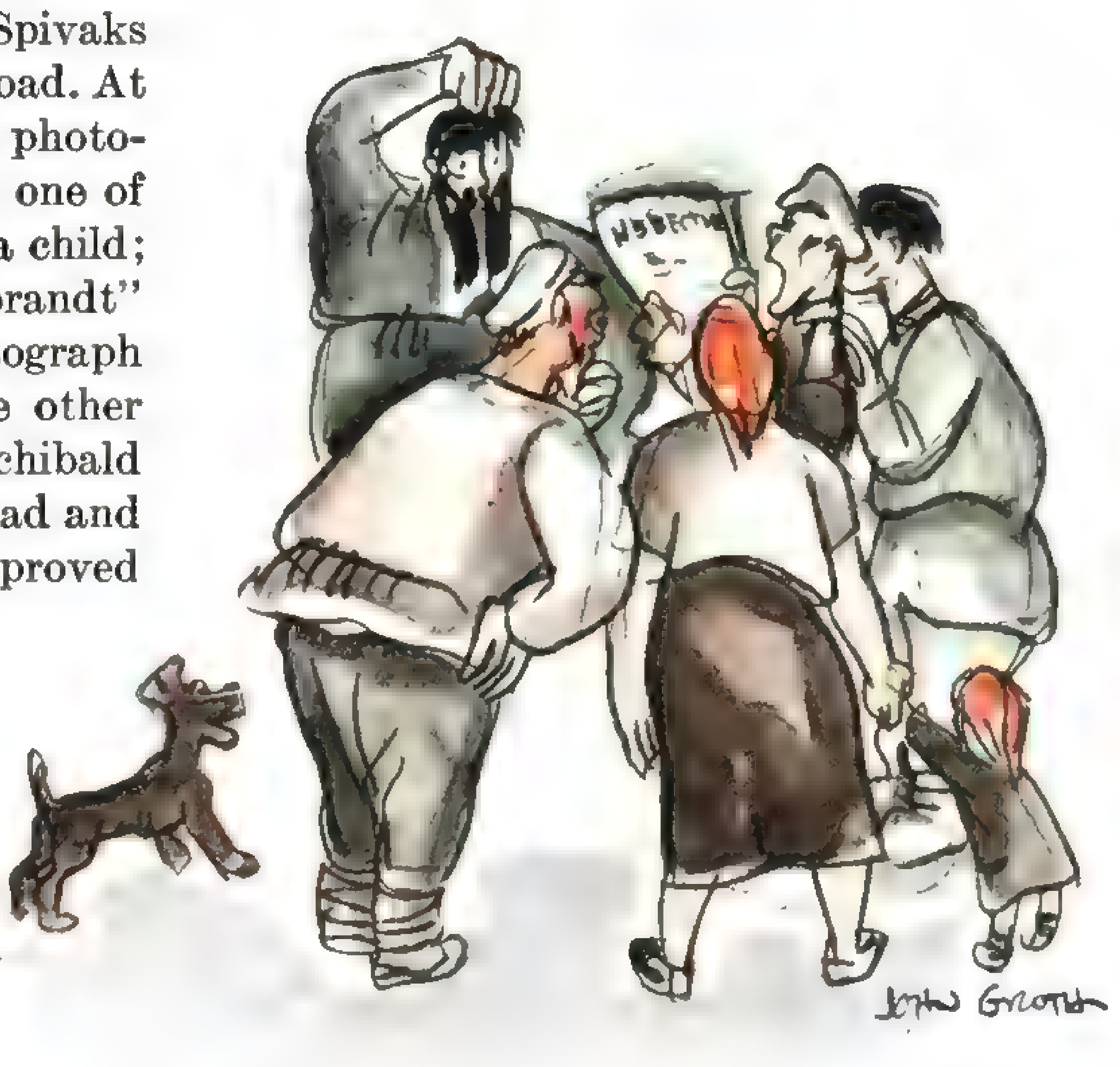
Another Spivak, the militiaman, took off his felt helmet, fanned himself with his calico handkerchief, and added proudly: "In the business world. In Wall Street."

And at once it became clear to all that something very auspicious was in the offing.

Issuing from the canyons of New York, where their great kinsman dwelled, the hoary and forgotten wind of commerce began to blow again upon the Spivaks.

They began to share one common feeling—the tender emotion of love for their natal capitalistic plunderer.

They had visions of the Torgsin, of parcels and packages, and maybe even of an invitation to come and live in New York on Second Avenue. What a remarkable word—avenue!



That evening the Spivaks wrote letters. And although each Spivak wrote his letter in strict secrecy from every other Spivak, all the letters began with the same phrase: "At last, dear Archibald, I can greet you." That's what Spivak the militiaman wrote and Spivak the debt-collector, Spivak the health resort agent as well as Spivak the hat and cap maker, and Spivak the former subaltern under Kerensky's regime, and even Spivak the Marxist.

There was a personage like that in the Spivak preserve—a Marxist but not a Bolshevik, a dematerialized astral superclass shadow with no definite occupation.

All of them assured Archibald of their affection and informed him of their respective addresses.

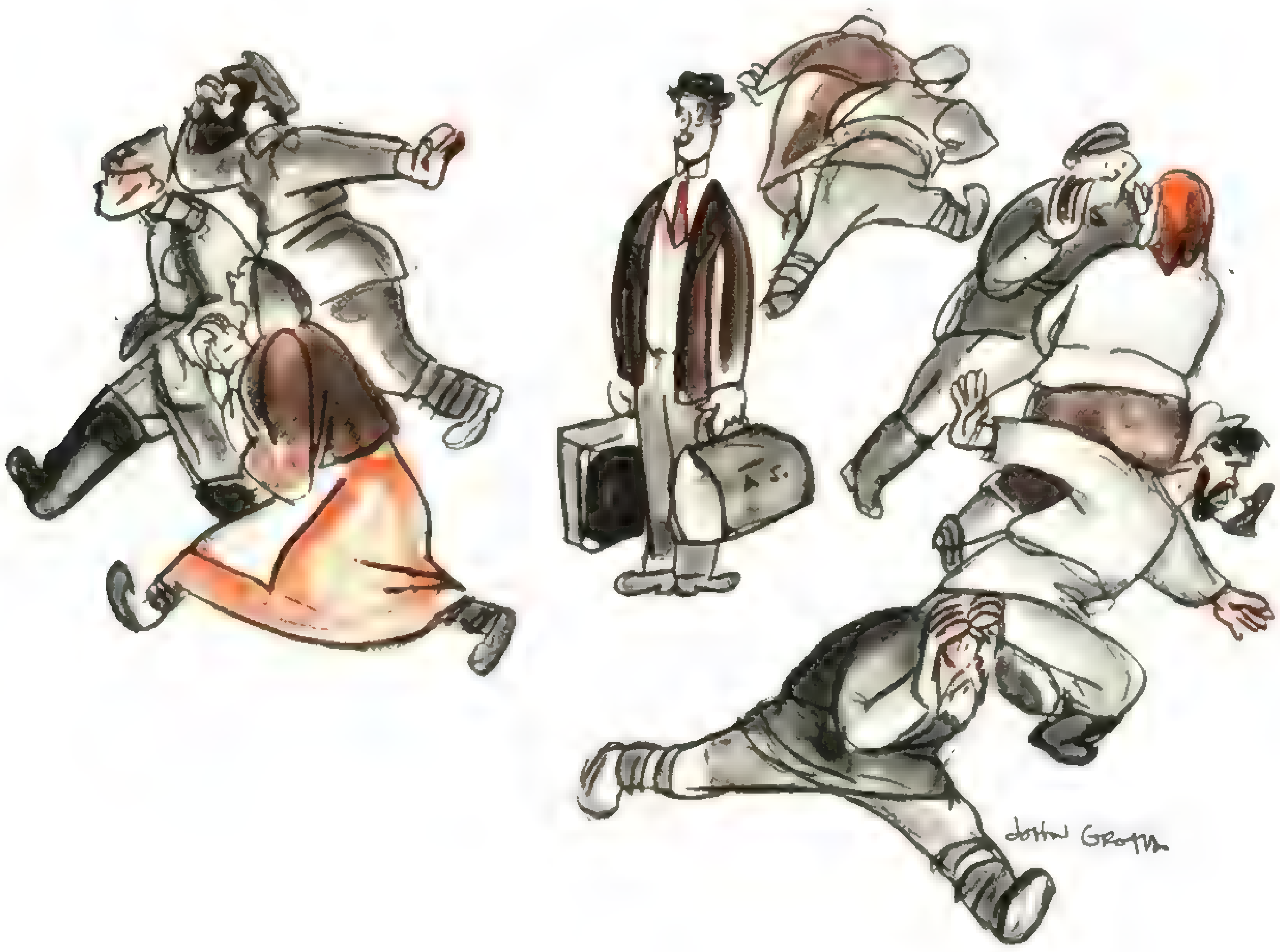
For two months there was silence. No sound or sign from the United States. It looked as if Archibald had forgotten his Soviet relatives. Or perhaps the Marxist had spoiled everything by writing something insulting about surplus value. Or perhaps the kinsman was busy electioneering for Roosevelt. Or perhaps Archibald himself had been elected to Congress and was no longer approachable.

Then came the telegram—addressed to Spivak the health resort agent. Headline: Archibald announces his impending arrival!

"Individually . . . personally . . . in my own hand . . ." the health resort agent muttered in senseless ecstasy.

He was envied. He was regarded as superior to all. Through some miracle he was singled out and favored by the American. It became clear to the health resort agent that henceforth he was to be the spoiled darling of human bliss, "the lord and master of all he surveyed."

Continued on page 150



BY APPOINTMENT
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT
69
REGISTERED
REGISTERED
ESTABLISHED 1863
DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Wm Sanderson & Son LEITH, SCOTLAND
Sole Agent for United States
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION, New York
86
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VAT 69

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

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-IT'S "FAIR AND COOLER"
AFTER YOU SAY
"Vat 69, please!"

PARK & TILFORD Import Corporation, New York, N. Y., *Exclusive U. S. Representative*

Hearse of the Speedway

Continued from page 70

in spite of his lack of experience. I sent him around the track a few times in other cars before I let him take out the "Tommy." Fifty thousand bucks is a lot for a car, and one good smack-up will make it worth what the junkman will pay. I wasn't taking chances.

We were all down there the day it rolled out for the first time. The Kid got behind the wheel looking proud as punch. He loped off the first few laps to get the feel of it and let it warm up.

The first several laps he did in fifty seconds. Then he opened it up. He must have pushed the gas down just coming into the home stretch. I could hear the motor break into a deep throated whine on the North Turn. The supercharger cut in with a scream. The car came roaring down the track moving like a black streak of lightning.

It didn't slow down on the curves; the speed increased, if anything. When it came over the line for the first fast lap it was clocked at twenty-five seconds. Everyone started talking at once. One hundred and forty-four miles an hour for the first fast lap, and still gaining speed!

I signalled it into the pits on the fifth fast lap.

None of us had expected the speed. Thomson had estimated a potential of over two hundred, but potentials aren't what win races. I had figured maybe a hundred and thirty the first time out with the Kid driving.

When he left the car the Kid came up to me. He was grinning but I saw he was puzzled.

"You didn't give me a chance to open it up," he complained. "It was good for plenty more."

"Do you know how fast you did that last lap?" I asked. He shook his head. "Just a hundred and sixty-seven miles per hour," saying it slow so it would sink in.

"Shucks," he said, "it rode like thirty." Then he looked at me with widening eyes. "*How* fast did you say?" He nearly fainted when I repeated it.

I was still worried about putting the Kid in the fastest car in the country, but I knew the Old Man would raise hell if I didn't follow orders.

I opened him at Reading with the "Tommy." The Kid could drive in a race, too, a fine natural. He had that knack that even experience won't give. That something that makes all the muscles coördinate just right in an emergency, and just right enough.

He went through the first events at a walk. No trouble developed and some of my fears were beginning to drop away.

In the big race of the day he was in front from the start. In five laps he was half a lap ahead and still gaining, though I could see he was holding it in.

He came into the stretch. There was a clear field ahead, but the Kid didn't open up. I guessed that he figured he had the race by a safe margin and wasn't taking chances.

Right opposite the pits something went wrong. The crowd was on its feet, yelling, sensing something that hadn't happened, yet.

"Sixteen" went into a skid. It broadsided along the track. Then it toppled over. The Kid was thrown clear. The car came to a stop against the railing.

I got out to him first. He was lying prone on the track, but got to his feet as I reached him. He stood and looked at the car and then at me.

"It was the damnedest thing," he said, and his cheeks were covered with tears and dust. "It just went into a skid. No reason for it."

I caught him as he fell.

At the hospital they said he was in pretty bad shape.

"He'll come out of it all right," the doc said, "but it will take time. Six or eight months."

I saw the Kid the next day. He was all bandaged up and looked very sorry for himself.

"I'm O. K.," he replied to my question, "how's the car."

"Nothing to worry about," I told him, "a few dents in it, no harm done."

And there wasn't. It took a few hours to straighten out the body creases, that was all. We spent a good many hours, though, trying to figure out what had caused the skid. It seemed to be just one of those things.

"I won't be able to race again this year," the Kid was looking at me with large, pleading, half frightened eyes, "but will you take me back next season? It wasn't my fault, honest."

I nodded and told him he would have a place with us and the stable was taking care of everything. I knew it wasn't the Kid's fault, we all did. Things like that happen, though.

Except for conditioning, the car wasn't run again until the end of May. I put Cook in as driver and Saunders as riding mechanic at his own request. The qualifying runs were made with an average of over a hundred and forty, which is high speed for the old Indianapolis track, built for a top of about ninety.

Cook cut loose as soon as the paced lap was over. His lead grew with every lap. A quick check when he came into the pits for gas showed that everything was in order. We changed the wheels and he started again.

The race looked as much in the pocket as a race can ever look before it's over. Then Cook shot over the south retaining wall.

I got out there as fast as I could, but the ambulance beat me to it. Cook and Saunders were both dead.

The funny part of it was that the car was in perfect condition, the paint was hardly scratched. When cars go over that wall they are usually wrecks, but not the "Tommy." I had a mechanic test it and it roared into life at once.

I put Deset and Taylor in as reliefs. I thought it would develop mechanical trouble of some sort from the punishment it had taken, but the laps rolled by without a hitch.

Five laps from the finish they pulled Deset out of the seat. First they had to turn the car right side up. Both were seriously injured, but expected to live.

The car's condition was perfect.

Geran took the car at Detroit and got a skull concussion. The car was undamaged. Haynes was killed at Altoona, Myers at Oakland. Rogers was severely injured at Langhorn, Berger was killed at Syracuse. In each case "Tommy" had started off well, led the field, then crashed, unaccountably. Never, so far as we could tell, was it the fault of the driver, nor was it the fault of circumstances. There was nothing wrong with the car, before, during, or after the race. Even when it crashed a fence or a wall, or rolled over, it required just a few licks with a hammer and a touch of paint to put it back in shape.

A couple of Sunday supplements picked up the story, then the magazines. "The Murder Car of the American Speedway" they called it. We called it the "Black Hearse," and it wasn't a bad name.

I had kept the Old Man informed of what was going on. He was still in Europe. I wanted to pull it in after Oakland, but he said to keep it running.

When it went in for the winter we got to work on it. We took it down, measured and checked, calibrated and weighed, cussed and swore at every part of it. Every part was perfect. Then we assembled it and sent it around the track with a crazy driver willing to take a chance. The "Hearse" turned in an average of one hundred and seventy-five for the twenty miles. We all gathered around and swore at the assembled car. What else could we do?

I wasn't intending to race it any more. The Old Man's orders or not, no driver except Ace was willing to take it in an actual race—that was where trouble came. I had it painted white and stored.

A lot of people, women's clubs mostly, thought it should be ruled from the tracks. But the AAA couldn't do that when tests showed it was in sounder condition than most of the cars running. Hoodoos aren't taken up in the rule book.

As I said, I had no intention of running it. Then the Kid showed up just before the season opened. He walked with a slight limp, but otherwise was in good shape. He had a certificate from the docs saying his reflexes were all O. K. He was all ready to drive the "Hearse" again, but I said I wouldn't allow it. No use getting the Kid killed.

So the fool wrote to the Old Man and the Old Man cables back saying that I would give the Kid the chariot, or else—.

At Reading, just a year after its first entrance, we rolled it onto the track. Some of the drivers looked at it, glistening in the sun, and I heard a few mutterings about the "Black Hearse." You can't disguise a jinx by painting it.

Just before the first race the Kid got a bad pain. It turned out to be appendicitis and they took him to the hospital. I was relieved. I liked the Kid.

Then, as usual, I had more trouble. Ace Kennedy was there slated to drive a Miller. When he saw that the Kid was out he came over and demanded the "Hearse." I gave it to him because he threatened to quit the stable if I didn't.

Sure, he cracked up. The best driver in the country and he turns over at fifty miles an hour on a clear stretch. He wasn't hurt much, but he was sore. He never had believed that jinx business. He did now. It didn't hurt the car any.

The Kid was all right in a few weeks. I put him into a couple of races with a Duesenberg. He did O. K. Between races he would come back to the shop and fool around the 'Hearse.' He didn't, seem to be doing any work on it, just hanging around and looking at it, mostly.

Then he came to me.

"I'm driving the 'Tommy' at Indianapolis, Mr. Blane," he showed me the letter from the Old Man.

"Anything I can do?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "Will you have it painted black again?"

Hell, the Kid was just asking for it. I told them to paint it and tune it.

The Old Man turned up at Indianapolis that year. I buttonholed him.

"Listen," I said, "are you going to let the Kid drive the 'Hearse'?"

He thought I was crazy and I had to tell him why we called it the "Hearse." He hadn't got it at all from the news I sent him, and when I was finished he still didn't believe it. He called me superstitious. I guess I was.

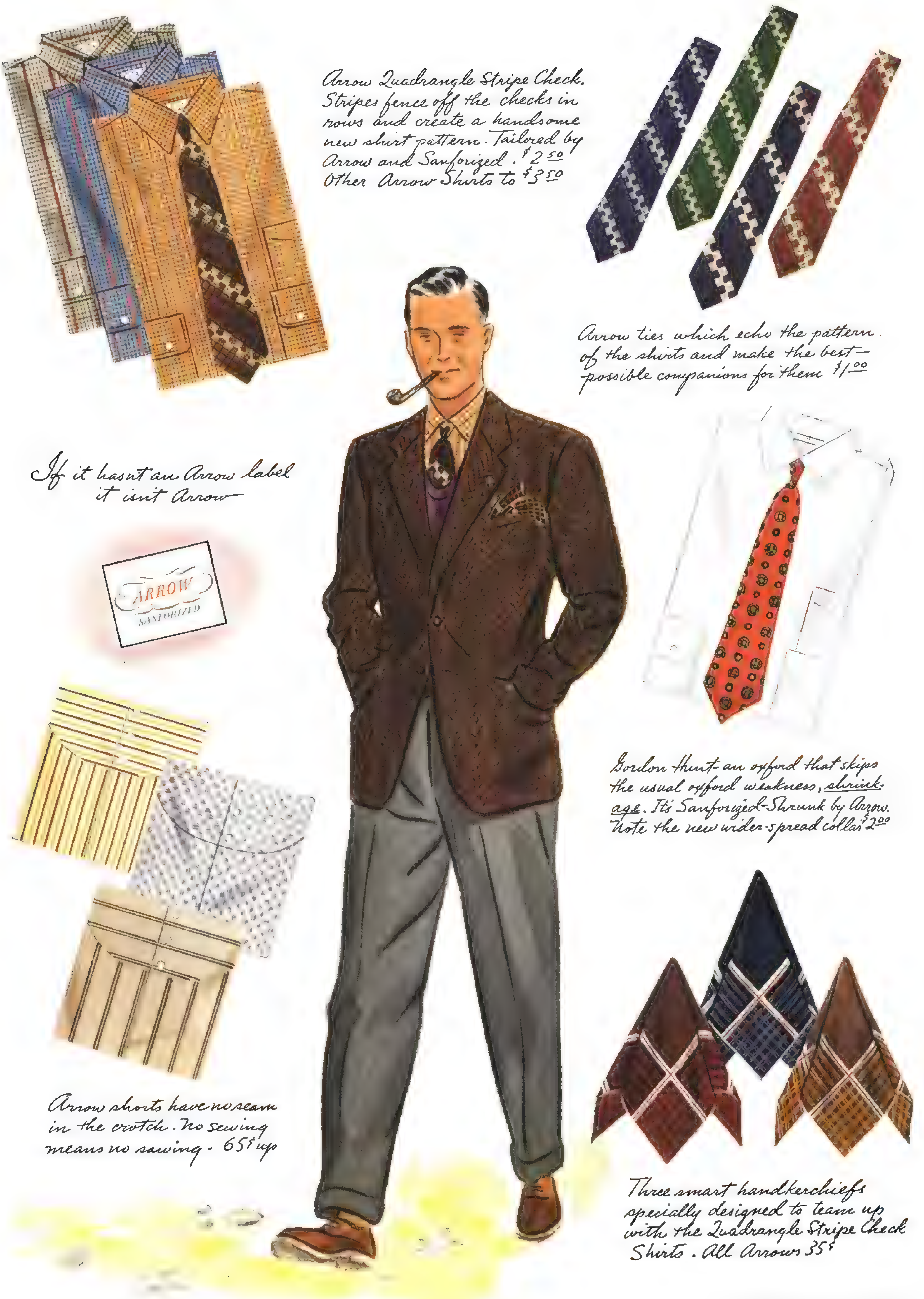
"I don't know who you'll get to ride with him," I said, "but my suggestion is you don't let it go in."

The Old Man's suggestion was that I grow up, and if I couldn't get a riding mechanic, why, he would. He did.

I called a "good luck" to the Kid which he didn't hear, and he started off, post position.

I watched that race, not from the pits, but from the stands, and with high powered glasses. Something else was riding with the Kid besides the mechanic. Something that was trying to wreck him. I could see how he fought with it on curves and on the stretch. I could see him struggling when it started to swerve,

Continued on page 137



Arrow Quadrangle Stripe Check. Stripes fence off the checks in rows and create a handsome new shirt pattern. Tailored by Arrow and Sanforized. $2.50 Other Arrow Shirts to $3.50

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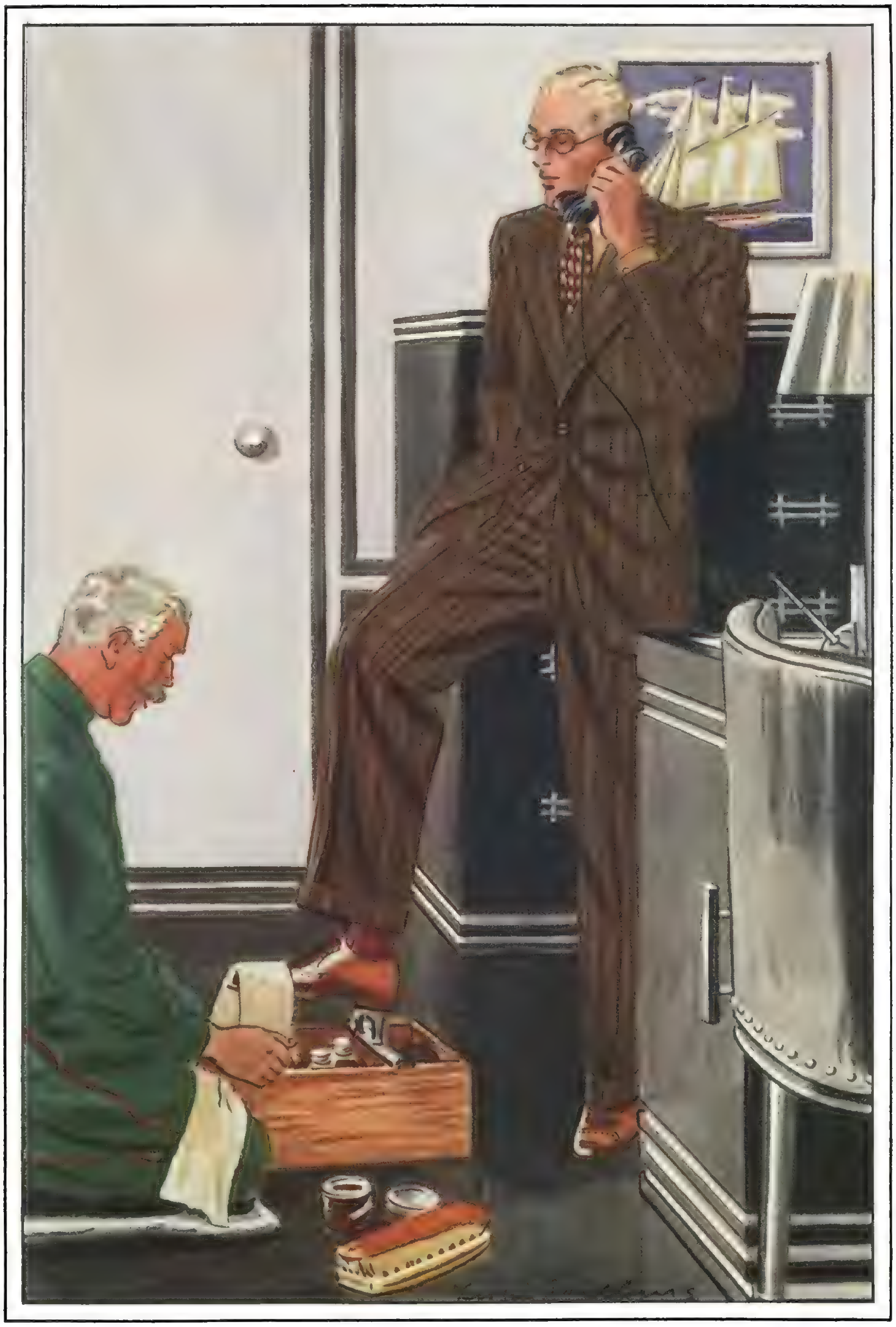


GOING TO WORK ON A NEW PAIR OF SHOES

Bootblacks in big office buildings know, by now, that most men who have a care for their appearance are as fussy about the coloring of a pair of brown shoes as they are about the coloring of a meerschaum pipe. For instance, the shoes in this picture are obviously new, because they are the square last which has only recently been popularized by the example of a famous London bootmaker. The shoe shiner has orders to cure their look of newness as quickly as possible by vigorous daily applications of dark red mahogany polish. British Tan may be all right for women, as they seem to think it is, but it's a horrible color on a man's feet and, whenever encountered, should undergo a shine-change with red polish to the desired dark gleam. The suit, incidentally, is the new hard finished worsted with polychromatic stripes of both red and blue, making it correct for wear with accessories of either blue or brown.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Hearse of the Speedway

Continued from pages 70-134

started to turn or to skid, when it failed to respond immediately to the wheel; every inch of the way he fought with it.

At the end of the two hundredth lap the checkered flag went down. I couldn't believe the "Hearse" had made it, had won. The Old Man was beside me as we watched him take his safety lap. Then he took a second and a third. I thought he was driving in exultation. I was worried, fate can be played with only so far.

Then they were trying to flag him from the course, but he kept on, lap after lap. I could see the mechanic's face as the car flashed by. The features behind the goggles seemed terrified.

The car stopped when it ran out of gas. When they lifted the Kid from the car he was unconscious, and the scared mechanic nearly so. The Old Man was rushing up and down, yelling at other owners, yelling at drivers and newspapermen, wanting to know what in the hell all this "Black Hearse Hoodoo" business was about. I saw that the Kid was in for a big bonus.

There was no stopping the Kid for the rest of the season. Records toppled all over the country by seconds and minutes. Dirt, sand, concrete, wood and macadam tracks were burned by the wheels of the "Hearse."

The Kid thought of nothing but the car and the races. He seldom spoke, and when he did it was to say something about the "Hearse."

He didn't have a crash all year, didn't even slide into a fence. It was one of the sweetest streaks of winning any driver has ever had. Of course, after the points he rolled up at Indianapolis there wasn't a doubt as to who would have the AAA Championship. If someone else had won every race in the country they couldn't have touched his standing.

I watched him through that season, though. When everyone else was thinking how lucky he was, I could see how he fought his way through each race, struggling to keep the car under his control. It must have been hard, very hard. I could see how it was sapping his strength and vitality. But he never complained, you would have thought his life was a bed of roses. But he never smiled and never relaxed, and people meeting him for the first time wondered why he was called the Kid; he didn't look young any more. He spent his spare time keeping in condition, playing handball in the daytime and knitting at night. The handball helped his eyes, quickened his reflexes, the knitting kept his nerves down.

At the end of the season the Old Man was mighty proud of the Kid, and the whole outfit cashed in on his praises. Timmons would have done anything for the Kid, but nothing existed for him but the car.

The Old Man threw a dinner for the stable (*equipé*, he calls it). The Kid was to be guest of honor. Timmons was giving him a fat bonus check and a little silver model of the "Hearse." The drivers were giving him a watch, and the mechanics had a fancy radiator ornament made for him.

When the dinner was about to begin I looked around and saw that everyone was there but the Kid. I remembered how moody he had been and was worried. I went over to the rooming house he stayed in when he was in town. I knocked on the door of his room. When I got no answer I turned the knob and opened the door.

The Kid didn't hear me come in. He was lying on the bed, sobbing as though his heart were breaking. I didn't know what to do, so I made enough noise for him to hear. When he realized some one was in the room he turned around and tried to stop crying.

I got it out of him finally. He had been crying because the racing season was over, because there would be no more racing until spring. He was deadly serious about it and I could see that the pain struck deep into him. I tried to cheer him up, told him that he could get in a few winter races if he wanted to, but they didn't amount to anything and he knew it.

He calmed down after awhile. I tried to get him to go over to the hotel. He wasn't interested in the dinner, he said, and what was more, he wasn't going. I had to insist, of course, the Old Man waiting and everything. He just walked out on me, leaving me there in his room. I knew he wouldn't be going to the hotel.

I looked around his room before I left. It was the usual type of furnished room and I could see the Kid hadn't gotten any fancy ideas with all the money he was pulling in.

There was just one book there, if there had been more I don't think I would have noticed, but I wondered what this one was.

It opened in my hands to a page that must have been read many times. One paragraph was heavily circled with pencil. I read it:

> "When two strong forces meet there is a conflict of power. If these two forces stay together there will be continuous clashing, but in the end the stronger will overcome the weaker, and will have complete mastery."

Under this the Kid had written:

> "The stronger overcame the weaker, I overcame the Car, and mastered It."

I reread the two. The printed words seemed true enough, but I thought of the Kid's mind being obsessed with the car, thinking of nothing else, and I wasn't so sure about what he had written. I wondered who had become the master, the car or the man. #

For Clean-up King I Nominate . . .

by LOU GEHRIG

New York Yankees' Clean-up Ace Makes Novel Choice for All-Time Honor

I DON'T need to tell baseball fans how important the "clean-up" (number four) man is in the batting line-up. With three reliable hitters batting ahead of him, it is his wallops that bring in the runs.

In my thirteen years of big league baseball I have watched some of the most famous "clean-up" men in the history of the game. But the other day in Boston I had the pleasure of seeing the "clean-up" king that gets my vote for the "all-time" honors. Strangely enough, this "clean-up" king isn't a slugger at all. Instead of cleaning up the bases, this one's specialty is cleaning up faces.

Here's how it happened. While in Boston playing the Red Sox, I made an inspection trip through the Gillette Safety Razor factory. There I discovered that what is true of baseball is also true of Gillette Blades. In baseball, the pick of the raw material is tried out, tested, and trained for the big league teams. At the Gillette factory I found that they buy only the finest steel, and put it through gruelling tests before it is made into Gillette Blades.

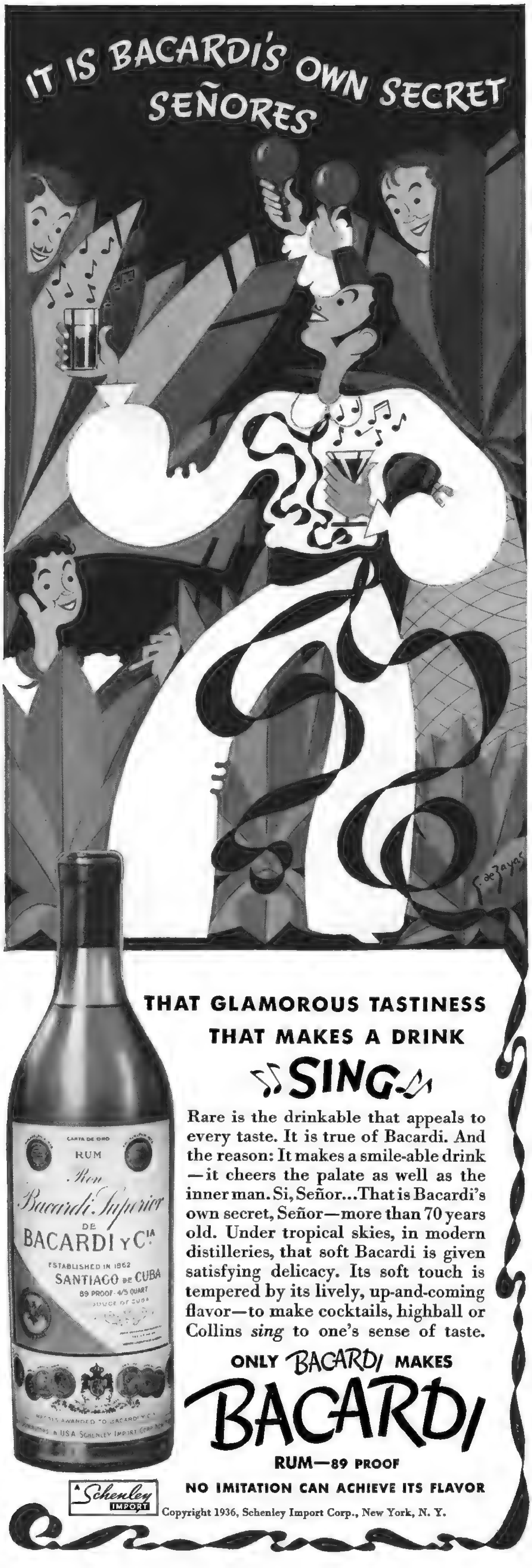
For instance, like a rookie baseball player, Gillette Blade steel has to be hardened and tempered. To do this, Gillette uses electric furnaces, each one controlled by a device which can tell in an instant if the steel passing through the furnaces requires more heat or less heat. Faster than a speedball, the signal is flashed from the box to a great battery of switches, and the heat is raised or lowered accordingly. Then to make doubly sure that there is no possibility of error, they X-ray the steel with an electro-magnetic tester to detect hidden flaws.

A good ball player has to have precision and accuracy, too . . . and that's where Gillette chalks up a winning score. Grinding machines, adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch give Gillette Blades shaving edges so keen you can't see them, even with the most powerful microscope.

These are some of the reasons why I nominate the Gillette Blade for all-time Clean-up King. For when it comes to cleaning up on stubborn bristles—with the greatest of ease and comfort—Gillette hits a home run with the bases loaded. Yes, Sir!—if baseball could only train players as accurately and efficiently as Gillette makes razor blades, we'd all find it easy to bat 1000.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.



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Fatherland Into Motherland

Continued from page 69

plains, "is the gravest possible danger to a nation's peace. For when the population of one country declines, neighboring nations who are increasing in numbers inevitably break in and take the breathing space they need. Germany," adds Gross, "must in the next decade have children—and more children than all other nations—otherwise we will have no peace, room, raw materials or happiness."

Dr. Gross is equally interesting in the field of economics. "We have so many jobless today," he writes, "only because we need approximately ten million more children in the country. There is no consumer like a baby. If we had these, work and earnings would be produced for all present unemployed in both the crafts and industries."

But population policy in Hitler Germany is more revolutionary than a simple wish to step up child-production. Quality manufacture is also the genetic order of the day. Darwin's precept of evolution and Nietzsche's dream of the Super-Man have been incorporated wholesale into the Nazi population program. Not only are all fit Germans to be paid, cajoled, and bulldozed into breeding *ad lib.* but all unfit are, by law, subject to surgical operation guaranteeing that they shall not breed at all.

This radical piece of Nazi legislation is called the "Law for Abolition of Hereditary Disease," and is the main focus of the Nazi-Catholic conflict in the Third Reich today. It sets up special courts, manned by physicians and Nazis, which may sentence a citizen to sterilization for "suffering from hereditary disease."

The law went into effect January 1, 1934, and both courts and surgeons have been working overtime ever since. The public is not admitted to these court sessions, and statistics on their surgical sequel are still "not available." Figures on the jealously guarded results of the law have been printed, however, in Nuremberg, where the radical Streicher does as he pleases. His paper announces that in the city of Nuremberg, 1,028 men and women have been sterilized already—or 1 person in 800, since Nuremberg's population is about 800,000.

Of 1,238 cases prosecuted before this "Heredity Court," 1,028 or 85% of the "medical prisoners" were condemned to the operating-table. There are 205 such Heredity Courts throughout the Reich.

Hitler means business, both in making of mothers and in carefully sorting the fathers.

But the biggest surprise in the Nazis' novel campaign is the enthusiastic response which it finds in German youth. Pep-meetings and rallies, exhorting Nazi girls and boys to become mothers and fathers at the first opportunity, are attended and cheered with the same joyous gusto which attends football games in America.

At the latest monster-mass-meeting of the "Make More Mothers" campaign, held in Munich, the Nazi Boss of Bavaria, Adolf Wagner, climaxed his speech with the appeal: "Hitler Germany asks one great thing of you all—that you bestow upon this nation more children than ever before." His audience of 8,000, made up of the chiefs of the Nazi Women's League, the League of German Girls, and the Girls Labor Service cheered this exhortation to the echo.

"The test of a German girl today," Wagner continued, "is no longer how many of the latest dances she knows, or how brightly she dare paint her lips and fingernails, but how often and successfully she can become a mother." The little girls and the grown women, from 8 to 40, their eyes shining, cheered him deafeningly.

Wagner, himself a vigorous man of middle-age with a strong jaw and impressive shoulders, shook a finger at them all in fatherly admonition. "We are teaching German women and girls once more to be pure," he said. "Germany fell so low after the war only because Teutonic girls let their blood be corrupted and defiled by Jewish scoundrels. I hereby appeal to you one and all, in the name of our beloved Fuehrer, never to have anything to do with a Jew."

A shiver of enthusiasm and disgust went up and down the brown-uniformed ranks of girls, half of whom stood sturdily and in military rows throughout the speech. They shouted assent; they cheered with their hearts in it. In America Red Grange running back a kick-off for a touchdown, or Clark Gable beatifying his ecstatic fans with a personal-appearance, does not rouse greater transports of enthusiasm.

Their answer to the Campaign was plain: Young Germany is more than ready to set about producing a Still Younger Germany.

But Hitler's own rallies are still more impressive.

The 30,000 ranking woman leaders of the Third Reich, along with several regiments of "Hitler"-girls, were recently thrilled to hear a personal address by their Fuehrer at the annual Party Congress in Nuremberg.

The ninety-nine per cent feminine audience all wore uniforms of one description or another. Those not in the field-gray of the Female Work Service or the khaki-brown of one of the Nazi leagues, wore the "undress-uniform" of white middy and navy-blue skirt.

Hitler spoke to them like a father. But he had to stand on the rostrum, waving his arms in modest supplication, for a full five minutes before the cheering thinned sufficiently for his words to be heard.

Continued at top of page 140

The Gentleman and his socks

are both self-supporting

with "Lastex" holder-upper tops

This typically 20th Century Fashion is endorsed by some of the greatest names in the world of correct dress. Your favorite hosiery maker (whoever he may be) emphasizes it. Your particular store (whatever it is) offers a wide selection from various makers, in the current patterns and shades, for all occasions. "Lastex," you know, is the elastic yarn that makes any woven or knitted fabric stretch as desired. It makes possible better fit, more comfort, greater convenience, longer wear. It has a hundred and one uses (of which this is only one) embracing all types of apparel for men, women, and children. The "Lastex"-top self-supporting sock is as modern as this issue of Esquire. And it isn't just around the corner. It's here. The rest is up to you. "Lastex," 1790 Broadway, New York City.

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Leave the *flower* perfumes to the ladies . . . let us be all *man* in the scent of our own toiletries! *Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion* is fragrant with the woodsy, fresh odor of the Royal Fern—clean, wholesome, with no hint of the boudoir, nor of the gaudy gaucheries of a waterfront barber shop. It's a cocktail for your face—an exhilarating smoother of skins, a satisfying soother of razor nicks! *Price 85c.*

Fougere Royale Shaving Bowl. The trend is back to Luxurious shaving via this handsomely turned out natural wood bowl of the miraculous *Fougere Royale* Soap. *$1.00.*

Fougere Royale Talc. Supremely fine in quality, toned for men's skin, scented for men of sensibility. There's nothing *coquettish* about this talc. *55c.*

Fougere Royale Hair Lotion for a well-groomed head, with every hair in place. It adds lustre without oiliness, stimulates the scalp, corrects dryness, *and doesn't shriek to high heaven. 85c.*

Fougère Royale

FOUGERE ROYALE

by HOUBIGANT *for men*

Fatherland Into Motherland

Continued from pages 69-138

"We are training real men for the women," he said,"—decent, brave and honorable. When the women see the fine Labor Service boys, dressed only in trousers and with breasts all bare, they must say, 'It is nice for the women and what fine fellows are here! And military service, what marvelous training!' I regard woman as the eternal mother of our nation and the eternal companion of man in work and battle."

He paused impressively here and the huge auditorium rang to high-pitched feminine cheers.

But the climax of his speech was even more to his audience's liking. "People say that the Nazis only want women to bear babies. But there is nothing degrading about breeding babies. It is a woman's greatest triumph. There is no equality in giving women tasks where they are men's inferiors."

The cheering here rose to a veritable storm in which the small Swastika flags of the women's organizations waved wildly to and fro throughout the vast building.

It was evident that Hitler was not giving German women their orders, but giving expression to those women's most heart-felt wishes.

The Third Reich's vast experiment in genetics is one that not only entertainment-lovers would do well to watch. Hitler's "Make-More-Mothers" campaign already appears bound for spectacular success. More babies and more enthusiasm are already distinctly present. What will come, however, of his simultaneous attempt to breed the Super-Man by dextrous dealing out of bonus and operating-knife, only the passage of decades can answer. #

A Crack-Up Alibi

Continued from page 67

Pete and we wouldn't be landing for several hours, so I had an idea. I went back to the washroom . . .

No. The champagne was kept there in a basket of dry ice. There were ten bottles for the passengers we had left behind. I took one out and when Dolores saw it she clapped her hands and kissed the bottle. She did it pretty cute. I opened it then, and we tried to drink out of the bottle. It was too bubbly so I got a couple of glasses.

We finished the bottle and I got another idea. Mendoza was our last stop on the Argentine side of the Andes. The hotel there had a gambling casino. "This night," I said in my awkward Spanish, "in Mendoza?" I was trying to think if there was a Spanish word for roulette.

She was frowning, but not very much.

"Roulette," I said quickly. She smiled and nodded vigorously. Then she opened her purse and took out a roll of bills as big as her wrist.

"*Casino de Montevideo*," she said.

I had thought she might be the daughter of some South American president, but a president's daughter didn't run around by herself playing roulette. I had no way of finding out who she was nor could I learn what her plans were once she reached Santiago, Chile. So the stop in Mendoza was the answer . . .

I could say there was a storm in the Andes, or that a motor was bad. I was beginning to tingle a little with the prospect. I got two more bottles . . .

A lot of pilots used to think they flew better drunk. Anyway, a little champagne wouldn't bother me.

She started to say something and I leaned over—I was sitting on the arm of the chair opposite her—but her lips stopped moving and she just looked at me. I kissed her.

After a while she pushed me away a little bit. "*Tu eres rico*," she said. I remember the way she said it better than the words . . .

It's a pretty sweet way of saying "You're wonderful" in Spanish. I found that out afterwards.

I kissed her some more and she would murmur things that I didn't understand. But the way her voice sounded was enough for me. Once she said, "*Esta noche en Mendoza*," and it sounded like a poem. My Mendoza idea was all right. I understood that much.

After a while I went back to the washroom again, but this time I had to close the door . . .

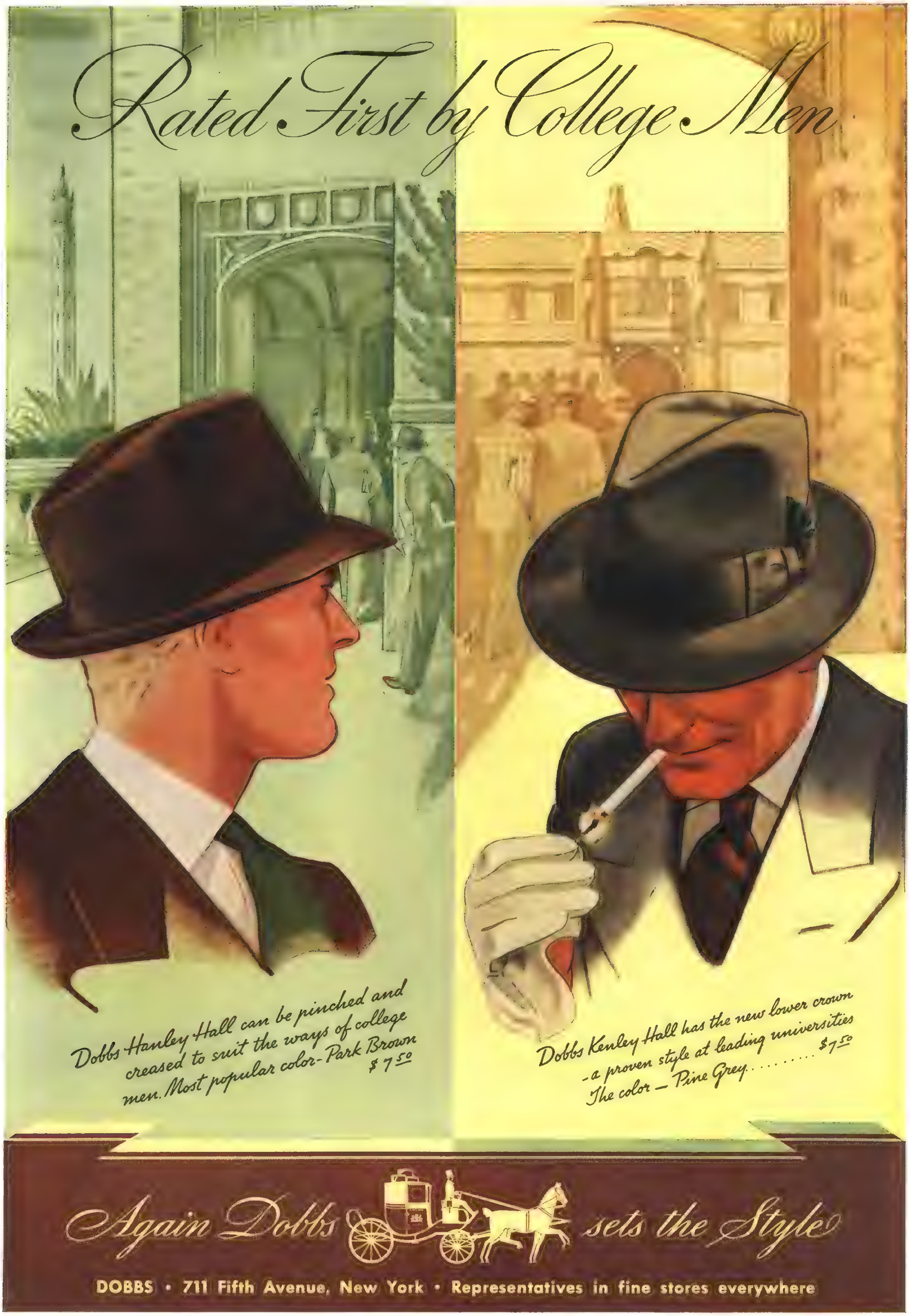
I'm telling you how it happened. I'm coming to that now. When I went to open the door there was no handle on the inside. The plane had just been overhauled and some cluck had forgotten to put the inside door-handle back on. That was a nice situation. The door was double-lined with corrugated metal.

I tried to force it and couldn't. I lunged against it and kicked at the lock but couldn't budge it. So there I was locked up in the wrong end of the ship. I sat down and waited, hoping that Dolores would come back and open the door. Pete would know where I was but he'd have a time telling the girl what to do. He couldn't speak Spanish either. And he couldn't leave the controls. And I couldn't remember if the handle was on the outside of the door.

I could see the ground through a little window back there. We were about five thousand feet and Pete was staying on the course and would reach the Villa Mercedes field in a couple of hours. But what good would that do? He couldn't land a plane.

All I could do was sit there and try not to think of what was

Continued at top of page 143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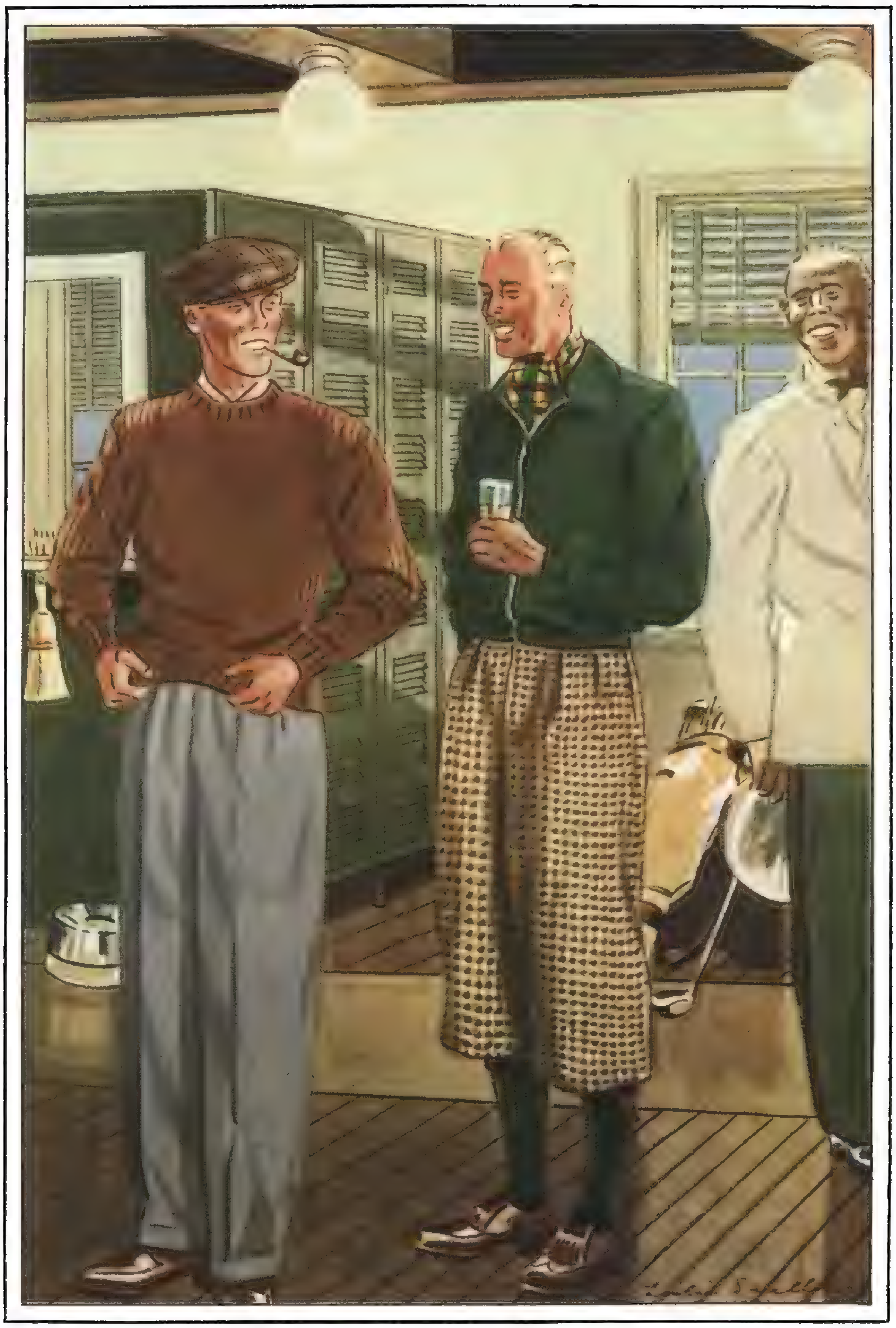

A THREE AND A FIVE AT THE NINETEENTH

These two golfers have, between them, a score of eight fashion points. High score takes this hole, unlike the rest, so the man on the right wins with five, as follows: (1) the green lightweight silk poplin windbreaker; (2) the brown and white hound's tooth check tweed knickers with cord fastening—knickers are back, as you probably know; (3) the plaid wool muffler; (4) the bottle green 6x3 wool hose (5) the brown wing tipped golf shoes with overhanging tongues. The other man scores a point with the new heavy ribbed tight fitting crew neck sweater in the new cocoa shade, as recently made for Henry Cotton, England's best dressed golfer and the man who was one of the first to popularize the pork pie hat. Point 2 for the flat-topped tweed cap and 3 for the brown calf Norwegian model golf shoes. But he draws a blank for his grey flannel slacks, although they are still worn by many golfers.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

A Crack-Up Alibi

Continued from pages 67-140

going to happen. After a while the plane began to bob around. It would go into a long glide and the motors would speed up and shake hell out of everything. When a tin goose starts rattling it sounds like a boiler factory . . .

A tin goose is an old tri-motor. Then the floor would push up as though it was trying to jerk its way into the sky, leaving me behind. Pete was trying to talk to Dolores and the plane would get away from him when he didn't watch it. I knew that whatever chance he had to make her understand wasn't helped when he let the ship gyrate around. That's what happened. Dolores got excited, then hysterical and finally collapsed.

But I didn't know that then. The plane smoothed out and I waited for the door to open and it didn't. Finally we arrived over Villa Mercedes where we were supposed to refuel. There was one hour's gas left, enough for a nice fire if we cracked. I hoped Pete would run most of it out before he tried to land. I was relieved some when he started circling the field.

Then I saw the champagne. I opened a bottle to ease the agony of watching Pete bang the ship into the ground. I thought of Dolores saying, "This night in Mendoza," making it sort of a promise. The idea made things a little pleasant and for just a second I forgot the situation.

I drank another bottle, and another, and stayed cold sober until I heard one of the motors cough. Then I felt kinda sick. We were out of gas and would be going down.

I couldn't see ahead through the little window. All I could do was watch the ground coming up. It was like those movies of a train that's speeding right at the camera. I saw the edge of the field pass under us and we were going about a hundred and twenty. That was a lot of flying speed to lose and I knew we'd lose it all at once. I braced myself as best I could and waited. The wheels hit. We bounced once. Then I was banged into the wall and went to sleep.

When I came to, a doctor from the army post was swabbing iodine all over me. A bunch of soldiers were trying to pull the plane out of some trees. Pete was standing around looking at me in a funny way. I asked him about the girl.

"She's all right," he said. "She cut her lip and will have some black eyes. The Colonel took her in his car, he seemed to know her."

Pete had buckled his seat belt and hadn't been scratched. He kept looking at me as though he was mad or something. "What's the idea of passing out and making me land the ship?" he demanded, and he really was mad.

I started to laugh and it hurt all over. I must have bounced around the washroom quite a bit. I told him about the doorhandle.

Pete swore some. "It must have sprung open when we hit," he said. "I helped the girl out and we saw you lying there in a bunch of empty bottles." Then he began to laugh. "You got two beautiful black eyes," he said.

Well, I tried to call on her at the Colonel's house but I couldn't get in. I wanted to explain a lot of things she probably didn't understand. But maybe it wouldn't have done any good, because by then my eyes were so swollen I could hardly see. And I couldn't speak Spanish. ⌗

The Visiting Hour

Continued from page 76

of the words. He wanted to hurt her. "Turn it over, baby," he said. "Turn it over and play *Minnie the Moocher's Wedding Day.*" His voice was sardonic. His face got one sided . . . *Crying!* Damn her soul for a sniveling rat. *Crying!* Taking advantage of him. She knew he couldn't stand to see her cry. Making it look as if he was booting her around . . . Emotions crawled in him, squirmy, dirty, smeary emotions . . . "Don't cry, baby, don't cry . . ." Patting her hands and wanting to hurt her . . . Oh, Lord, damn her soul to hell . . . "Don't cry baby . . ."

She stopped crying suddenly and dried her eyes with a clean handkerchief. He propped the smile on his face. She said: "You'll have to be patient, Harry. You haven't got but six more months to do anyway. If the governor doesn't commute your sentence, six more months won't be too long . . ."

He dropped the props out from under his smile. He hid his eyes from her, turned his gaze toward the barred windows, staring. A bleak, winter afternoon stared back at him . . . A dark-gray strip of skeletoned trees cutting off the light-gray haze of sky at the horizon. White snow was spilt face powder from a strumpet's toilet on the black, turned soil and a whitish, gravel road was an overturned block-T in the distance. Way down the road at the angle of the T, convicts in tan shock coats filed in a slow-moving, wavering line of color, "homebound" after a day's work. A stream of gray smoke from beyond the horizon curled up the side of the red-brick guard tower in the corner of the stockade fence. Tight-drawn, barbwire-cut black lines in his eyes. The bars moved as he moved his head . . . He thought: God, it's dreary out here—desolate as a whore's grave. I'll go nuts looking at these gray days. They aren't getting any better . . .

He turned back toward her.

Continued on page 144

UNDER YOUR POLO HELMET

• VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout" for Healthy, Handsome HAIR!

Even though your breeches have that Hurlingham look—even though your boots fit like gloves—you're not a well-dressed man if your hair isn't neat and handsome. Hair health and good looks always go together. Bring both to *your* hair, by using Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

Vitalis, massaged deep into the scalp, guards hair against scorching summer sun and soaking shower baths. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis take the place of natural oils that have been baked out or washed away. Vitalis checks loose dandruff.

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KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

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AS SUPERIOR AS GORDON'S DRY GIN

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GORDON'S GIN IS NOW MUCH
LOWER IN PRICE!

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The Visiting Hour

Continued from pages 76-143

Shadows crawled in his stretched eyes—haunting shadows. His sallow skin tightened whitely. He spoke in the dead monotone of hopelessness which carries conviction. "I can't do six more months. I've done six years. I can't do six more months to save my Goddamn life . . . I can feel every minute of my Goddamn time now. I can feel it at nights when I'm sleeping. I pray for each hour to pass. Listen, I can feel the lingering drag of each minute clear down into my heart . . . " His head bowed forward, hands pressing against his temples. "I can't do it, *I can't do it . . .*"

She got frightened, touched his hair with her hand involuntarily. "Don't give up hope, Harry," she pleaded, forgetting herself. "The governor hasn't announced his Christmas pardons yet. You might be on the list. He said your case was being considered," she repeated doggedly.

"*Being considered* . . ." His short burst of laughter exploded, crackled on insanely.

She smoothed his hair, ran her fingers down his cheek soothingly . . . A man in a gray suit, cigar stuck in a bakelite holder at a high angle from the corner of his mouth, walked through the hallway. "Who is that, the warden?" she asked, trying to draw his mind.

He turned, looked at the man with vapid eyes, said: "He thinks he is, but he ain't . . ."

She said: "You're gaining weight, Harry. You can't be getting along as bad as you say you are." It didn't touch him.

She said: "What's the matter?"

"Hunh?" Then his eyes saw her. "Oh, I was thinking."

"Your mother is well. Kenneth and some of the boys told me to tell you hello and to hurry up and get out. I saw Bert and Rose the other day. Rose is just as fat. Bert's been sick, you know. He's so thin . . ."

He laid his head to one side. He thought: Damn Bert and Mary and Kenneth and Rose and all the rest of them, and damn you for talking about them. If you knew how bad I hate this place you'd do something about it and stop sitting there talking so complacently about some forgotten names . . .

"What are you going to have for Christmas dinner?" she asked. Her voice was getting forced now.

"Oh, chicken, oyster dressing, candy, fruit, nuts, the rest of it. Hogs for the slaughter . . ." His voice sounded tired.

"All of that?" Her voice contained surprise. "Why, you'll have more than we will. We can't afford to have all of that. You're well off for Christmas." She made her voice sprightly.

"God, Hazel, don't do that—don't please. I don't want chicken and candy— I want freedom . . ." He drew in a long breath, let it out slowly. "You'll make me sore again. I don't want to fuss. But hell, I'm no kid. Don't tell me how good castor oil is—I know about it. I don't care if I have to eat swill—if I'm free . . ."

"All right, all right, but we're doing the—" She caught herself. He thought: God, if she says that again I'll scream . . .

The guard came to the door of the cage and called: "Madame, the taxi is waiting for you."

She got up hurriedly and put on her coat. Relief brightened her. Then she caught sight of his face. She flushed guiltily, slowed her actions, fumbled with her coat buttons.

He watched a small vein in her throat throbbing slightly. He thought for a moment that he would like to kill her. He swallowed several times. His voice was stifled: "There was something I wanted to tell you to do for me, but being as you're in such a hurry, let it go . . ."

She stopped and sat down again, trying to hide her reluctance. "What is it, Harry," she asked with studied patience. "I've been trying to get you to tell me what you wanted ever since I came in . . ."

He began: "Well . . ."

"You're so exasperating," she interrupted.

He took his time. "There's an attorney in the Empire Building named C. H. Haines. He used to be attorney general and he's got good connections with the present governor. I saw a guy the other day who got a commutation—Louis was his name. He said that Haines got him his commutation for a hundred bucks. He had a tough rap, too. I want you to go by and see Haines. See if he can do anything for me . . ."

She said: "I'll see him, but . . ." doubtfully.

"My case is *being considered*," he added for her. "I know it's being considered. Considered on merit. You've told me that. Listen, I don't want to wait for merit to spring me. To hell with merit. I might never get out. I want political pull . . ."

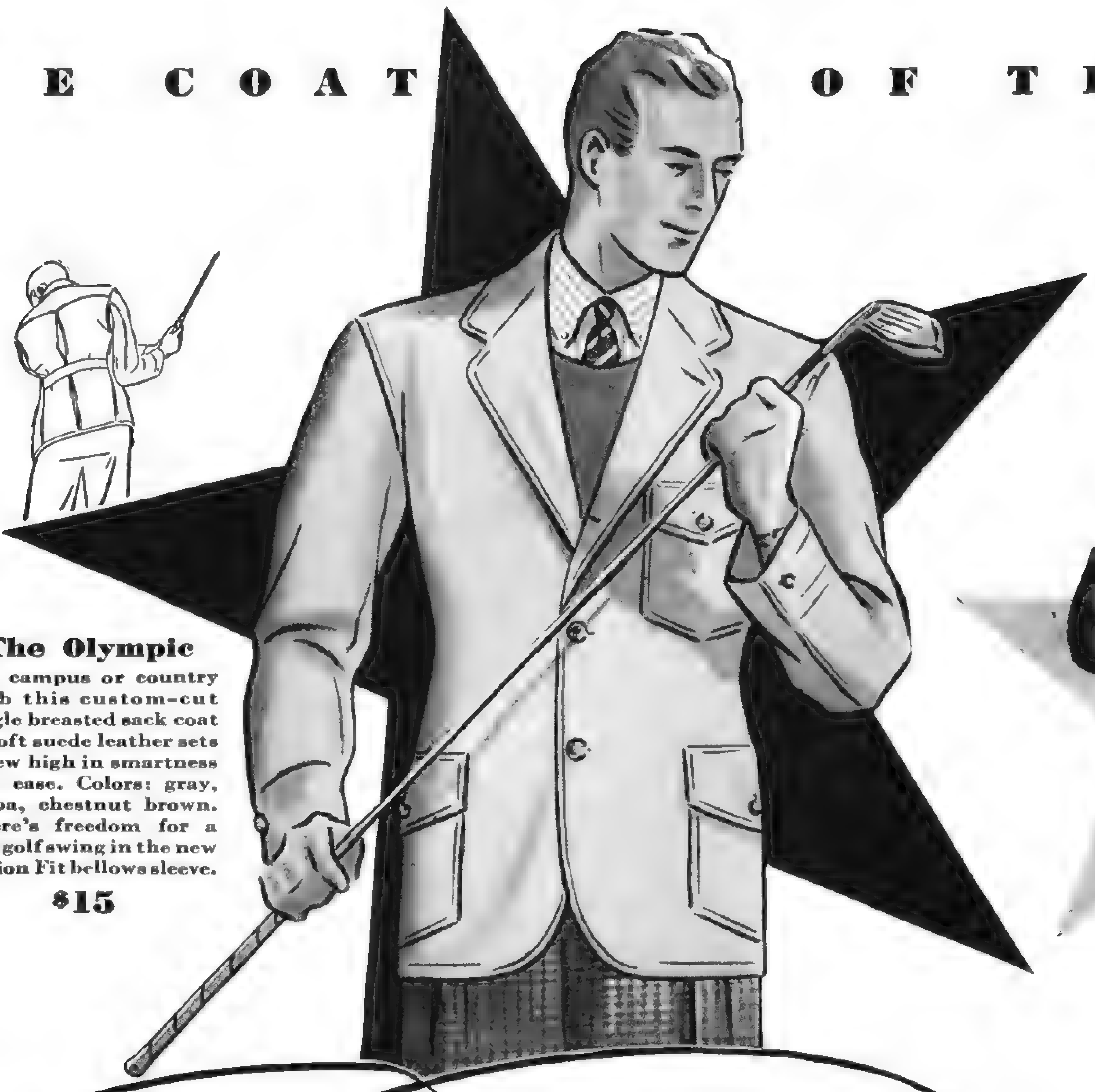
"You ought to behave yourself and you wouldn't need political pull," she told him.

He choked, stared at her. His eyes got naked. Then they closed like a tube of melting glass neatly twisted at the end. He thought: She don't know, she don't know . . . He went on: "Go by the governor's office first and see his secretary—his *executive* secretary. He's the key-man. When he takes a pardon into the governor's office, the governor signs it. Just ask him right out, if it's a matter of money—call it *expenses*. Just say: 'If it's expense—' And if he's got a price, he'll spring it, see . . ."

"But you know we haven't got any too much money. You know my sister's been sick and I've been paying for her treatment."

Continued at top of page 146

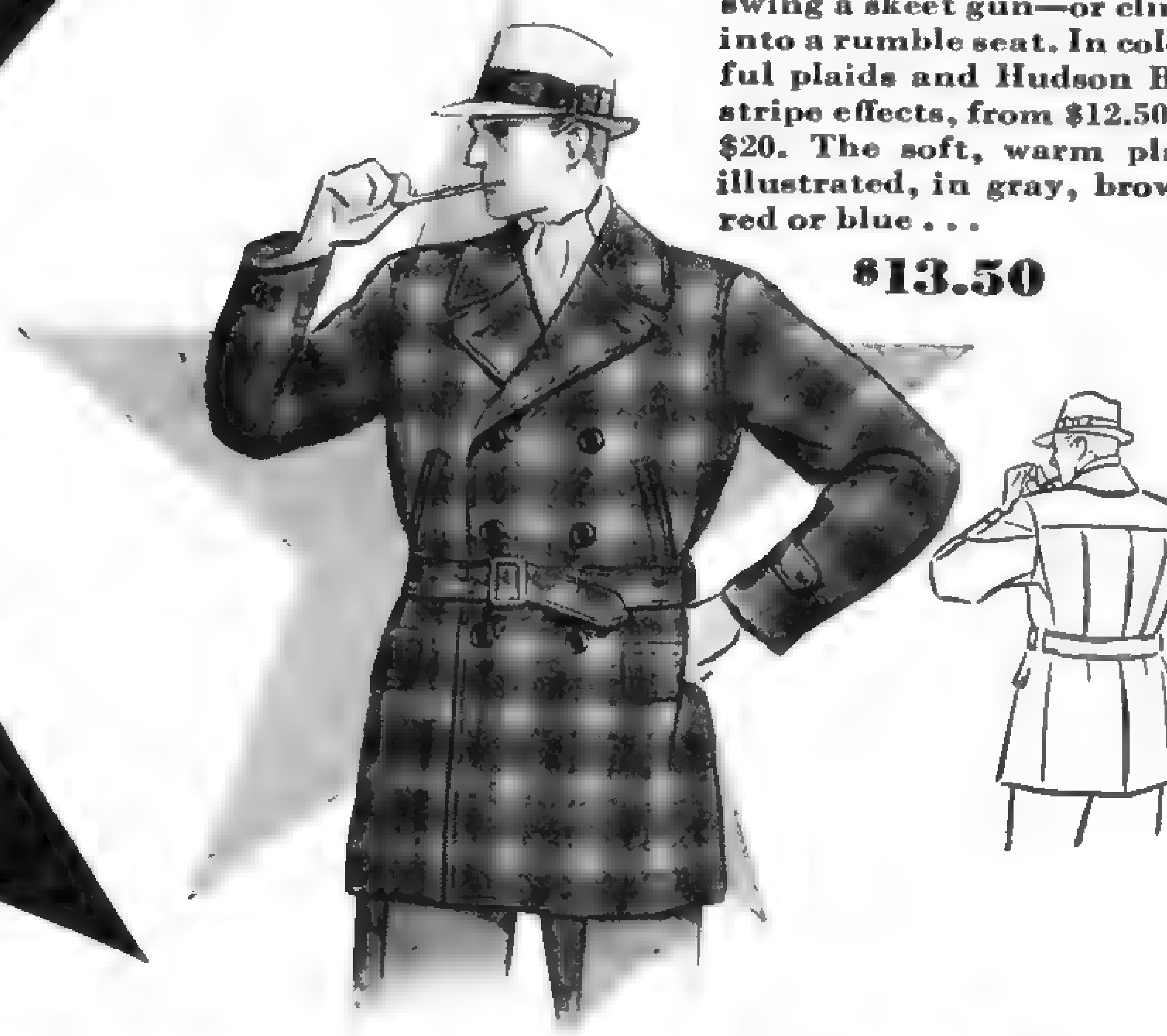
THE COAT OF THE STARS!



The Olympic

For campus or country club this custom-cut single breasted sack coat of soft suede leather sets a new high in smartness and ease. Colors: gray, cocoa, chestnut brown. There's freedom for a full golf swing in the new Action Fit bellows sleeve.

$15



The Rambler

An *all sports* coat in fine woolens with new Action Fit back. Extra long . . . 34 inches. Plenty of leeway to swing a skeet gun—or climb into a rumble seat. In colorful plaids and Hudson Bay stripe effects, from $12.50 to $20. The soft, warm plaid illustrated, in gray, brown, red or blue . . .

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Today there appears in many of America's best stores a new-type sportswear designed by Albert Richard for just such freedom. It embodies the new tailoring principle of *ACTION* FIT . . . developed through years of research with All American Football stars and other active sportsmen.

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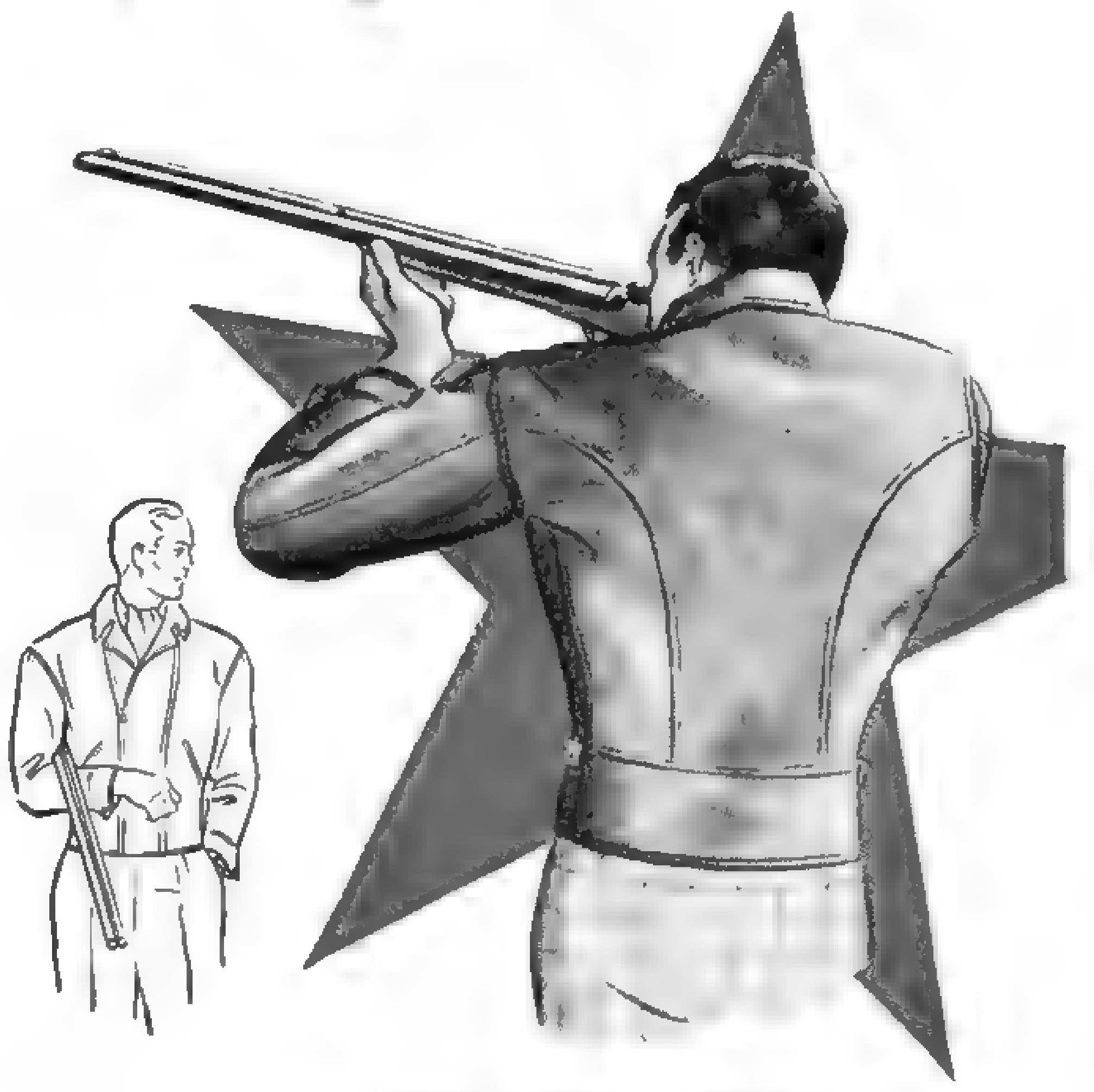
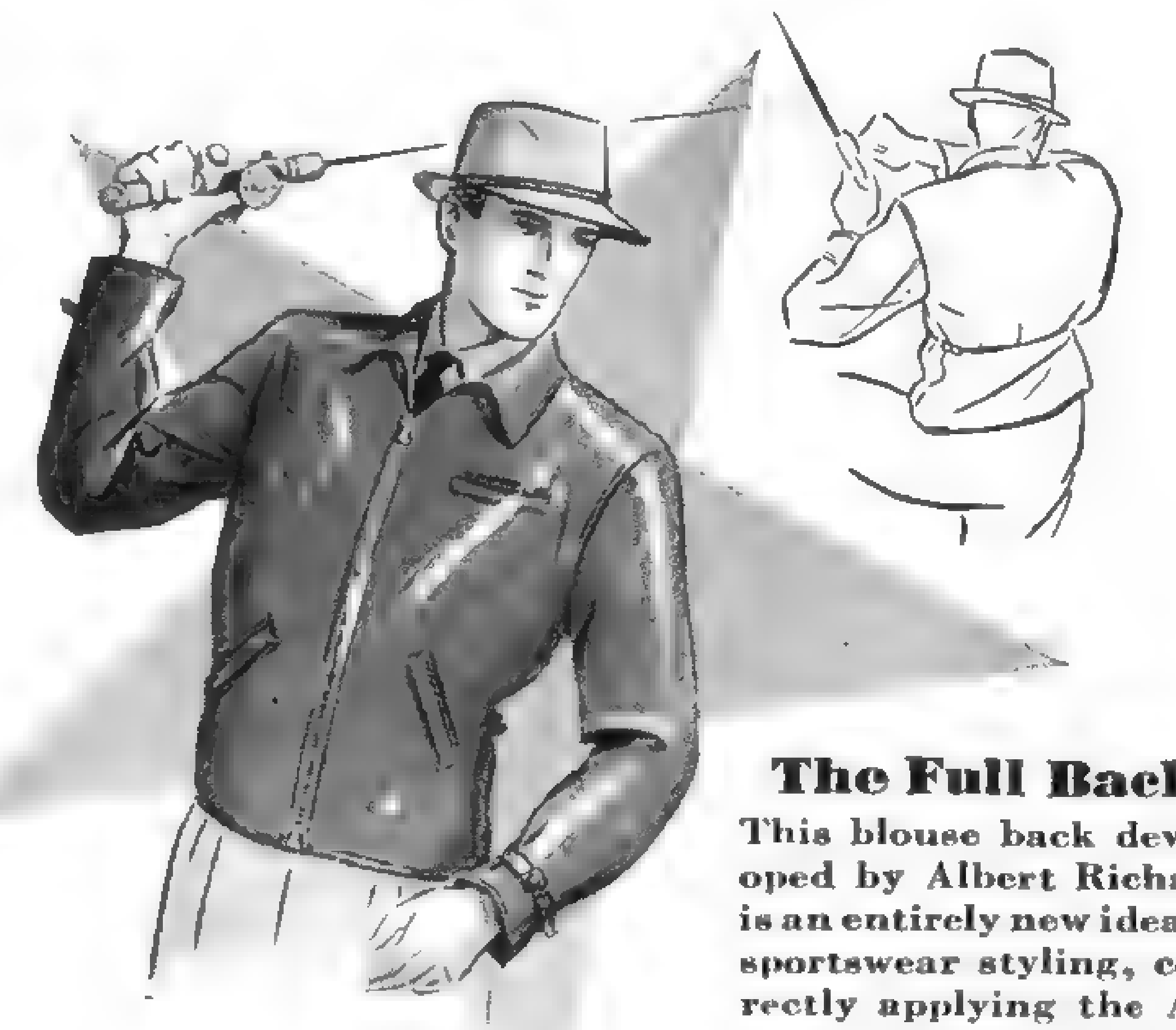


The Wing Back

Inspired by the West Point dress uniform, this blouse is designed for the broad-shouldered, narrow-waisted athletic type. Convertible double-breasted Talon fastener front. In tan, brown or black; smooth or ostrich grain capeskin; rayon lined body and sleeves.

Waist length as shown **$12.50** Hip length **$13.50**



The Full Back

This blouse back developed by Albert Richard is an entirely new idea in sportswear styling, correctly applying the Action Fit principle. Made in gray, cocoa or chestnut suede—and in tan, brown or black ostrich grain or smooth capeskin. Rayon lined body and sleeves. Talon fastener.

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Then, aloft . . . to predetermined, cool, quiet flying levels where a gentle spring-like breeze cools the cabin of your big twin-engined United plane as it "floats" you along at 3-miles-a-minute. That's the life! And that's the way to *enjoy* traveling.

But that's not all you enjoy! Next time you travel, fly United for an aerial grandstand view of: Mighty Boulder Dam in the chasm of the Colorado! Stupendous, colorful Zion Canyon! The brilliantly painted cliffs of Cedar Breaks! The vast inland sea of Great Salt Lake and its dazzling salt desert! The unforgettable grandeur of the High Sierra, a gorgeous setting for emerald Lake Tahoe! Columbia River's majestic Gorge, world-famous for scenic beauty! The romantic, colorful Overland Trail, which United parallels from the Mississippi to San Francisco's Golden Gate!

And here's an idea . . . You can add just seven hours to your coast-to-coast trip and see spectacular Yellowstone *from the air.* Or add a few more hours and pay an *air visit* to mighty Grand Canyon. No wonder United is so popular. And here's another reason—100 million miles of experience are back of your flight!

★ ★ ★

★**COAST-TO-COAST** *Overnight—Breakfast-to-Midnight—Scenic Daylight flights.*
CHICAGO-NEW YORK *Short route. 10 flights daily. Only 4¼ hrs.*

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OMAHA
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KANSAS CITY
TWIN CITIES
CHICAGO
DETROIT
TOLEDO
CLEVELAND
PITTSBURGH
BOSTON
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
WASHINGTON

FASTEST, SHORTEST BETWEEN THE EAST AND MOST PACIFIC COAST CITIES

The Visiting Hour

Continued from pages 76-143-144

"Damn your sister," he burst out. "That's all I've been hearing about for the past year. Let her die and go to hell. I don't want to hear no more about her. You can spare a hundred bucks of my own money on me, I know, after you've spent more than a grand on your sister."

His words slashed a white stripe obliquely across her face. She turned to hide the sudden tears in her eyes. He lowered his eyes from the hurt in her face.

He heard the lifeless drone of her voice: "I've got to go now, Harry. I'll see the man you spoke about. I'll see the governor's secretary tonight . . ."

She got up, moving stiffly like a drunk. He got up beside her, frowning, but he couldn't look at her. She moved out into the hallway. He followed, crossed behind her. Planes of gray concrete moved beneath his bowed, blind eyes. She turned, expecting him at her side. Then she turned clear around and called to him: "Aren't you going to kiss me goodby?"

He tried to focus his gaze on her face but his eyes were vague—he couldn't see her. There was just a blank gray wall of disappointment across his vision.

He dragged back and kissed her quickly. Then he said: "I'm sorry. I'm sorry as hell, baby." He patted her waist clumsily. He tried to say: I love you. But the words wouldn't come out.

She turned from him and walked slowly, hesitatingly, toward the cage door . . . #

Backstage with Revolution

Continued from page 79

ship Director and a Financial Secretary.

Each of these is elected by the unit, itself, though it is not exceptional for the next higher body, the section or sub-section, to recommend a Comrade for a post. The principle of representation which governs Party officialdom is known as democratic centralism.

This is a pyramid of authority whose base is the membership at large and which narrows down to section, district and central committees. At the present time the American central committee's most prominent figure is its secretary-general, Earl Browder. Browder is a middle-aged native of Kansas, son of a school teacher, an ex-messenger boy, bookkeeper, and veteran trade unionist. He would please his vast circle of enemies more if he breathed fire and brimstone, prophesied the tumbrils, but he argues quietly from the viewpoint of everyday needs.

Two classes of dues are paid into the Communist Party. The unemployed pay two cents a week. The rest pay weekly sums ranging from ten cents to several dollars depending on their incomes.

Dues, collections at mass meetings, and contributions from well-to-do sympathizers pay the Party's bills.

Full time functionaries, such as section organizers and secretaries, often receive ten dollars a week. The top leadership living in New York may get five dollars a week more and various courtesies from wealthy sympathizers. Where families are involved cursory provisions are made for them. The highest salary I know of is paid to Leo Gallagher, chief Western attorney for the International Labor Defense, an organization allied to the Party. Mr. Gallagher receives twenty-five dollars *some* weeks.

About a year ago the Hearst papers were black with headlines charging movie stars with contributing to dat ole dabbil, Communism, but the facts are not obtainable by anyone but the parties concerned.

The myth of "Moscow gold" is now believed only by octogenarians who tidy up the chimney on Christmas Eve. All the Russian gold in this country is in the United States Treasury bought and paid for at thirty-five dollars an ounce. Who said Russians were no business men?

In all justice it must be added that twenty per cent of all moneys collected by the American Communists goes directly to its German allies whose party has been driven underground by Hitler. The funds of the comparatively prosperous International Labor Defense are usually doing duty as bail.

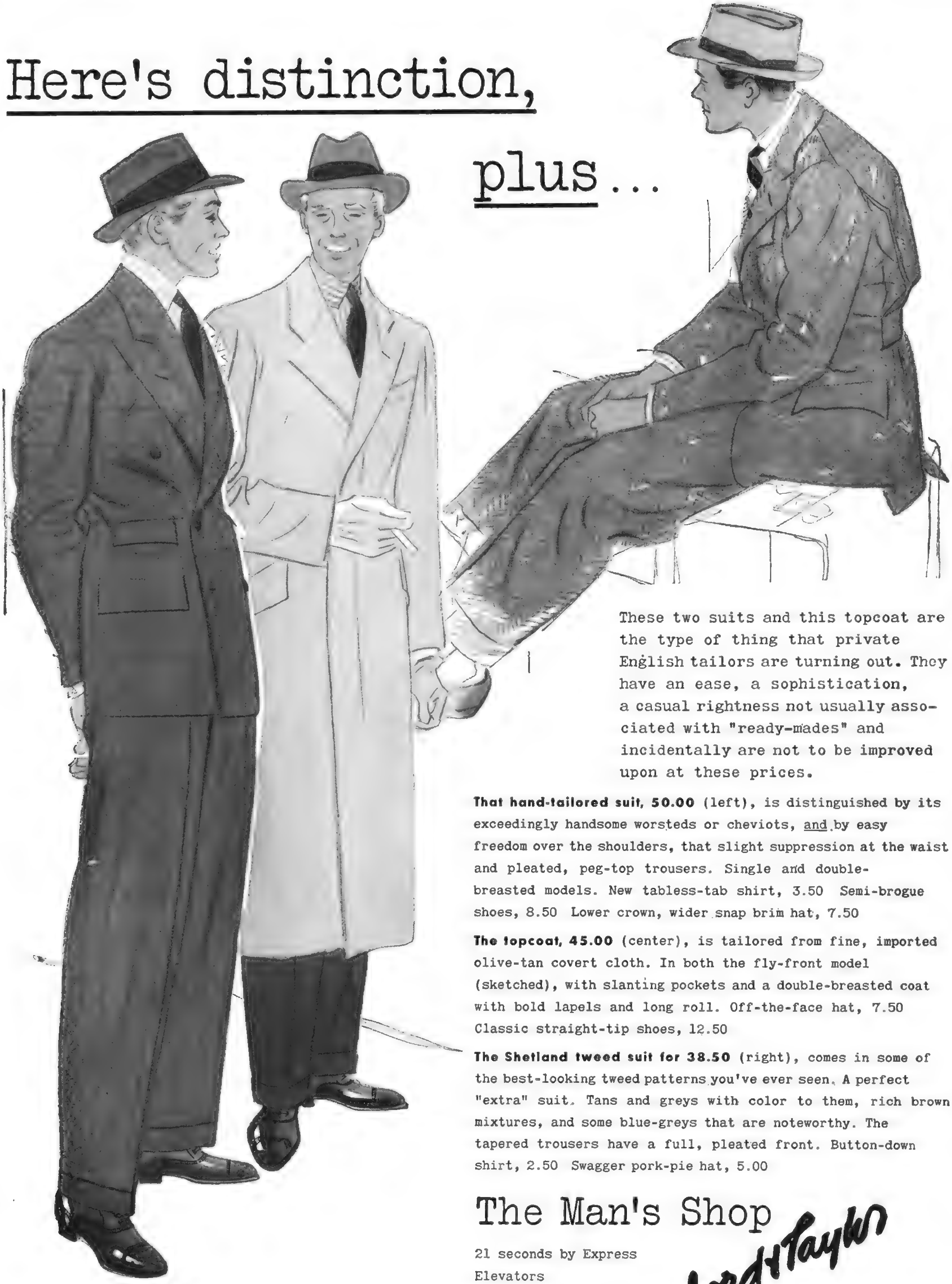
The membership of the Party has undergone Americanization since its foundation in 1920. A roster of the leading names is typical of the transformation: Chambers, Hudson, Hathaway, Browder, Conklin, Whitney. The surnames of the rank and file are far more clean shaven than they once were.

The older revolutionary plowhorses, however, still carry the scent of the samovar with them. By emigrating to America they missed the Russian Revolution but by Kropotkin! they're not going to miss any more.

The young intellectual who has taken up his art in the last few years and the older intelligentsia who found Humanism a quagmire of the ineffectual have poured into what is essentially a workers' party. Their mortality rate is high.

It is largely on their account that appeals are periodically issued to the membership to combat fluctuation in the personnel. Once embarked upon the voyage to a Soviet America the intellectual finds that no saloon deck is provided, no game room, no yielding deck chairs. A revolution does not burst upon the scene but is built

Continued on page 148



Here's distinction, plus...

These two suits and this topcoat are the type of thing that private English tailors are turning out. They have an ease, a sophistication, a casual rightness not usually associated with "ready-mades" and incidentally are not to be improved upon at these prices.

That hand-tailored suit, 50.00 (left), is distinguished by its exceedingly handsome worsteds or cheviots, and by easy freedom over the shoulders, that slight suppression at the waist and pleated, peg-top trousers. Single and double-breasted models. New tabless-tab shirt, 3.50 Semi-brogue shoes, 8.50 Lower crown, wider snap brim hat, 7.50

The topcoat, 45.00 (center), is tailored from fine, imported olive-tan covert cloth. In both the fly-front model (sketched), with slanting pockets and a double-breasted coat with bold lapels and long roll. Off-the-face hat, 7.50 Classic straight-tip shoes, 12.50

The Shetland tweed suit for 38.50 (right), comes in some of the best-looking tweed patterns you've ever seen. A perfect "extra" suit. Tans and greys with color to them, rich brown mixtures, and some blue-greys that are noteworthy. The tapered trousers have a full, pleated front. Button-down shirt, 2.50 Swagger pork-pie hat, 5.00

The Man's Shop

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BUSHMILLS
THIS WHISKEY IS 9 YEARS OLD
Estd 1784
TRADE MARK
The Old Bushmills Distillery Co LIMITED
BUSHMILLS
4/5 QUART
90° PROOF

7 IS BUSHMILLS' LUCKY NUMBER

There's "magic" in the *seventh*★ drink of Bushmills! That's why—for 152 years, Bushmills has been the whiskey of connoisseurs! At first acquaintance—it tastes surprisingly unique. And its strange, exciting flavor "grows" on you. After the *seventh*★ drink, you'll be wedded to Bushmills for life. The reason is—Bushmills is maltier, and every drop is over 9 years old. No other whiskey can match the sustained, thrilling flavor of a Highball, Manhattan or Old-Fashioned made with Bushmills!

★ *(Not, of course, at one sitting)*

One of the world's great whiskeys

ROBUST AS OLD RYE
MELLOW AS OLD BOURBON
TANGY AS OLD SCOTCH

SHAW ALEX D. SHAW, IMPORT DIVISION, NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK

Backstage with Revolution

Continued from pages 79-146

from day to day by a persistent, laborious and systematic routine. Ye who enter here leave all romance behind. That should be engraved on the Party membership books.

It is nothing unusual for an active member to attend six meetings a day, speak twice in the evening and then drag himself home at midnight to prepare an educational bulletin. Every moment of drama you read of in the newspapers has weeks, sometimes months, of grinding drudgery behind it. Hundreds of letters are sent out, scores of meetings are found necessary, thousands of words are spoken and printed in the Party press before a step of even minor importance is taken. The active young member finds the schedule the same week after week, hours of debate on trivialities, the chairmanning of several meetings each day, hearing nothing but the catch phrases of Communism from seven to midnight. He mixes tactics with his lunch and dialectics with his dinner. That is one of the chief causes of membership fluctuation. The neurotics wilt and the healthy work themselves into collapse. Consider how much agitation is raised in the newspapers, the tons of anti-Communist propaganda, the thousands of volunteer and professional lecturers on the Red Menace, and remember that out of a nation of one hundred and thirty million people a mere thirty thousand belong to the Communist Party. If nothing else, that should be eloquent of their energy.

The representative Party worker is between twenty-four and forty, serious as death during working-hours (which is practically always), a non-drinker, a man who can't help liking movies of *The Thin Man* type, escapist though they be, and usually married and monogamous. His whole being is indissoluble from the Party.

I have heard a prominent Comrade say, "Communism is the only thing most of us have. If we didn't we'd probably commit suicide."

Once in the Party what assignments you are given depends on whether you can work more effectively among your friends as one of them or as an admitted Communist. Speaking at street meetings, circulating petitions, selling the *Daily Worker* on the street is known as "exposed" work.

In the course of any of them you may find yourself in the firm grip of a cop and on your way to the bastille. In that case, you are usually armed with instructions from your unit organizer. The International Labor Defense has issued a pamphlet covering that contingency, *What to Do When Under Arrest.* "1. Give no information to officers. Only a name. 2. Plead NOT GUILTY and demand a jury trial. 3. Demand that the International Labor Defense defend you. 4. Insist that you be let out on your own recognizance: if they refuse this demand that bail be set low. 5. Demand a copy of the complaint. 6. Do not sign anything." The rest of the instructions supplement that outline.

In the event of arrest the police may decide that you are not incorruptible. According to Chief James E. Davis, zealous Red-baiter of the Los Angeles Police Department, Party virtue is the rule. "If I had a hundred thousand dollars I could probably buy ten per cent of the Communist Party in America." On the chance that you are one of the ten per cent you will find yourself seated in a room across from the Red Squad. At first they will be extremely sympathetic. "We know how a guy gets to feeling when he's hard up for a good meal. Sure. We've been in the same boat ourselves." If the prisoner is skeptical of their friendliness sterner measures are brought to bear. You may object to their quaint chiropractics and take a punch at somebody. "Oh! Resisting an officer, huh?" After that, the deluge. Most Communists can take it . . . and do. But just as they are schooled to eschew violence and terrorism so are they tutored in keeping their Party affairs to themselves.

The Party fights what it considers the betrayal of the working class with the mediums of art as well as the organization of labor. They number some stalwart champions of letters and art among the defenders of the faith. John L. Spivak, whom Burton Rascoe considers the only indispensable reporter in America, has gone from Hearst and MacFadden straight into the *New Masses.* Robert Cantwell, Erskine Caldwell, John Dos Passos, Robert Briffault, James T. Farrell, Josephine Herbst, Meridel Le Seur, and Jack Conroy are a handful of those whose feet are planted firmly on the proletarian shore.

The theatre is where Communists have penetrated to corners that none of their books, pamphlets or art have otherwise reached. *Waiting for Lefty* by Clifford Odets has probably recruited more people into the Party, awakened more sympathy, than thousands of arguments and years of debate.

This steady barrage on both the political and cultural fronts is slowly and inevitably dividing America into two camps, the White and the Red. The fear of Fascism is drawing liberal and anti-Fascist groups into a "United Front" with the Communist Party. Once this is established the conservative and radical decks will be cleared for action, and woe to those in between.

Tailored by Wilson TO A YOUNG MAN'S TASTE!

Putting up a bold front!

New for the campus . . . Wilson's Chalk Striped Oxford. Woven-in stripe on a smart herringbone background. Trim-fitting Campus button-down collar. In all approved colors—blue, green, tan, grey and wine. (No. CE 614) Only $2.00.

Chevron striped tie by Wilson, $1.00

Very special toast

. . . for a very special new style of shirt . . . championed by Esquire for men-about-town. Worn with detachable collar. Cuffs are white piqué, contrasting smartly with deep-toned Hyde Park checks. Tailored in fine Broadcloth. Colors are blue, tan and grey. (No. CF 476) Only $2.00.

Tissue figured silk-and-wool tie, $1.00

Pick of the crop

. . . say many men who recently previewed *all* the new Wilson Shirts. "Berkeley Squares" are especially right for casual and country wear—tailored in light flannel. Blue, green, grey, tan and wine. Surrey collar is featured. (No. SE 507) $2.00.

Charvet silk tie $1.00

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Every Wilson Shirt tapers down from shoulders to waist. Careful tailoring assures a trim fit with no uncomfortable bunching around your middle.

WILSON *Shirts*

• See these and all the other colorful smart new Wilson Shirts at leading Men's Wear Stores and Departments everywhere.

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Go Back to Study or to Work

with the university endorsed neckwear BOTANY wrinkle-proof TIES

Vacation days draw to a close... and good retailers everywhere are showing the new Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties ...in the patterns and of the materials that are preferred by the best dressed university men.

Ask your dealer to show you the new university endorsed patterns in Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties. In addition to their style, they represent outstanding value at $1.

Make this test: Ask your Botany dealer to let you crush a handful of Botany Ties. Note how they spring back to fresh smoothness. If you can't locate a dealer...write us...and we will direct you.

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS • Passaic, New Jersey

THE BOTANY TIE MEN'S AND WOMEN'S WEAR FABRICS BOTANY TOP-DYED KNITTING YARNS

The Undesirable

Continued from page 132

"There," he exclaimed, nodding his head in the general direction of America, "there they need health resort agents too."

Great was the conclave of Spivaks at the railroad station on the day of Archibald's arrival.

A collision was expected by all, for the station master himself was likewise a Spivak and he was so excited that it would have surprised no one if he had inadvertently routed the train onto tracks already occupied.

The Spivaks hissed at him menacingly, and never stopped reminding him of the grim realities of railroading.

During the last two hours all were silent, crushed by expectations, and only the Marxist, ashamed to be caught showing such deference to a capitalistic magnate, chattered about having come there merely out of curiosity.

But even he subsided the moment the exalted train pulled into the station.

Archibald was forthwith recognized. He was as radiant as the sun. He wore a worsted business suit, a soft hat and a celluloid collar of the "Dakota" brand, which may be washed in cold tap water, thus eliminating purchase and laundering expenditures. But the Spivaks, uninitiated into certain mysteries of life in capitalist countries, regarded the "Dakota" collar as the apogee of human well-being and prosperity. The Spivaks knew no better.

Pressed against the wall, the pallid Marxist gazed upon the shining paragon of an alien social system with fevered eyes. The old hat and cap maker opened wide his arms to greet the beloved guest.

Suddenly feeling the cloth of the coat between his three fingers, he uttered in astonishment "real semi-wool" and burst into tears, the sweetest tears on earth, which if they had been collected in a pitcher would have turned into a solid loaf of sugar in less than half an hour.

The former subaltern and fighter, crying "Hello, Archibald!" slapped his kinsman on his stalwart back. The kinsman slapped in turn the back of the fighting subaltern with equal enthusiasm. And the back-slapping continued for quite a while, punctuated with "Hello! Hello!" while the other Spivaks shook their heads approvingly.

Only when the former subaltern began to writhe with rheumatic pains in his back did he yield his place to others.

Spivak the militiaman saluted his kinsman with military snap and then kissed him. Spivak the health resort agent, in whose pocket fancied dollar bills were already rustling, moved the crowd apart and after a profound and noble bow declared:

"Welcome as you are!"

The debt-collector pushed that noble soul aside and thrust his baby girl into the arms of the American guest.

It was then that the incredible occurred. It caught all the Spivaks by surprise. Archibald kissed the little girl and gazed upon his kinfolk sheepishly. His little face was twisted when he said:

"I have nothing to live on."

"Hello!" cried that fool of a subaltern who had not heard the words aright. "Hello, old timer!"

"Quiet!" cried the alarmed Spivaks. "What did he say?"

"I have nothing to live on, gentlemen," the American repeated sadly, "and so I've come to live with you."

Everyone heard him that time, including even that old timer of a subaltern.

"You've come to us?" the health resort agent queried in high dudgeon. "To stay?"

"To stay," Archibald confirmed.

The debt-collector hastily took his little girl away. The health resort agent, who at the same time was likewise a hotel agent, cried with habitual ruthlessness:

"There are no vacancies!"

Archibald's face fell. He caught it in his hands.

In fear and amazement the indigenous Spivaks gazed upon the trans-oceanic Spivak. The ring of relatives that had formed around the American began to unform.

Something strange happened. The man in the fine business suit, noble hat and permanent "Dakota" collar began to weep.

"We are confronted here with a flagrant example," the militiaman uttered in tones of a prophesying lecturer, "of anarchy in production and unhealthy competition. We are confronted here with a by-product of the crisis."

When Archibald finally took his hands away from his face, he was alone on the station platform.

For five days he migrated from relative to relative. His appetite and his neat appearance aroused resentment of the capitalist system.

Archibald's lack of aptitude for anything but trade evoked especial disgust. The Spivaks hastily forgot that recently they had greedily inhaled the merest wafting of the wind of commerce.

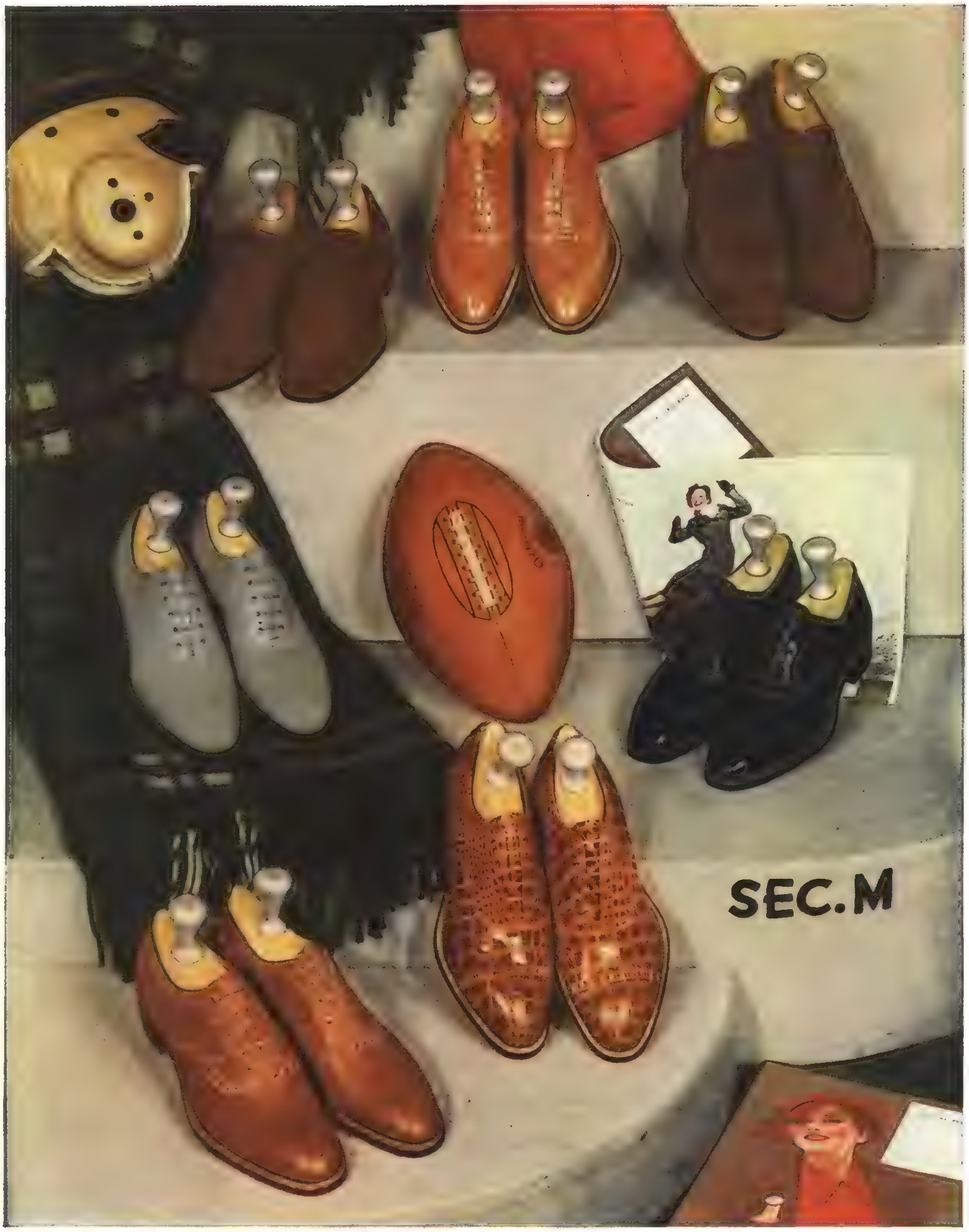
On the sixth day the undesirable was placed as a messenger boy, a job to which he rapidly adjusted himself.

He took to wearing a cap. The "Dakota" collar he presented to the station master, who wore it only on his days of rest.

Whenever the good Spivaks are reminded of the horrible day when they paid three roubles apiece for a copy of *Izvestia* they begin to roar like patients in a dentist's chair whose teeth are being drilled.

As for the capitalist system, it is no longer a topic of conversation.

Confidence in America has been permanently shattered. ⌗



THREE CHEERS TO THE FALLING LEAF!

IF YOU are looking forward to crisp, cool days, snug mufflers and gay new plaids—here are seven other reasons to cheer you on! The trend, you'll note, is to brown. Top left to right, we present: brown Scottie buck; saddle tan calf; and brown velour buck; grey calf and grey velour buck; jetta black calf; genuine brown buffalo; and brown crocodile calf. Personally, for outdoor wear we prefer top right, but top left is also due for a tremendous following. All seven are Jarman-styled, Jarman-built, and Jarman-priced—which is another way of saying they give you the same authentic style, fine workmanship, and mellow leathers for which you'd ordinarily expect to pay twice as much or more. There are several thousand Jarman dealers who'd like to show you these and the other new Fall and Winter patterns. Write us today for the name and address of the dealer nearest you . . . The Jarman Shoe Company, Nashville, Tennessee. *Division of General Shoe Corporation.*

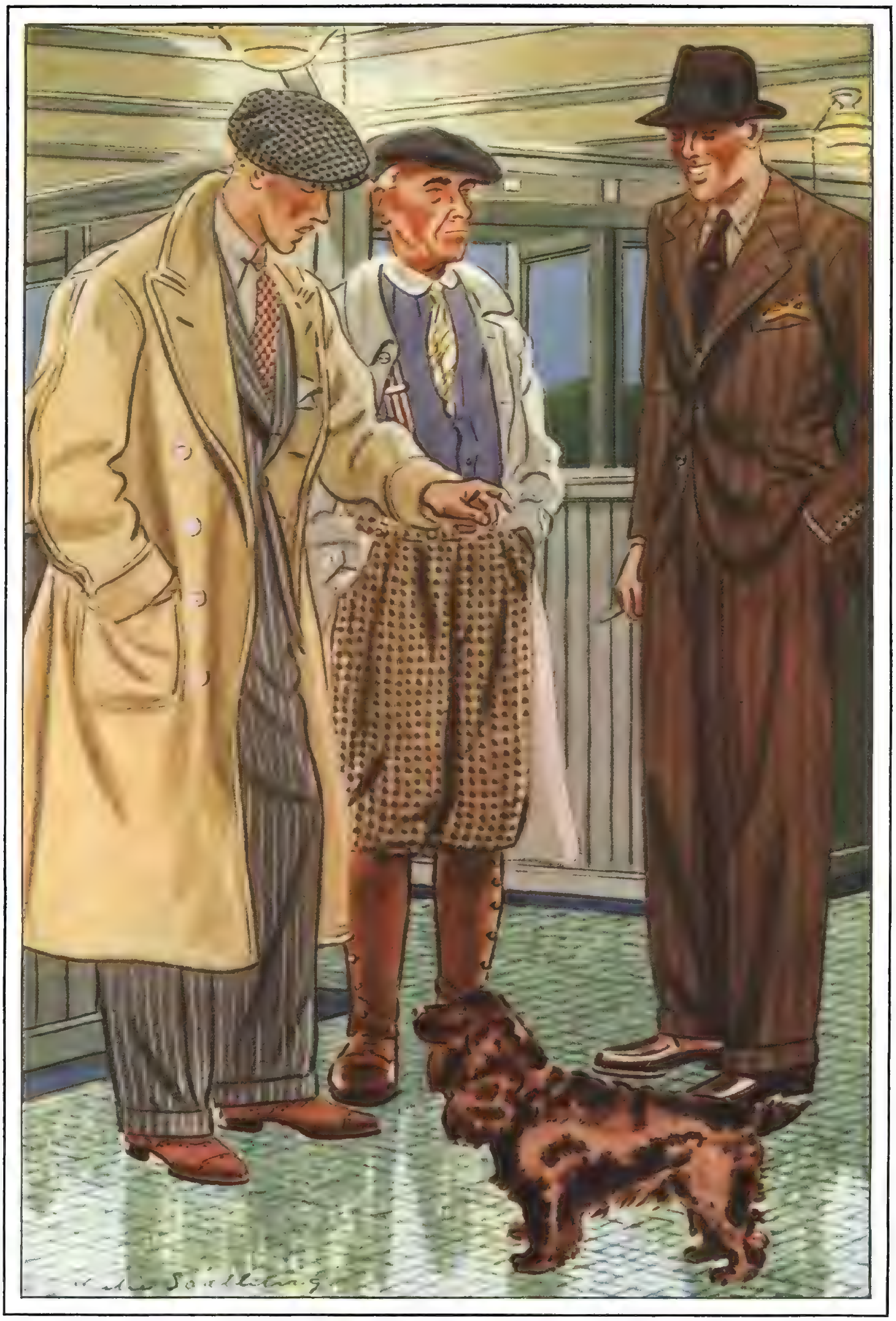
Portraits in Leather

JARMAN FRIENDLY $5 *Shoes*

FRANK JARMAN CUSTOM $6.50 MOST STYLES

Portraits in Harmony

Tune in Jarman "Portraits in Harmony" NBC Coast-to-Coast Blue Network Tuesday nights . . . Six new Packards FREE.



CLOTHES FOR SEEING A MAN ABOUT A DOG

IT NEEDS no Philo Vance to deduce, from his clothes, that the man on the left has driven out from town, and probably in an open car. The presence of those two hardy perennials, the small checked cap and the natural tan polo coat with white pearl buttons and belted back, provides the tip off. The rest of his outfit consists of a striped grey flannel suit, an oxford shirt with medium pointed pinned collar, small checked tie and brown reversed calf shoes on a town last. The other outfit illustrates a new trend toward complete country suits which are beginning to muscle in on the hitherto impregnable combination of odd jackets and slacks. This new pattern of wide spaced dark stripes has recently been introduced in England for country wear. Both in pattern and in model it is a break for the stubby or the rotund, since it tends to give the illusion of height. The accessories are appropriate.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

She's No Longer Faithful If—

Continued from page 73

138 She met him at a summer party and introduced you to him a year ago. Even then, before he ever entered your house, he seemed to have the most striking knowledge about it. Today, when he entered it for the first time, he was able to find his way about in the dark when the current failed, for during that time he went up three flights of stairs, through three rooms of furniture (without knocking over a single piece), and back again, as the lipstick which wouldn't come off his only collar testifies.

139 She says about Otto (who really has a very nice wife) "Poor Otto, I am SURE that he is very unhappy with his present wife."

140 Emil, apparently, is a most amusing person. She spends *all* of her time, and her various girl friends' time talking about him. His ridiculous antics take hold of *a great deal of her waking thought. Three* months or more of this.

Then suddenly one day no more Emil. You remark about it.

"Oh . . . *him!* I've almost *forgotten* all about him!"

141 A bathroom medicine chest is a very interesting place and communicates the strangest information. A surreptitious investigation of your friend's bathroom last month disclosed that he was rather frightened of that young danseuse with whom he was, at that time, misconducting himself. This month, however, these medicaments have disappeared, and in their place you find a whole jar of your own mistress's favorite bath salts, to say nothing of her favorite rouge, body-powder, and toenail enamel!

142 She says that she has spent the entire afternoon with her girl friend, still she has not one single piece of gossip to report upon her return.

143 When she left home this morning, she had a slight runner in her *left* stocking. When she returned home this afternoon, the runner was no larger and in her *right* stocking.

144 You have opened the laundry to secure some clean shirts. Among her things you find a new pair of flimsies with the words "No, No, A Thousand Times No!" embroidered upon them. This rather surprises you as you live in St. Louis, and such things are sold only in a New York specialty shop; as a matter of fact you passed by the very shop last month, when you visited New York with your friend Jack.

145 Although apparently all of her afternoons are devoted to bridge, she neither wins money nor loses it; she "breaks even" from month to month.

146 Last month she virtually saw her girl friend every day and pumped from her visibly every last probable detail about this young lady's new lover, a handsome fellow. This month, however, neither of the two women speak to one another, and your mistress is *abnormally* disinterested whenever the above-mentioned young man's name is mentioned. Her girl friend, however, has merely "misunderstood" her.

147 You have been away for several days, but when you return your dear friend makes a special point of telling you *in detail* just how unhappy your little wife has been during your absence, and (sotto voce) she suspected that you were seeing a former flame of yours.

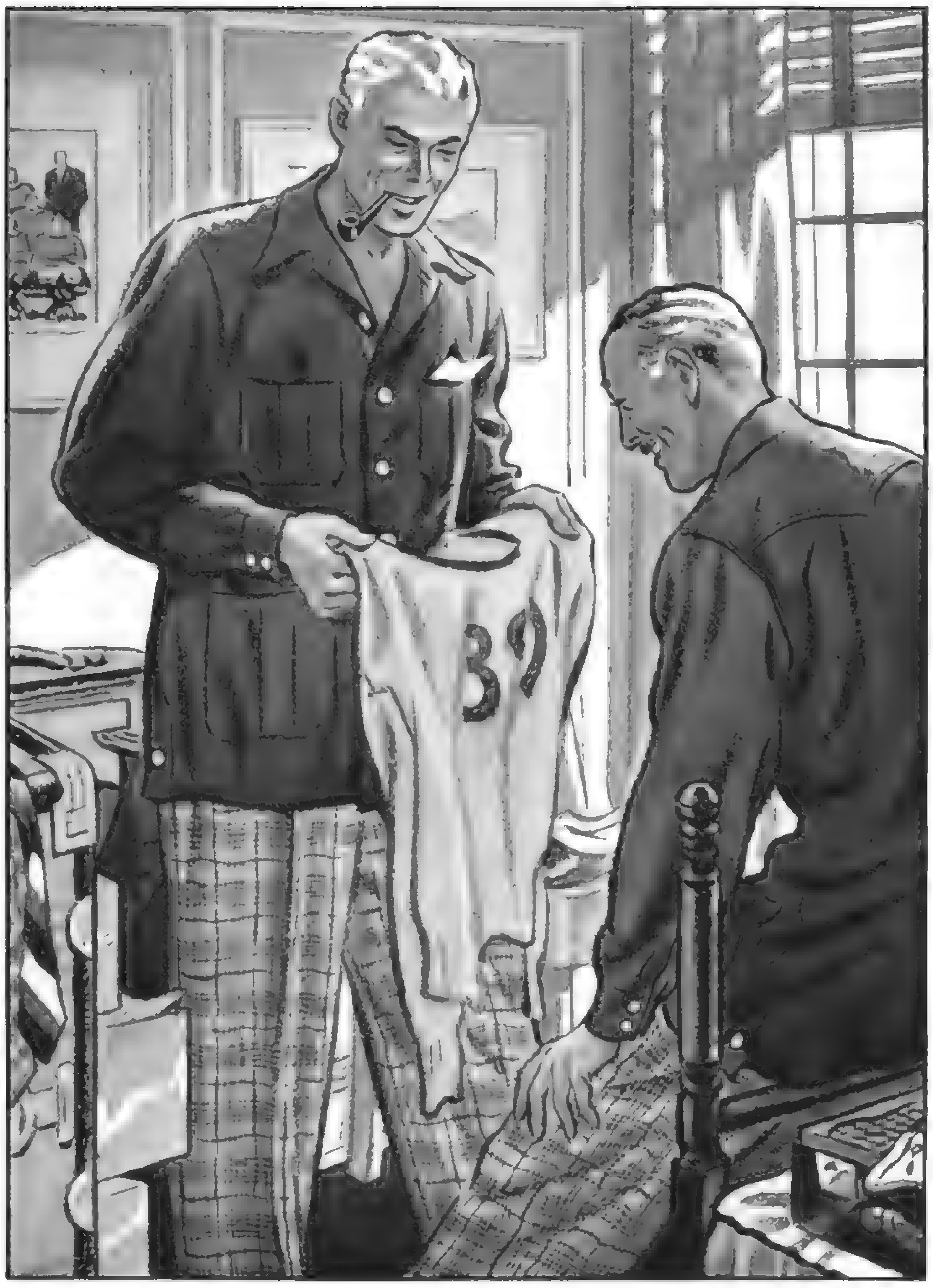
148 Last week, in his apartment, your best friend introduced to you a very pretty and apparently an extremely susceptible girl. He likewise found the opportunity of leaving you alone with her all afternoon.

He has never introduced you to a pretty woman until he became a regular guest at your home.

149 A snake bit her right in the middle of New York City last night. At least so you must suppose. Last night your mistress's maid assured you that she was ill of a sore throat, and unable to talk to you over the phone. This morning you heard with alarm that she was at the hospital where you repair only to find that she was bitten by a Copperhead late last night. She is in no danger.

The back cushion of your car, which she drives, is missing.

150 You must conclude that she is no longer greatly interested in Sex. ⧻



THE LOUNGER

For college—or wear at home: smart as a top hat, comfortable as pajamas

You don't wear a shirt; you don't even wear an undershirt unless you want to! Just slip into the Cuban planter type of jacket—tailored of soft, masculine flannel. It was a style hit this Summer in linen; now it's ready for Fall and Winter in flannel. The fine worsted slacks are smart gray Glen plaids, with an overcheck that matches the color of the jacket. No belt or suspenders to bother with—just a drawbelt something like you have on your pajamas. You can let it out after dinner or pull it in at the fifteenth hole.

Wear it on the sofa when you read the Sunday papers; in the yard when you play croquet; in the fraternity house or on campus; in the basement playing table tennis; or at the club playing golf. It's always comfortable, always correct.

Sizes: small, medium, and large; shirt colors: maroon, brown, and navy, with matching overcheck in the gray plaid slacks . . . . Complete, $15

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THE STORE FOR MEN

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

WASHINGTON at WABASH, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Where you'll find authentic men's fashions—FIRST

THE BACK TO SCHOOL EXHIBIT

displaying everything the college man needs, will be open on our third floor from August 17 to September 19. Drop in and browse around; no salesman will annoy you. And you'll see every authenticated university fashion for Fall.

HOW CLUB COCKTAILS HAPPENED TO BE PUT IN BOTTLES

BACK *in the 90's some of the patrons of the celebrated* Heublein Hotel *in* Hartford *planned a* Fourth *of* July *picnic.* They *asked the* Heublein *bar to mix* Manhattan *and* Martini *cocktails to be taken along* IN BOTTLES.

Repeated *requests for cocktails* IN BOTTLES *sprang up and, in 1892,* Heublein *offered to the public the first cocktails* IN BOTTLES *ever to be put on general sale.*

People *said:* "Wonderful!" People *said:* "Splendid!" People *said:* "Delicious!". . . They're *saying it again today after nearly fifty years.* And *for* GOOD REASONS.

Club Cocktails are the final product of thousands of experiments in the subtleties of mixing. They are made to *exact* and *unvarying* measurements.

Club Cocktails improve by standing in bottles. This was an original Heublein discovery and accounts in part for the *full bloom flavor* which gives *Club Cocktails* such unquestioned distinction . . . Since repeal, the merit of *Club Cocktails* has become more widely recognized than ever. More *Club Cocktails* are bought today than before prohibition.

Try them in your preferred varieties — *for sale at all state operated and other liquor stores* — Martini (60 proof), Dry Martini (71 proof), Brut Martini (70 proof), Bronx (60 proof), Manhattan (65 proof), Side Car (60 proof), Old Fashioned (80 proof), and Sloe Gin Cocktail (49 proof).

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO. HARTFORD, CONN.

Heublein's The Club Cocktails

8 kinds *prepared and bottled by*
HEUBLEIN OF HARTFORD

Crime and the Deacon

Continued from page 97

moneybags knew it. Finally in desperation I pledged him to the keeping of our secret. Von Kleist's formula, our need for a cement mill and, most important, of the chemist's discovery of the essential mineral, right on his own property. Knowing everything, the banker decided he wanted to think the matter over for a day or two. I knew then I had him hooked. He intended to outsmart us. They always do.

We went to the best hotel in town and took the bridal suite. That night we got busy. Powdered pumice stone and cement look alike. Fred said he would get some somewhere. He drove half the night, but before morning we had five 100-pound bags safely concealed in our car.

The next day after breakfast we again visited the cement plant. Our watchman friend greeted us cordially. This time I introduced him with elaborate courtesy to Von Kleist, who dripped sauerkraut all over the place. That yap almost gummed up the works, until we got one of those breaks that have often helped us over a tight spot. A telephone rang and the watchman answered. It was a call from the banker who wanted him to hurry into town. He excused himself, went around somewhere in the rear and shortly appeared with a flivver. "Stay as long as you like," he said, "I gotta run into town and see the boss." We almost threw kisses at him as he disappeared from sight. And did we hustle that pumice stone into the place. In a jiffy we had emptied the sacks around the floor and took them back to our car. Everything was 100% jake now.

We hung around the hotel after lunch and about 2:30 the banker called us. He asked us to drive out to the plant with him. While we were there I gave him a demonstration of what his cement would do as a cleaner. I polished up the brass water faucet until it shone like gold. He chewed his cigar into a pulp as he watched the operation.

Anyone can almost guess what happened after that. He didn't want to sell. Why not form a company to manufacture Von Kleist's cleaner? I explained that our contract with the foreigner gave him a 51% interest in our proposed operation. That stopped him for a while. He let us return to our hotel. We weren't worried. The Deacon and I knew our bankers.

The blow-off came next day. I strolled over to the bank alone and dropped into his office. He shut the door, shuffled the papers on his desk and finally spilled the beans. "Look here, Mr. Thornton (that was me), you've got a mighty interesting proposition. You've got a formula that will make us all a lot of money. Why should we let a lousy foreigner cut in for 51 per cent?"

"But Von Kleist has a contract with us," I protested. "You can't laugh that off." "The hell we can't," he shot back. "Contracts don't mean anything. Why shouldn't we be business men and sew this thing up between ourselves?"

I looked as shocked as an old fashioned gal who's been propositioned. We argued until in the end he won me over. He suggested that Von Kleist might be prevailed upon to surrender his contract and formula for $25,000 and get out of the country. I wasn't hopeful, but promised to do what I could in pulling off the chisel. It wasn't easy. The German proved mulish at first. The banker helped when things got tough and finally we conquered. Von Kleist agreed to place the contract and formula in a safe deposit box and upon payment of the money in cash, he would give us each a key. The box was not to be opened until he had made a safe get-away to the Mexican border. He made one final condition. He insisted I should accompany him as far as Juarez. "For heaven's sake humor him" said the custodian of other people's money. I did. Two days later I mailed back the key. We had a really wonderful vacation south of the Rio Grande.

Many months later we learned that our cement plant was actually manufacturing a kitchen cleaning preparation which is widely used today. That banker refused to take the count. Utilizing his machinery and our idea he put the thing over as a stock proposition and got his money back. I hope he will admit that he didn't pay us too much.

There is only a hair line to distinguish the perfect con game setup and a legitimate racket. After all, what is the difference between selling stock in a goldless gold mine and buying a real gold mine, as I once did, without paying a dollar?

That, I think, was the most thrilling episode in my entire life. The money I made has long since been spent, but if I live to be a hundred, happy memories will ease my goutish old age. Talk about your Hollywood brain dusters.

As so often has happened I was "resting up" at a very comfortable watering place favored by the privileged classes. The truth is things had gotten so hot that I was seriously considering retiring But did I? Listen.

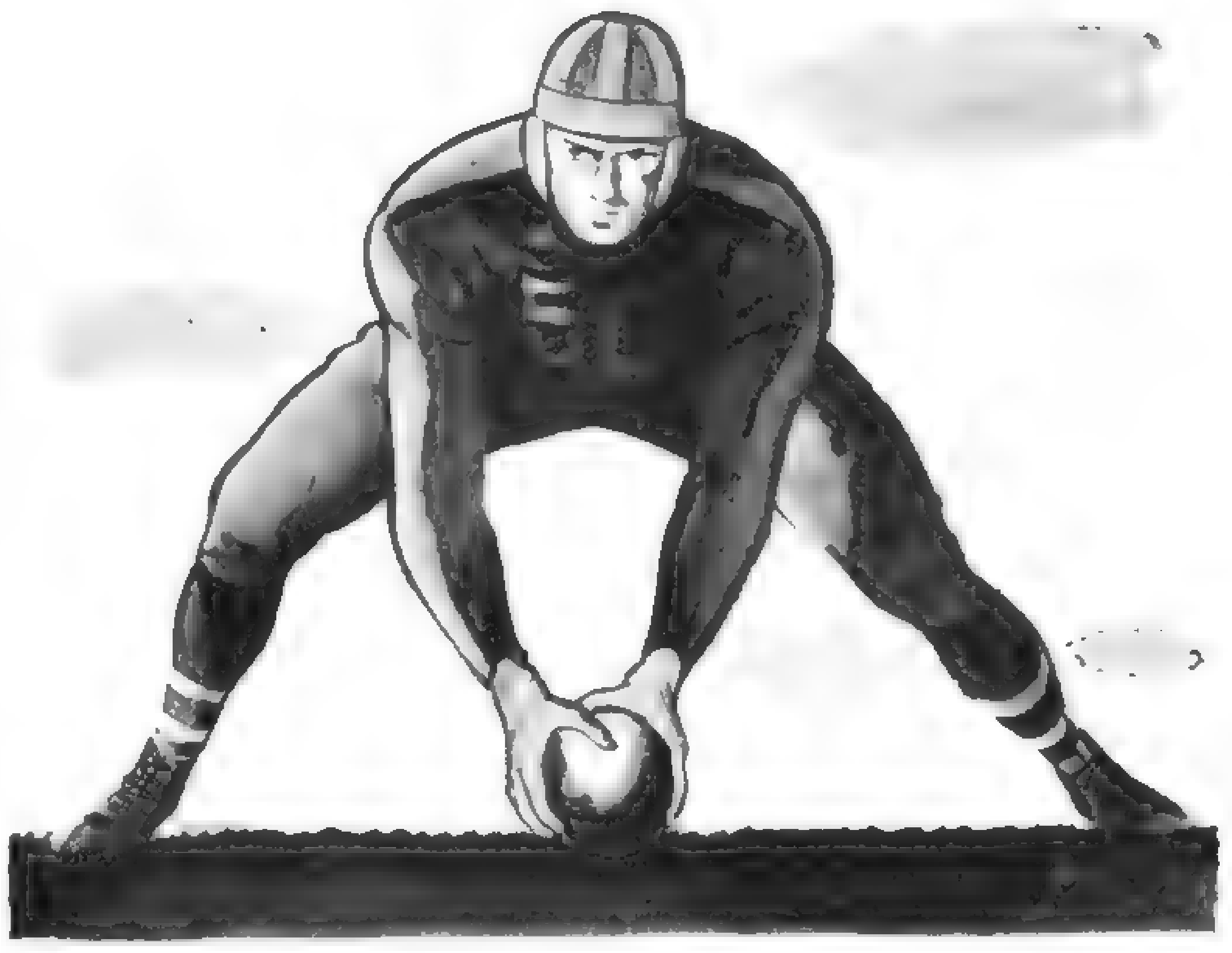
"Join me in a little drink, brother?"

I was standing at the bar having a cocktail before dinner. The bird who butted into my solitude looked like a walking check book. His big red face glistened with good living. His deep-set blue eyes twinkled with condescending benevolence. I was thinking of taking the straight and narrow. And right there was Satan. We had a drink. We had dinner together. He told me he had inherited a gold mine somewhere in Alaska

Continued on page 156

SIGNALS!

Football School re-opens Tuesday, August thirty-first, with an enrollment as distinguished as its faculty, and with an all-star pre-season game as its grand finale . . .



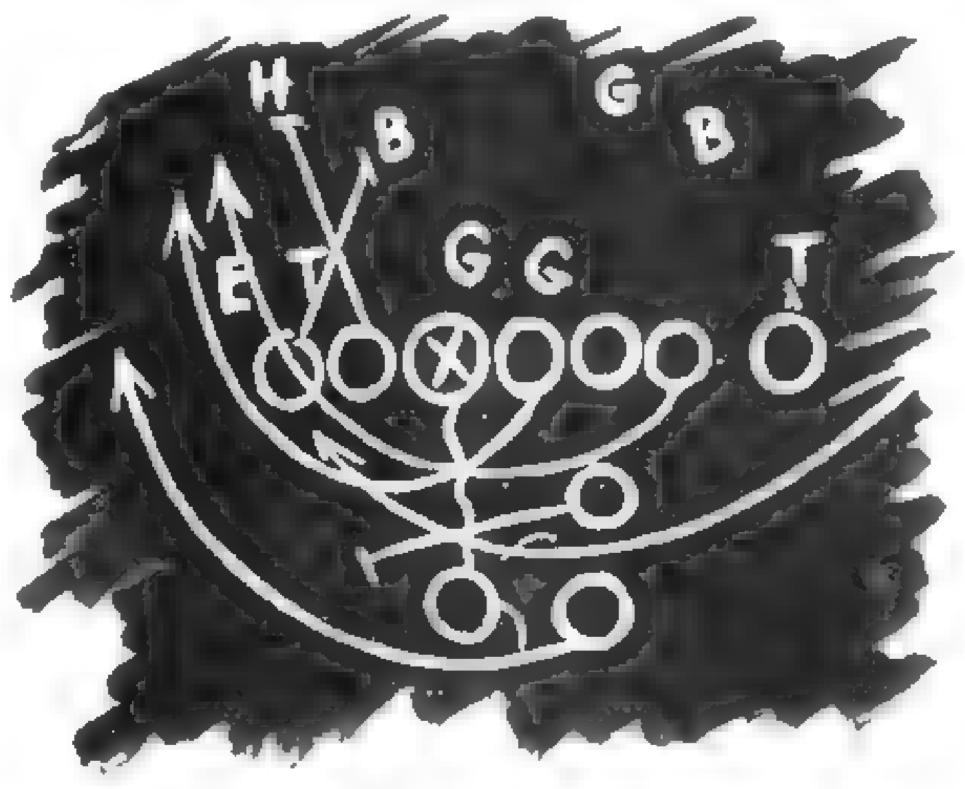
One year ago this month, the first football school in New York's newspaper history ran a five day session in the conference room of the New York Herald Tribune building.

A projection of the modern summer school idea in which teachers, slicing off a chunk of their vacations, go to school to become better teachers — the Herald Tribune Football School was a professional student's school in which the faculty did not have to talk down to the pupils, in which the general public over-heard the sessions, in which the learning came not from books but literally hot off the gridiron.

That school packed the Herald Tribune conference room to its capacity. There had been nothing like it in New York before. Coaches who came from all over the East and Middle West wondered if there would be anything like it again . . .

There will be a second Football School . . . beginning the last day of this month, running through the balance of the week. It will differ from the first session last year in several major respects.

First, it will have a five-man faculty. Last year's school had but one. It will have an enrollment almost half again as large (the facilities of the Herald Tribune conference room having been expanded to handle 350 souls). It will have field demonstrations of the football problems it poses and answers. It will be followed by a crack-of-the-season football game at the Polo Grounds . . . a game in which the best of last year's college stars will battle the best of last year's Eastern professionals. Both teams will put in intensive training before the game.



For a generation, more or less, America has babbled about the *science* of football — with no great conviction that such a thing really existed outside of the sportswriters' dictionaries. Science or no science, New York's first newspaper football school, as conducted by Lou Little of Columbia, was an intensive study of the infinite details — offensive and defensive, of the sport which is America's grand gate-getter.

For five mornings, Little chalk-talked every department of the game from the concealed pass and the line charge to the single-wing attack and kicking for offense. It was a dead-earnest proceeding.

This year's sessions are to be run by exponents of five leading systems of play. Lou Little's Columbia methods will be stacked against Fritz Crisler's ideas (Mr. Crisler will be remembered as the gentleman who last year drove a bunch of Princetonians through an unbeaten and untied season). Bernie Bierman (Minnesota) will probably be on deck to defend and expound his methods against both. Leroy Mills, who doesn't agree precisely with any of the three previously named, will take the platform as the country's front-rank punting authority.

And as if that quartet of bright football lights were not quite enough, Jim Crowley (the Notre Dame fourth-horseman Crowley) has sworn to be present to uphold the Notre Dame system he is now drilling into Fordham's play.

All of which means that the outstanding systems of football play will be subjected to the cold analysis of 700 trained eyes —fixed first on a blackboard and then on field action. It will be a critical audience—even for a coach to face. In it will be Ducky Pond and the entire Yale coaching staff, Adam Walsh (another Notre Dame football highlight, now at Bowdoin), Gar Davidson who runs gridiron affairs for the Army up at West Point, Lloyd Jordan of Amherst, Ernie Nevers of Lafayette, Harry Stuhldreher of Wisconsin, Mal Stevens and all his N. Y. U. cohorts, Glen Harmeson of Lehigh, Benny Friedman of C. C. N. Y.

It means that the theories of tackling, scrimmage, passing, running, kicking and interference will be put to practical test that same afternoon at the Polo Grounds. The collegiate all-stars, peeling off summer slackness in the get-ready for their battle with the New York Giants, will try the meat these coaches will pass to their coaching students.

Any student of the game, even an only occasional watcher, would have a feast at this Football School. But the odds against his being admitted are so heavy it would be foolish to try. He has to qualify as a coach or technician. (A few sports writers from the New York press will be present). For the rest — 350 seats are 350 seats and you can't go to football school in a double-decked huddle.

To the legions of stadium seat-warmers who would like to attend, the answer is a reluctant *sorry — but there will be no school for you today*. However, teacher has other and more joyful news. The proceedings of all the school sessions will go out to the nation on the air — and, in the comfort of your chair next morning, the New York Herald Tribune will carry complete reports of the sessions, full text of the discussions, and flashes on both the school and its personalities by that ace football watcher of the Herald Tribune staff—Stanley Woodward.

More hair-and-hell raising if less instructive than the School, that Polo Grounds finale on the night of Tuesday, September 8th will be open to anybody who has the price (your money goes to the Tribune Fresh Air fund which — as it has been doing for sixty summers — will give a few thousand urchins from New York's drearier side the chance at two weeks in the country).

The game at the Polo Grounds will be played under a newly installed lighting system, under the informal auspices of football followers the country over. They, readers of 175 newspapers cooperating with the Chicago Tribune and the New York Herald Tribune, have picked the team whose stars (all of them) are the men you wanted to see — all last year's collegiate best in action together against the best the country can buy.

It will be a football fan's dream of a super-team against a super-team. Like the Herald Tribune staff which is co-sponsoring the game and which is running the Football School, it will employ the best men in every department of this national sport . . . the tops in this toughest of the trades.

For tickets to the Giants-All Star Game, the night of Tuesday September 8th, write the Sports Department of the Herald Tribune.

For the complete proceedings of the Football School, August 31 through September 4th, watch the New York Herald Tribune September 1st through September 5th, and consult your local newspaper for scheduled broadcasts.

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Crime and the Deacon

Continued from pages 97-154

from a distant relative whom he barely could remember.

"And I got more jack now than I know what to do with," he said as we sat on the veranda and smoked a cigar. "What would you do, brother?" My resistance had been completely worn down.

More jack than he knew what to do with, not to mention a gold mine, and there he sat telling ME. Does an old fire horse ever forget the sound of the gong? You guessed it. Neither did I. I dusted off my English accent and let loose.

"Most extraordinary coincidence I could jolly well imagine," I broad A'd.

"Whaddaya mean, coincidence?" His name was Henry, but all the Rotary boys called him Hank, he said.

"That I should meet you here. Came down for a rest because I've damn near worn myself out looking for a gold mine and you've got one of the bally things and don't know what to do with it."

"Gosh all hemlocks, you don't mean it," he gasped.

"'Struth, s'help me." Boy, then I gave him the works. If only I hadn't been born too early to be a scenario writer. I told Hank I represented an English syndicate in the market for good gold mining properties. I asked him if he wanted to sell. The benevolent light faded from his eyes as he admitted he did, but the price would have to be right. I assured him my principals were generous.

That night I wrote a long letter to the Deacon and told him all about the sap and his gold mine. I outlined a plan to buy it. It was as pretty a plot as ever came out of Hollywood. It called for action and plenty of it with my old pal as star and director and a brilliant supporting cast. As usual the Deacon put the show on without a hitch, with the result that it finally proved one of our best box office successes.

The next morning I had a talk with Hank and we agreed on a price for his gold mine. He was tickled to death. I drew up a purchase agreement and cabled the boys in London to meet us in New York. At least Hank thought I sent that cable, which was all that was necessary. In due time I got a reply, which I had framed in my letter for the Deacon to send me. If Hank thought my British capitalists needed a guardian to take care of their dough, you couldn't blame him. That cablegram said they were sailing on the *Mauretania* and were bringing a bank draft for £100,000 to be paid after they were satisfied Hank's Alaska property was on the up and up. Ten days later we were in New York to meet them. I had engaged suites for everybody at the same hotel where Hank and I were stopping.

It was our plan to meet the Englishmen at the pier when the liner docked. We got there exactly at the right moment. They had just debarked and were standing at the foot of the gang plank. As well as I knew the Deacon I hardly recognized him. He was twice as British as Lawrence D'Orsey ever dared be in the old Follies days. His three companions scanned the scene through monocles that reflected contemptuous curiosity. Spats, striped trousers, yellow chamois gloves, Malacca sticks, cutaway coats, and silk toppers. It didn't take a label to tell the world that these chappies were the McCoy, bottled in Bond street. They even smelled of London fog and Scotch whiskey. I was satisfied, especially so when I heard Hank gasp "jimminy crickets."

Introductions out of the way, we beat it in a hired limousine for the hotel. The Honorable Algernon (the Deacon to you) was anxious to hear a full report about Hank's Alaska gold mine. An expensive looking cowhide despatch case, which he carried across his knees, suggested negotiable paper. It bore a gilt crest, beneath which were two initials and the legend "The Maples, Derbyshire." We chatted brightly about mutual acquaintances in and around the British capital. Algy's pals stared vacantly out of the limousine window. Hank studied the newcomers individually and collectively, momentarily growing more awed with each mention of internationally famous financiers by their first names. On the boat, curiously, he had run into Fitz Hugh Frothington, his bitterest competitor in gold mine exploitations.

"And he's a nawsty blighter, too. Always poking his nose into my business. Had the impertinence to awsk me why I was coming to the States. He actually lawffed when I said 'pleasure'," Algy snorted. As usual he was making a perfect build-up.

At the hotel, rooms were assigned as I had arranged. Hank's quarters were between Algy's and mine. The three stooges were further down the hall. After lunch we spent most of the afternoon in Hank's sitting room while he told Algy about his mine. Considering that he had never seen the diggings he did a swell selling job. I urged that we close the deal at once, assuring Algy that Hank was a gentleman who would not for a moment misrepresent his property, and pointed out the danger of Fitz Hugh Frothington's presence in town. When I made that crack Algy frowned at me through his monocle.

"I shall have to think the matter over until tomorrow," he said. "After all £100,000 is a lot of money."

The reader will observe that while the circumstances surrounding our proposed purchase of a gold mine were radically different from those when we bought the banker's cement mill, the fundamental set-up was identical. Regardless of what transactions we

Continued at top of page 159

BIG BUSINESS AT THE ZOO

● WALL STREET visits the park...Field Day for a lucky kid... maybe it isn't all luck... he's smart, that lad... he can spot quality...the minute he set eyes on those hats he said to himself: "Big Business."

Where do they go from here, Knox "Premier" and "Fifth Avenue"? Step around Manhattan with two hats that know their way . . . step into the better clubs . . . the café of the moment . . . business conferences . . . restaurants that make food an art.

And everywhere doormen bow...hat-check girls rejoice . . . lovely ladies give a second approving look. That's what it is to be accepted. That's what it is to be hatted by Knox . . . The Fifth Avenue is seven fifty. The Premier, ten.

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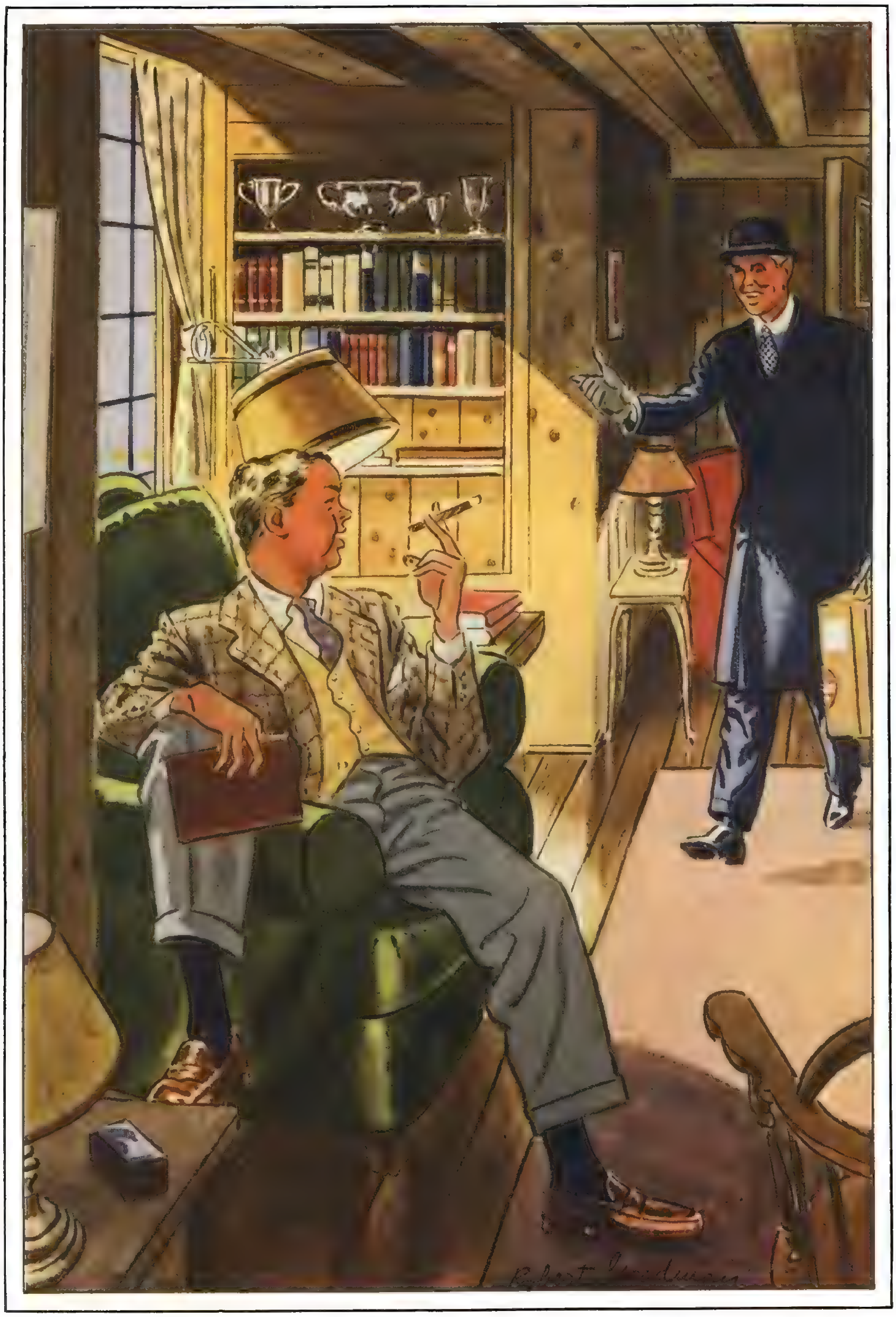

J. JOSEPH COLLEGE AT HOME AND ABROAD

For this little scene the scenario says something to the effect that this little undergraduate stayed on campus this week end while that little undergraduate went home, or in any case, to town. To support the scenarist's contention, that one looks more like a young business man than an undergraduate, with his white collar, blue clothes and bowler (which is just the way undergraduates off-campus try to look) while this one lolls at his ease in clothes that are typical within the quadrangle. Note the odd tweed jacket which is cut on the lines of a riding jacket. The waistcoat is of chamois with white pearl buttons. College men have clung to the fancy waistcoat and it is beginning to show signs of staging a general comeback. The button down oxford shirt, foulard tie for year around wear and ribbed wool hose are all staple university items. The Norwegian slippers are sometimes even worn to class.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Crime and the Deacon

Continued from pages 97-154-156

engage in, they all work out according to a fixed formula. I don't want to give the idea that the suckers we take are fools. The fact is, if they weren't so damned smart we would be out of luck. Our plan is simple, straightforward and always thoroughly sound. That is why it appeals to the slicker type of business man. Take Hank's case. There was nothing phony about our dealings anywhere along the line. He owned a gold mine which he wanted to sell. I tied him up with an option to buy at an agreed upon price. It was a legitimate, on the up-and-up deal unless one or the other of us ran out on it. It was our business to see that Hank took it on the lam. And here's how it happened.

That night, when I was sure Hank had retired to his room, I called on Algy, next door. We had a loud and violent quarrel because he had not sewed up my option. He admitted that Frothington would probably pay twice as much for Hank's mine as we could get it for, but since I had a perfectly good option he could see no reason to jam things through.

I could hear muffled footsteps through the locked connecting door. I allowed as how Algy was no end of a chump to take a chance when Frothington was right in New York, probably at the Ritz, and slammed out of the room. I was confident that Hank had gotten hep and when he was missing at breakfast next morning I knew it. A kid could almost guess the rest of this story. Of course Hank found Frothington just where he had been planted. He confirmed what I had told Algy.

He might even go £200,000 for a good mine. What could Hank do except to try to squirm out of the option he had given me? It cost him $40,000 and he was glad to pay it. I was glad to get it. After paying off the English actors the Deacon had hired and coached for their parts, and counting up other incidental expenses we were better than $35,000 to the good.

The longer I live the more I am sure the Deacon would have made a wow of a movie director. ⵌ

Author's Note—*Events subsequent to this collating of the "Yellow Kid's" ingenuous sophistries, belie the dapper little con man's boast that "Crime Does Pay." Shortly after the series of conversazioni in which the material for this article was made available, he jumped a $15,000 bond in the Felony court of Chicago and has since been a fugitive. Always, in the past, he faced his raps and either came off scot-free or with a nominal penalty. This time the complainant was a woman. "Dames haven't got any sporting blood," he said, referring to the case pending against him. That was on a Friday last fall. On Monday, when his case was called for hearing, he was missing and has not been heard from since.*

"Deacon" Buckminster also has come to the end of the trail. On June 13, at the age of 69, he was sentenced to a term of three to ten years in the state penitentiary of Southern Michigan. He pleaded guilty to a charge of impersonating a Chinese government official and attempting to negotiate the purchase of a large quantity of scrap iron, intended, he is alleged to have said, for munitions.

The Variety Mugg

Continued from page 64

(major, preview cinemas) aren't clicking, it may be because the nabes (neighborhood houses) are keeping the trade away from downtown. It may be a matter of admish (price scales), opposish, situash or competish.

It may be that the local burly (burlesque) or the muny op (Municipal Opera at pop scale and large capacity), or some hot nitery (nite club), or hoofery (dance place) is too tough opposish, and that the kiddies (juve trade) favor these esoteric forms of nocturnal *divertissement* over the cinema and the theatre.

A torso-tosser or fanner who does a wicked strip-tease at a local burly, particularly if there's a good load of s. a. in the line (chorus), sometimes 'ruins' a burg for any other show biz. A nifty swing combo holding forth at a local dancery may absorb *beaucoup* of the loose coin. (Among *Variety* tabus are trite slangisms, among 'em kale, dough, mazuma, etc. When some of its own coined slanguage becomes overdone, through too general adoption or adaptation via the chatterers on the dailies, a broadside goes out on what phrases to nix.)

Variety mugg editors point the way consistently on the wordage. When Sid Silverman, for example, becomes conscious of the multiplicity of the who-killed-cock-robin mystery mellers in the flix, he decides to call 'em 'whodunits.' That's now as w. k. in the biz as s. a. in Hollywood.

A femme torcher retiring from show biz is captioned as 'taking the veil.' A producer going into bankruptcy 'takes a bath,' from whence is derived 'he's in the tub.' The financial travail of several big motion picture corporations and reorganization under Section 77b of the new Federal Bankruptcy Act has coined 'a 77b reorg' to tell plenty in three words.

When the 'new Par prez, Balaban, Greeleys' or 'Doug, Jr. quickies to London,' it's almost self-explanatory. 'Jesse Lasky's Broadway Booneing' means that the vet producer is scouting plays and talent in N. Y. Switching nouns into verbs compacts the story. Thus, Tay Garnett is yachting to the Orient: Colbert Chiefs east (i. e. takes the crack Chief out of L. A.); or Zukor TWAs to the Coast. The Coast (cap C) is synonymous for Hollywood. Heads likewise switch nouns into verbs, viz., MG PACTS GABLE, or PAR OPTIONS MAE WEST.

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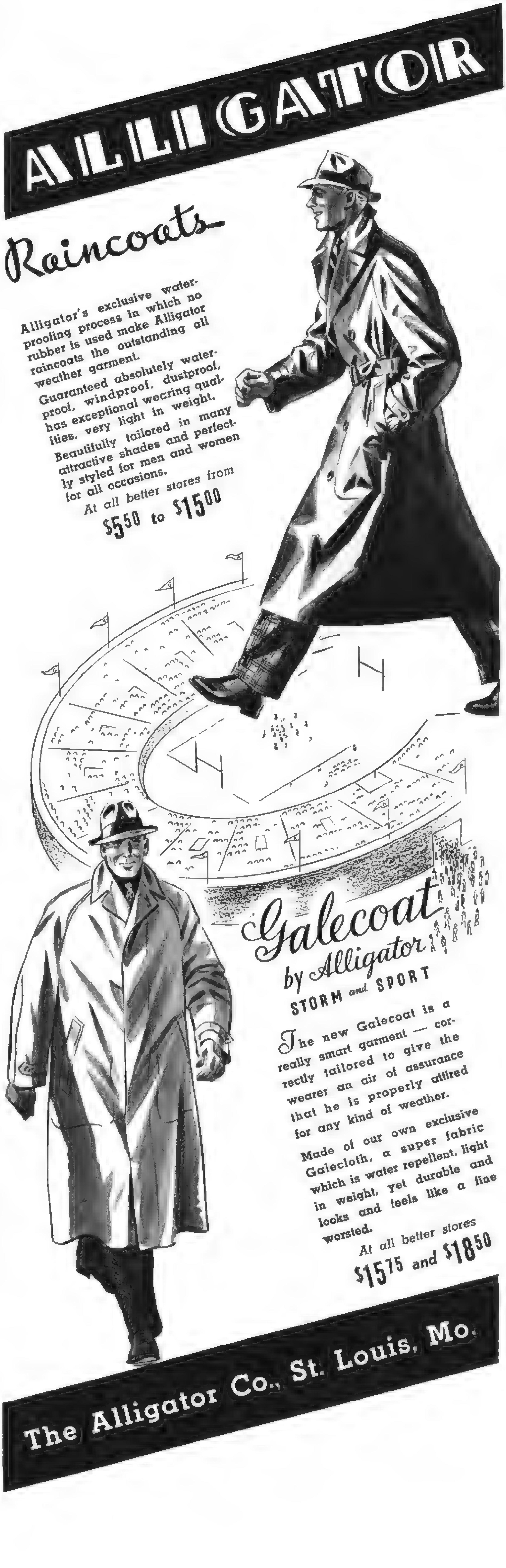

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The Variety Mugg

Continued from pages 64-159

Syntax to *Variety* Mugg probably represents a punny reference to the premium on Hollywood s. a. The only other tax *Variety* Mugg knows is the 10% levy on admish for ducats.

An act's intricate dancing is 'trick terping.' A *Variety* Mugg's review might read: "The femme pard's brand of legmania was parred only by her vis-a-vis' hot hoofology for the finale bends."

"A nabe vaudfilmer playing indie duals with five acts at 40c" means the neighborhood combo house (combination theatre), playing vaudeville and two pictures of an independent production-make (not of the eight major producer-distributors) with five acts to a 40c top admish. *Variety* Mugg catching this type pop house knows that only a large capacity and consistent grind turnover may spell economic surcease for the mgmt. Invariably, for reasons that are obvious to the trained mugg, chiefly predicated on a slim budget for the talent and the pix, the acts are nsg or nsh (contractions for not-so-good, not-so-hot). Or, it may be, one of the pix is a brit. flick (British film) and oke fodder for the peasants. *Beaucoup* hand-to-hand music (applause; and one of the few instances where a *Variety* Mugg synonym is longer than the original thought) is usually meted out to acts that click (or panicked, or wowed) the customers.

Muny op; Met op; an app op (sometimes appenop) in the Mercy hosp (appendectomy in the Mercy hospital) mean different things to *Variety* readers.

"The mike warbler is a looker who coutourieres herself to best s. a. values, not forgetting a nifty gander at her gams," is *Variety* Mugg's superlative encomium for a radio songstress (using a microphone onstage) who is pulchritudinous and knows how to dress so that her personal charms are well set off, not forgetting "an intriguing cut in her Maggy-Rouff so that the peasants may o. o. her underpinnings" (gams).

The heads sometimes are subject of commentary. STRIPED AMS refers to an amateur prison show. While *Variety* never referred to actors as 'hams' (an unpardonable, derogatory reference), Major Bowes amateurs gave rise to ams as a shortie for the tyro thesps.

NO B. O. BLUES IN ST. L. is a *Variety* mugg editor's commercial negation and paraphrase of the Handy blues classic, because the b. o. in St. Louis happened to be bullish that week.

AK probably tops *Variety's* questionnaire for interpretation. More phone calls and mail on AK. In actuality it's an adaptation from the Yiddish, a la kibitzer, but for brevity and obvious reasons, Sue Morgan, the home-office switchboard siren, states that this synonym (for a gent of ancient vintage) is derived from Antediluvian Knight. Which is reaching for one!

A starring picture for Mae West is a starrer. Cecil DeMille is a megger (director); *Broadway Melody* a tuner (or filmusical); *Becky Sharp* a tinter (in Technicolor). *Variety* calls it a talker, never talkie (movie is also tabu, as trite). Whiteman recording for Victor is a disker or waxer (or he cuts the wax). Sally Rand gave rise to a school of fanners (fan dancers); Ann Corio is a stripper; a Chinese eatery is a chowmeinery (never chink joint, likewise in deference to sensitive Orientals, for which they have expressed gratitude), although during the depresh period, when Times Sq. was dotted with cheap chowmeineries, and *couvert* joints fell by the wayside, *Variety* called it the Great Yellow Peril of Broadway. A nitery *sans couvert* is a no-cuv joint; a kill-time spot is a cocktailery.

After *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *Dodsworth* have been 'prepping prod.' (preparing production) for some time, *Variety* feels its readers know 'em well enough to caption 'em *Faunty* and *Dodsy*, always an editorial exigency in head-writing.

The Joe Breen (Hays org) influence on pix created the verb Joebreened. In former years when mgrs. ordered an act to take out its 'blue stuff,' the 'mgmt sapolioed the book.'

Hollywood's Poverty Row and Times Sq.'s chiseling 10%ers (agents) gave rise to shoestringers; the chiz; cuffos; gyp 'n' take.

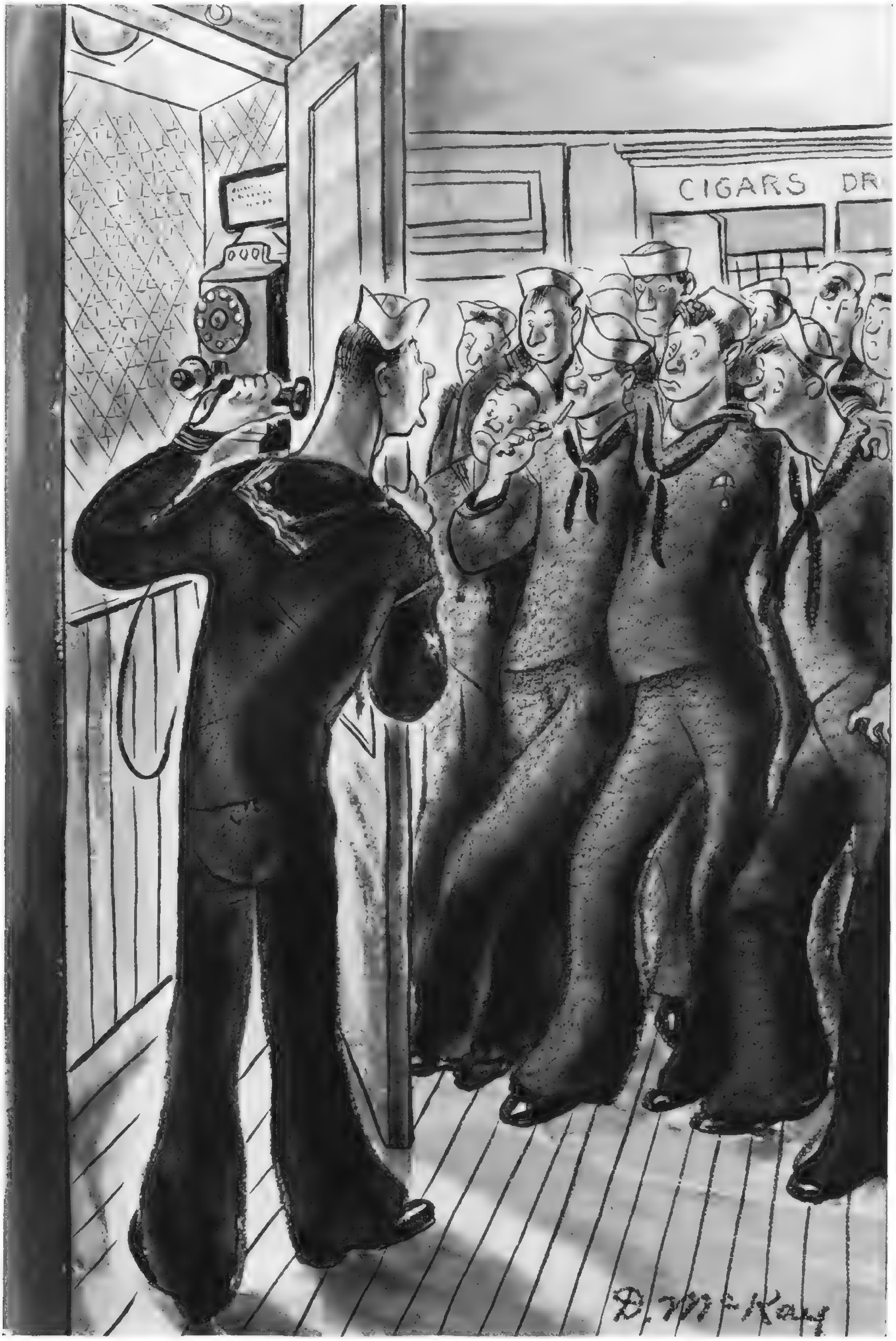
Seasonal influences are evidenced by the life-of-the-party racket (professional m.c.'s, or entertainers, who hypo the guests) on the 'Borscht circuit' (Catskill Mt. dialectery summer hotels).

A summer stock (legit) is a 'straw hat,' and a new play that's 'in the test tube,' at a straw hat, is being tried out.

The Saranac belt is the ozoning burg. Ritz or bonton is the 'caviar mob.' Biz upping means it's improving. Intro is introduction. Foldee is a closed attraction. A grunter is Varietyese for wrestler, most often written out as wrassler, in comedy simulation of the way the MSG (Madison Sq. Garden) heave-'n'-grunters palaver. A pan on a show is a damp blanket. A superlative notice is a rave. (*Variety* almost never raves but conservatively gauges the economic potentialities.) An executive meeting is a confab, a powwow, a brain-trust huddle, or a heart-to-heart.

When Par announces George Raft's next pic is *Proud Rider*, Variety mugg editor captions it, GIGOLO ON HORSEBACK. The heralded title, *Murdered By An Aristocrat*, likewise fetches the caption, SPATTED WHODUNIT, spats being the mugg penultimate for ritz. Theatre biz that starts off strong on Thanksgiving is captioned,

Continued on page 162


CIGARS DR
D. McKay

"She's got a husband!"

Cool
HENNESSY
JAS HENNESSY & C°
COGNAC
84 PROOF

The tropical strategy for an orderly retreat from the heat calls for the austere coolness of brandy-and-soda, a refreshing long cool drink that quickly takes the temper out of temperature. And the mint julep, too, will be a revelation if you make it with Three-Star Hennessy.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES:

Schieffelin & Co., New York City. Importers since 1794

★ ★ ★

HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY

The Variety Mugg

Continued from pages 64-159-160

Turk Day Tee-off OK.

The late Jack Conway (*Con*), whom Sime started as an ad solicitor on *Variety*, brought with him his rich lore of baseball, sports and underworld slang. *Con* used to be a pro diamonder. In those days *Variety*, along with the NVA, Friars, Lambs, the various picture companies, the different music publishing houses, et al., maintained baseball teams. Some fancy wagering ensued and as the season grew older it was nothing for a music pub or any of the theatrical clubs to railroad through a semi-pro baseballer as a 'member' or 'employee' in the hopes that the winnings would more than square matters. That's how *Con* came on as an ad solicitor, brought in by Johnny O'Connor (*Wynn*) who started as an office boy with Sime in 1905. When upped to the news staff *Con* enriched not only theatrical but American slang with much that he isn't credited for. To 'gander the gams' (o. o. the legs); s. a. for sex-appeal; 'meet the headache' (meet the wife); 'play the chill' (ritz); 'belly laff' (abdominal guffaw); 'pushover' (easy make), boloney and palooka are among his improvisations that are now standard in American slanguage.

Sime set the pace fast with his constant replenishment of American slang. As *Time* (Jan. 15, 1934) reports under 'Slangsters,' Wilfred John Funk (& Wagnalls) "last week tossed an exciting subject for controversy." He made up a list of the "10 modern Americans who have done most to keep American jargon alive" and lists, in that sequence, Sime Silverman, H. L. Mencken, T. A. Dorgan, Walter Winchell, Arthur (Bugs) Baer, Ring Lardner, Damon Runyon, Gelett Burgess, George Ade, Gene Buck.

To Sime, an act didn't score a hit—it clicked. A master of ceremonies became m. c. In the old days when song pluggers made the rounds of the nabe cinemas with illustrated slides, Sime decided that ill. song tells it all. An act wowed, panicked, rocked the house, flopped, brodied.

The New Yorker once had a cartoon showing two Passion Players at Oberammergau, with this caption, "*Variety* Says We Ought To Snag 60G's For A Smacko. I Wonder What That Means." That's 100% Sime's lingo. A female became femme; torso-tosser for coocher; a coocher did a 'grind' (prolonged tease); Mazda Lane as a synonym for the Great White Way (trite); dansapation; orc; inside stuff; hotcha; opposish, competish, admish, situash; crix (critics); vaudfilm or picflesh for films with live (flesh-and-blood, that is) entertainment—all Varietyese.

Sime to the end—and *Variety* to this day—bitterly opposed two things in trade journalism: the news (?) hand-out and petty graft. All press matter, as a matter of course, is torn up by an office boy, as it comes into the office. Sime would bawl all and sundry, especially for benefit of any staff newcomer, that that's the reason *Variety* maintains a news staff—not a bunch of press-release picker-uppers. Considering that *Variety's* is one of the most expensive news organizations no one ever takes exception.

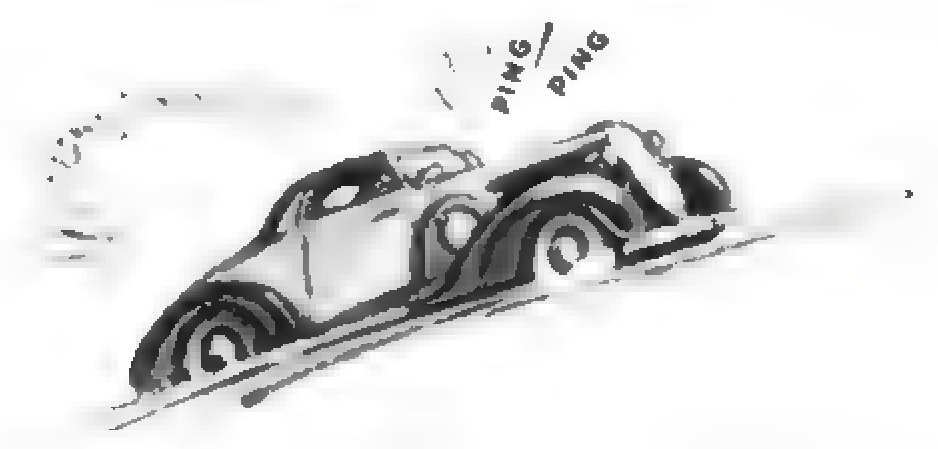
Among the *Variety* muggs in the New York office Bob Landry (*Land*), Ben Bodec (*Odec*), Bob Baral (*Bral*) and Edgar Grunwald (*Edga*) cover radio, tin pan alley, pix, concerts and what have you? By-lines are discouraged on the paper and four letters, italicized, usually a contraction of the surname—excepting in cases of first names such as *Sime, Sid, Abel, Hal*—is the Legion of Honor for a *Variety* mugg at the end of his reviews. Out of town correspondents are generously accorded bylines for whatever local values they may have. *Land* is radio editor, ex-officio, as there are no titles, officially, on *Variety*, other than Sid Silverman, president of Variety, Inc. and the editor and publisher.

Wolfe Kaufman (*Kauf*), backgrounded by several years on the Paris editions of the *N. Y. Herald* and *Chi Trib*, covers the multilingual talkers, French, German, Spanish and Yiddish legit, handles foreign cables, rewrites, etc. Joe Schoenfeld (*Scho*) knows the chiseling ins and outs of vaude, the niteries and burly. Joel Bigelow's (*Bige*) comedy flair in writing assigns him to highlight news coverage, being on intimate terms with vaude, burly, radio, etc. Roy Chartier (*Char*) on pix, labor unions; Mike Wear (*Wear*), the Wall St. shark since the passing of Al Greason (*Rush*) who was quite a trade journalistic authority on amusement stocks; Sam Shain (*Shan*) on pix, theatre operation and also 'the uptown lowdown on the downtown end,' i.e. the Broadway inside stuff on Wall St.'s relations to show biz, hence 'the downtown end;' Epes Winthrop Sargent (*Chic*), as long with *Variety* as it is old—now 31 years. Chicot (cut to *Chic*) was with Sime on the *Telegraph* prior to 1925 and had his own trade weekly for a limited time in later years, but returned to the paper. The late Alfred Rushton Greason (*Rush*) and Johnny O'Connor (*Wynn*), now Fred Waring's and other artists' manager, likewise started with the paper, respectively in the editorial and office boy depts. Sime was the *N. Y. Morning Telegraph's* 'Man in the Fourth Row,' as he signed his reviews, resigning from the *Telegraph* because he refused to hedge on a notice. At the time he told Bill Lewis, publisher of the *Telly*, that he (Sime) felt there was a need for a trade paper which didn't have to worry about losing a Christmas ad and could stop

Continued on page 165

"Four dogs...four pops... and ten of Ethyl for a hungry car"

Modern automobiles, with their high compression engines, STARVE on "low compression" gasoline. Their hunger cry is the KNOCK that cuts down power, wastes gas and oil. Read why.



LOOK OUT for a "pinging" sound when you push down the accelerator to pass another car with safety or to make a hill in high! It means that your motor is knocking and failing to give *all* its power at the times you need it most—that you are wasting gas and oil.

DON'T BLAME your car for knock. Blame the fuel! Knock occurs when gasoline breaks down (burns too quickly) under the heat of the modern high compression engine. It's your engine's way of saying: "I'm starving on low compression fuel. Give me more anti-knock!"

↑ ↑ ↑

THAT'S WHY most oil companies now are improving their gasolines by using anti-knock fluids (containing tetraethyl lead) made by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

These companies recommend as their best year-round fuel—and the richest in anti-knock quality—the special gasoline sold at pumps marked "Ethyl" on the globe or base.

YOU GET at the Ethyl pump:

Enough anti-knock fluid to stand up under the highest engine compression and bring out all the power of your car.

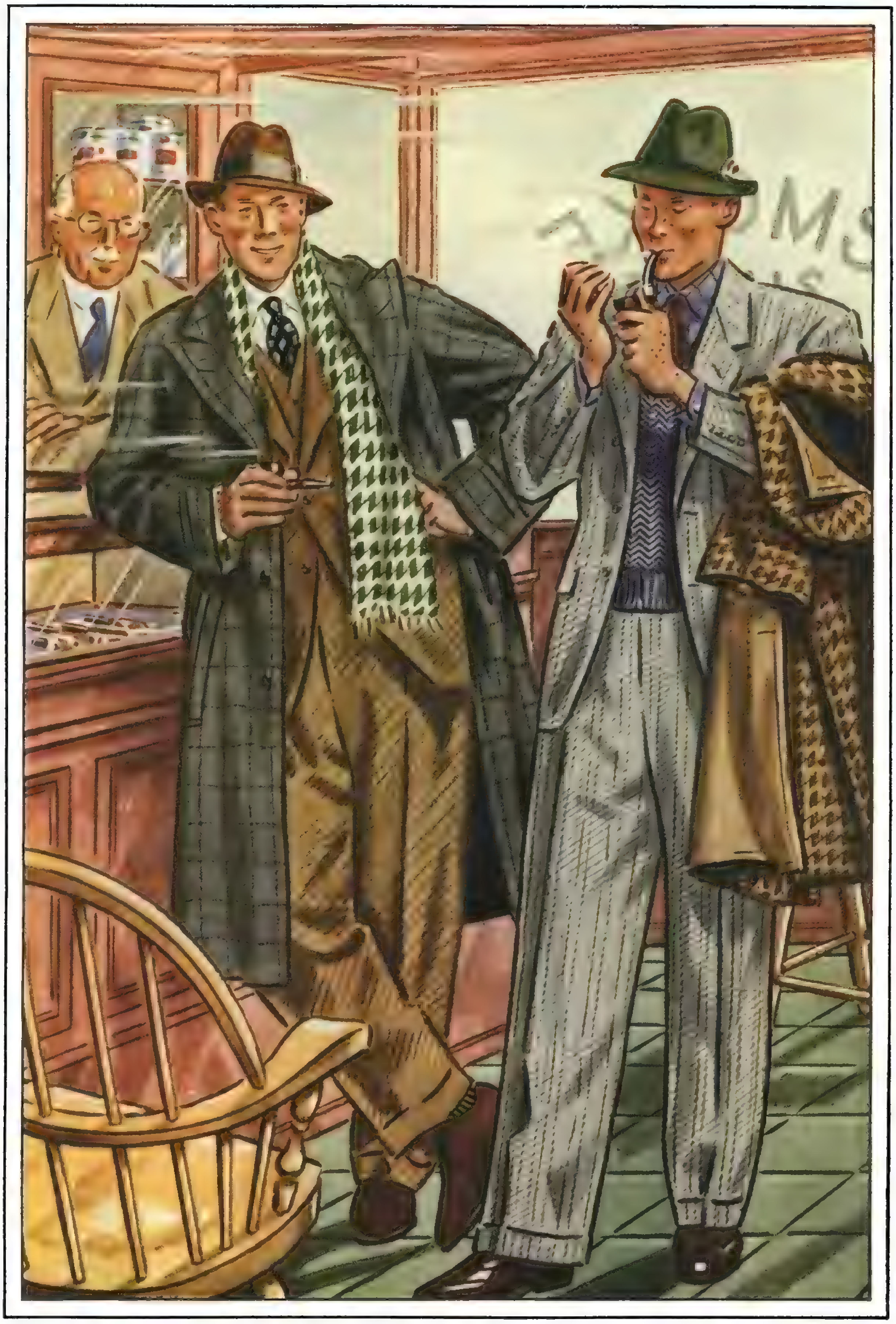
All-round quality that is double-checked—by the oil companies and the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation—at the refinery and at the pump.

↑ ↑ ↑

GET RID of that expensive knock! Stop that waste of gas and oil! Give your car the fuel it needs—the gasoline *richest* in anti-knock value—and the highest in quality by every count. Next time get Ethyl!

FOR 100% ENGINE PERFORMANCE **NEXT TIME GET ETHYL**

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION



WHERE FIRST WE WOO THE LADY NICOTINE

Tossing out as no contest the tentative trials with cornsilk or cubebs, pipe dreams begin for most men at college age. The sophomore is an avid though open minded experimenter with tobacco mixtures, although by the end of the freshman year his apparel ideas have pretty well hardened. In clothes, for all his vaunted individualism on the subject, the college man is essentially a conformist, as witness the hundreds of times the basic outfits pictured here will be encountered this season on campuses all over the country. The two suit models are the overwhelming university best sellers and the black banded brown snap brim hat is a staple. The other hat, the green Tyrolean, has had some limited acceptance. The reversible tweed and gabardine topcoat is another vastly popular item. White oxford shirts are old and entrenched; colored shirts are very slowly coming up. Both shoe styles are accepted.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Variety Mugg

Continued from pages 64-159-160-162

bulling itself, the actor and the trade, and that any trade papers which operated differently couldn't last long. It's been years since the *Morning Telegraph* became dominantly a racing sheet. *Chic* is a shark on show biz lore, theatre exploitation and operation, an authority on motion pictures and author of several works with Cecelia Ager. Mrs. Sime (Hattie) Silverman is the only other femme staff member, yclept *The Skirt* (Itals), her by-line as a theatrical fashions' commentator for years. Hattie designed *Variety's* present-day, registered trademarked, staff head. Harold Erichs, biz mgr., and Lou Rydell, adv. mgr., complete the roster.

Arthur Ungar (*Ung*) heads the Coast office. Hal Halperin (*Hal*) is in charge of Chi. Joshua Lowe (*Jolo*), American, has been in charge of London for so long he's considered a limey by the home-office bunch. Each branch office has its own sizable staff, L. A. and N. Y. being virtually on a par for manpower since *Daily Variety* is now published in Hollywood. George McCall (*Call*), Jack Edwards (*Edwa*), Gene Haynes (*Hane*), Walter Greene, Russ Murphy, Jack (Sam's kid brother) Hellman (*Helm*), Bill Swigart (*Swig*) among others on the Coast. Dan Goldberg (*Gold*), Fred Donaghey and Dan Bachman in Chi.

While Jolo had Hannen Swaffer (Swaff, to the N. Y. boys) on his London staff, *Variety* had an attack of personal pronounitis which finally Sime and Sid could stand no longer and Swaff is again exclusively on the London *Express*.

Jack Lait (*Lait*) was long a staff man both in Chicago and N. Y., starting in charge of the Chi office, with Jo Swerling (*Swing*), now a Columbia Pix scriptist, respectively doing their Chicago By Night and Chicago By Day columns. Lait, now a Hearst executive editor, was forced to quit his *Variety* duties because of time limitations and business pressure. Hal Halperin, then office boy, is now in charge of the office. Stanton Leeds (*Leed*), now with Universal Service in Paris, was desk man and highbrow legit coverage in the homeoffice for a spell. Steve Clow of *Broadway Brevities* infamy, who was sent to Atlanta, was given a comeback chance by Sime when getting out but couldn't last long. Bob Sisk (*Sisk*) now an RKO Radio Pictures producer, was brought up into the N. Y. editorial office from his native Baltimore after being Balto correspondent for some time. Sisk went from *Variety* to the Theatre Guild in charge of publicity, to the pub and ad top berth with RKO Radio, and thence to Hollywood when J. R. McDonough, RKO exec, shifted west. Eugene Lyons and Frank Scully, w.k. to ESQUIRE, were respectively Moscow and European-Run-Around *Variety* muggs, Frank also featuring the Riviera in his coverage from his Nice retreat on the Cote d'Azur. Claude Binyon was *Bang* on the N. Y., Chi. and Coast staff until Paramount made him an offer and he's been there ever since. Charlie Freeman (*Dash*) has long been an important theatrical booking executive since leaving the paper years ago, now with Par in N. Y. But the staff changes are infrequent and far between, and a *Variety* mugg prefers to remain a mugg for a number of reasons.

Newspaper-minded actors have done regular columns and been on *Variety's* payroll off and on, among 'em Jack Osterman, N. T. G. (Nils T. Granlund), Fred Allen, Joe Laurie, Jr. The late Alan Dale and Acton Davies in the pioneer days of the paper wrote on the theatre in addition to their daily chores. Leo Carillo, as clever a caricaturist as he's a player, was *Variety's* lone cartoonist years back.

Variety's 150-odd correspondents in America, and some 40-50 men and women in the capitals of the world, like *Variety* because of the liberty of expression it affords 'em. Many a local drama ed or pix crick can't be himself on his own paper but has freedom of opinion and expression on *Variety.*

The *Variety* gag 'boxes' are standard. They're usually short and snappy. An example is the story of Solly Violinsky, vaude mime, who tells of a vaudeville offer from Berlin—$1,250 a week and funeral expenses.

Another example: At the height of the picture theatre giveaways (i. e., premiums to housewives to induce attendance on off-nights), a theatre manager reported that one regular customer called up, not to inquire what was the feature film that night but what sort of crockery the house was giving away; she needed some soup-plates to complete her set.

Or, when Heywood Broun, on a lecture tour, played opposish to Sally Rand in Knoxville, Tenn., and Hey drew 100 people as against the fanner's 1,000 customers, *Variety* boxes that and captions it, HEYWOOD, GET A FAN, with the implication his b. o. might thus be improved.

Sime died Sept. 22, 1933, a personality whom the show world refused to permit to be as totally self-effacing and retiring as he personally desired. Sid who had taken over the reins some time before that date, and has been sole directing head of *Variety* ever since, is likewise among the most retiring gents on a street that's notorious for self-ballyhoo. Which is a paradox, considering that *Variety* Mugg always advocates exploitation for anything and anybody in show biz, as a matter of good showmanship.

But *Variety* Mugg, as a species, prefers to put himself apart from that self-bally.

Continued at top of page 166

these boys never heard about Kreml

If your hair is coming out too fast in the comb; if your shoulders are snowed under by dandruff, you need Kreml. Here is a wonderful dressing-tonic that helps restore life and lustre to the hair and scalp and removes every trace of dandruff.

If your hair is stiff and unruly, stop soaking it with water every time you want to make it lie down. Kreml restores the oil balance to the scalp. Makes hair behave without gluing it down with grease.

After a dip in the sea or a day in the open, it removes every trace of sea-salt, stickiness and grime.

In the barber shop and in the home, Kreml is rapidly taking first place the country over. Get acquainted with this modern dressing-tonic today. After one trial you'll use no other.

Try Kreml Shampoo, Too!

The cleansing, purifying lather of this wonderful olive oil shampoo keeps your hair soft, lustrous and pliantly young.

KREML

Tested and Approved ★ 4768 Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

WINS THE
Beauty Contest
AMONG MODERN FOUNTAIN PENS
Full-length visible ink supply
Scratch-Proof Point of Platinum and Gold

We Asked One Question of 200 Men and Women
"Which Pen is Your Choice for Style and Beauty?"
And 2 to 1 selected Parker's Laminated Pearl*

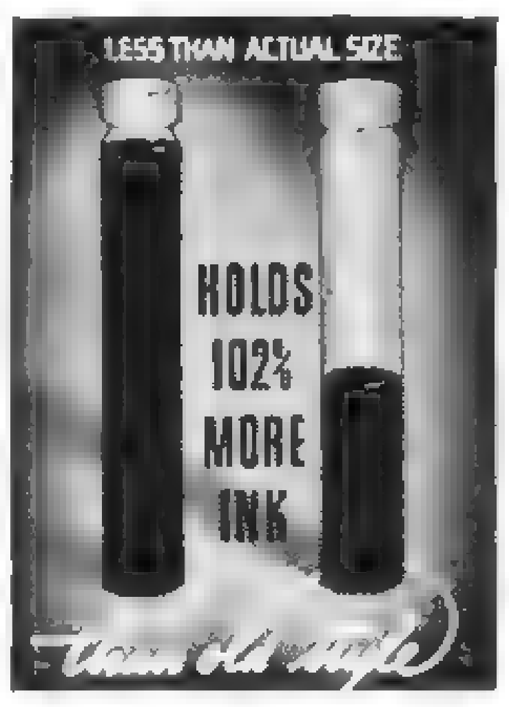
—The sacless Vacumatic with Ever-Visible Ink Supply and 102% more Ink Capacity than Old-Style—
GUARANTEED *Mechanically Perfect*

Yes, other things being equal, style-minded people would choose the Parker Vacumatic *for beauty alone!* But other things, too, including *performance,* make this revolutionary invention the national favorite by a still bigger margin—by 9 to 4.**

One important difference—its ink supply is *ever* visible—the full length of the barrel. Thus it shows days ahead WHEN IT'S RUNNING LOW.

Another great difference is the patented Parker filler. There's no other like it. It requires no sliding piston immersed in ink,—its working parts are sealed in the top WHERE INK CAN NEVER TOUCH THEM—can never decompose them.

And the third great difference is the Parker "breather tube." This deflates the air pressure in the barrel when the warmth of the writer's hand expands the air. By thus relieving the pressure on the ink, this exhaust prevents flooding and blotting. It's the only invention known that vanquishes this foe of sacless pens.



The Parker point is Scratch-proof—precious Platinum combined with solid Gold.

Go and see this luminous, laminated Pearl Beauty at any good store selling pens.

Every student needs this miracle writer that doesn't run dry in classes or exams. By actual vote, it's the pen preferred by more college students than any other two combined. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wisconsin.

Start the Fall Term with the Pen that Students Rate Highest
Parker
VACUMATIC REG. T.M.
GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT
Junior, $5
Over-Size, $10
$7.50
Pencils, $2.50, $3.50 and $5

*More than twice the number selected Parker than any other.
**National Pen Census, Recording and Statistical Corp.

To Guard Your Pen from Pen-Clogging Inks

use Parker Qu*ink*—a miracle ink that cleans a pen as it writes—a Parker or any other pen. Not watery ink, but rich, full-bodied and brilliant. Get Parker Qu*ink* at any store selling ink—Washable or Permanent. 15c upward.

The Variety Mugg

Continued from pages 64-159-160-162-165

Known in the show biz as forceful personalities behind-the-scenes of the amusement industry, the Silvermans, *pere et fils,* have been and are among the most vivid in the shaping of show biz destinies, but ever self-effacing. The record wouldn't be complete without a characteristic instance of impersonal yet very personal and sentimental relations between father and son as was occasioned by Sime's ceding 50% of Variety, Inc. to Sid. That was in 1930, just before the 25th anniversary number. Sime had visited his personal attorney, the late M. L. Malevinsky of O'Brien, Malevinsky & Driscoll, drawn the transfer papers, and then in a two-line squib in *Variety*'s Literati department wrote, "Sid Silverman will learn with the publication of this item that he is now 50% owner of *Variety.*"

Sid, up until this time one of the staff members, although then kiddingly referred to, in print, as "*Variety's* $250 a week copyreader," first commenced taking hold of editorial direction with the publication of his co-ownership of *Variety* and has been doing so ever since. ++

On Keeping the Week End Up

Continued from page 91

remains above the garnishing of fruit. (Slice of orange, slice of lemon, stick of pineapple, cherry.) To abet this, use a lump of ice and no mineral water or soda. Also beware of bitters. A drop too much ruins a drink. Rum, too, has found its way into the popular list. It is better however on damp days or toward the end of the entertainment.

Unless you are a connoisseur, or have a fabulous cellar, follow the simple course for dinner. During the warmer days the Rhine and Alsatian wines are an agreeable change from the white Bordeaux with the earlier courses. You can also with good taste lean over to the white side for most of the meal unless you have a specially heavy meat entree, until the frosty season. It would be difficult to find fowl that did not go down well with Pouilly-Fuissé or a Meursault. If you insist on the reds you can steer an easy course with the Pommards, Chambertins or Corton.

The foreign wines are mentioned because the American market has not worked itself out of the chaos that followed the lifting of the bans. There is still too much of the quick-profit motif in the song of the local vintners. Why should wine be allowed to ferment naturally and age when the grapes can be mashed, dehydrated at the vineyards and shipped east in bales to be made into wine on East Twenty-third Street, at the touch of the chemist's wand, a little yeast and a machine? Some happy day we can find a decent native wine, having the sturdiest vines and the most sun in the world. In the meantime your correspondent has painfully and hopefully gone down the list with the result that he relies on the product of Ardin on Sixth Avenue, the Sonnie Boy brands and from the east coast the Virginia Dare, the Dewey and the Maxfield Wineries. (The still wines alone are mentioned; the native Champagnes all have their honest merits and in many cases are superior to the lesser-known foreign brands.)

Many a good dinner has been spoiled by a thoughtless dessert. When the gourmets have their special exhibition every half year, they run from dessert as you would from a book salesman. The perfect meal ends with cheese, if you serve the full complement of wines.

Be chary of sweets except that contained in fruits, stewed or in their natural state. I have eaten a perfect meal, only to be thrown by a bit of chocolate sauce sneaked in under the dim lights of a restaurant. If you serve cordials match them with the *entremet.* Brandy with the black coffee meets with little opposition. Before the men join the ladies, you can safely offer them a crème de menthe.

After the dinner some may go to the movies and some may want to play cards. Those who sit around the tables can easily wait an hour or two before the tray of highballs is brought in. The score for highballs is about even with the weight going to the side of Scotch over rye. Those who go to the movies may want a pick-up when they come in. A thoughtful host notes if there is a guest with a slight cold. He then sends to the sufferer's room a night cap known as "Nelson's Blood." This is made by filling a tea cup one-third with Jamaica rum, two-thirds boiling water, topped by a lump of butter the size of a walnut. The butter melts allowing it to slide down easily. The rest is pleasant dreams and a sweet awakening.

Of all the country house joys, your correspondent votes for the custom of the English breakfast. How you feel in the morning when you arise, and the time of your rising, seem to me to be highly personal affairs. Conditioned by an early pattern of getting up in the morning, in summer's heat or winter's cold (our father was a mighty man and a disciplinarian) I still bow to the rising sun, regardless of the time of retiring. I'm the first to admit that it is an obnoxious habit and others in the house should be spared the spectacle of such uncivilized procedure. But once up, I can't move without coffee. The

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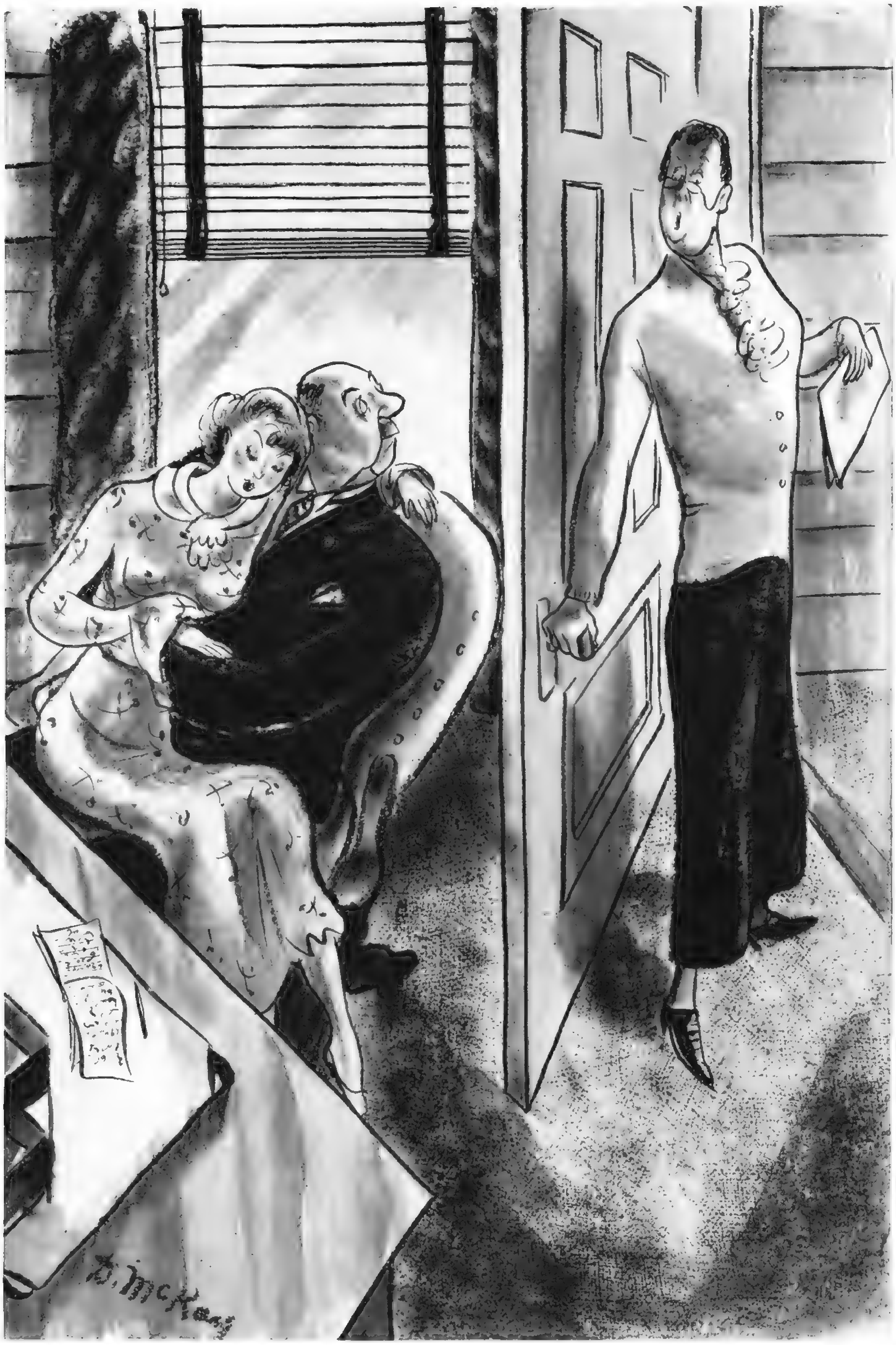
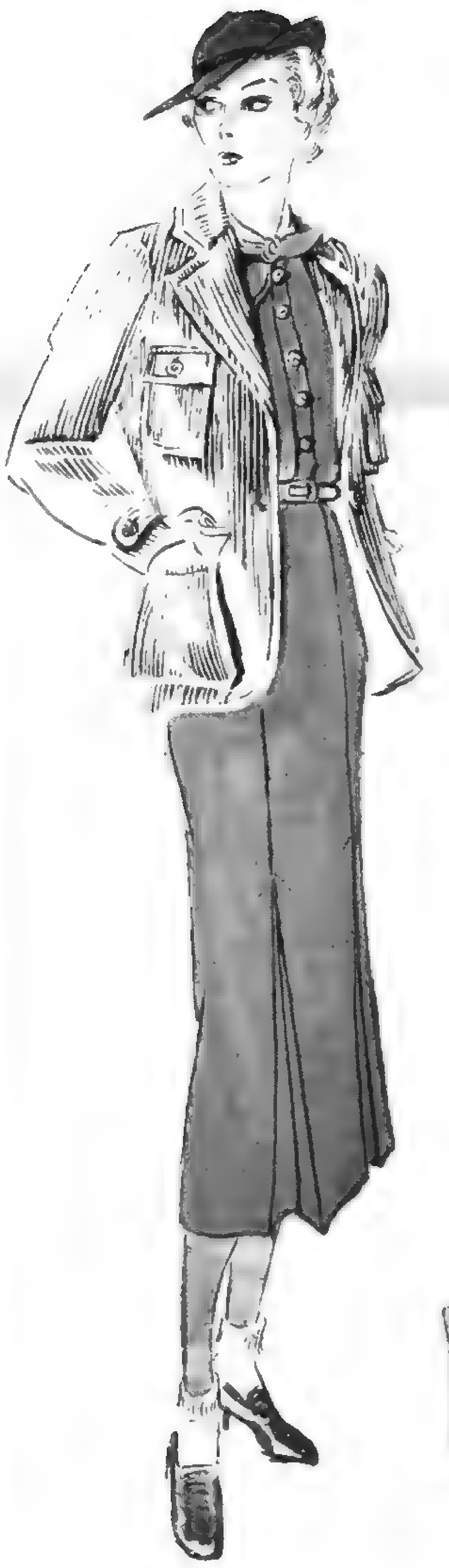


"Have you forgotten that promotion is based on seniority in this office Mr. Barlow!"



Bonwit Teller

B. H. Wragge man-tailored shirt outfit in "Tibet Mist" Rose, Iceland blue, gold natural, stone blue.— 32 to 40. Shirt $6 50 Skirt $7 50 Esquire African bush jacket. Beige, brown corduroy, $15 00

EXCUSE US, ESQUIRE☆

Boulevardier velvet bow-tie- royal, red, green, black, $1 50 — Revival grandfathers stickpins Authentic antiques $3 95 to $15. Purse belt like Esquire's sandwich ski belt Navy, brown leather -$3 00 Grand English "Wearclean" gloves $4.95 British canteen cigarette case in pig, $5 95

Newest British sweater— Derby shirt in zephyr yarn Cherry, blue, black, green, white 32 to 40— $8.95. In cashmere $12.95

☆for freely "lifting" ideas from the smart men's fashions shown on your pages.

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SIXTH STREET · NEW YORK

On Keeping the Week End Up

Continued from pages 91-166

English breakfast is a life-saver.

You go down into the long dining room and at the end, facing the bowling green, is the small table perfectly set. On the side table is the toaster, the hot plate with its sausages, kidneys, and fish cakes. The egg machine stands nearby for those who like their morning egg turned to the second. The coffee urn is steaming, hot chocolate stands in a thermos pitcher, hot milk and cream are ready. But best of all are the fruits. Long lines of berries in bowls, tall glasses of iced orange juice. Being first down, who knows if you drink orange juice, eat grapefruit and also dip into the berries. With that start and a couple of cups of coffee you can have the remainder.

If there is horseback riding on the schedule or a drag hunt in the neighborhood, it does no harm to have a bottle of brandy standing modestly on the side. If it is unobtrusively placed it will not offend the late card players when they come down and the veterans will know that a pony in the coffee is a fine thing to start the blood and fend against the autumn morning mists. (The French always served half hot coffee and half wine to the men just before an early morning sortie from the trenches.)

With luncheon, a great deal depends upon the weather. If you feel that the sports and occupations of the morning have been exacting, a cocktail is in order. For those who have breakfasted late, a dry sherry is about all that can be attempted. On pleasant days avoid red wines and the heavier vintages. Here is an opportunity to experiment with some of the native sauternes or whites of the Moselle type. If there is much afoot for the afternoon it is well to avoid serving brandy or cordials after the luncheon.

We now come around the clock. From now on the party is yours. By a little care the host can discern what part of his program is appreciated and what part mere pearl casting. He calls his housekeeper and gives instructions to add or subtract for the contents of the liquor tray. ⧺

Pierre, He Forget

Continued from page 121

for sale. Hilaire bought it and the man showed him the combination.

The safe was heavy but Hilaire was smart. He made a narrow platform from the side of the *pac-pac* at the wharf, and braced it. He rigged a block and tackle to a post in the camp and pulled it right through the door. It was a beautiful thing, and since it was a safe and nobody could steal it, they set it at the end of the counter. Hilaire opened it, mysteriously twirling the knob, while Pierre and Lilite looked on. He turned the handle and the heavy door swung open. With great ceremony they put the money in it. Each had to put in a pile. Then Hilaire closed the door and twirled the knob.

"That is something, hein?" breathed Lilite.

"*Mais, garçon,* suppose you don' be able to open it?" asked Pierre.

But Hilaire did open it. And Pierre couldn't. Even after Hilaire told him the combination and showed him the numbers he couldn't.

"That is something, hein? It just mind the one what is the boss."

They were very happy. They could scarcely wait for night to come so that they could have supper and sit and plan what they were going to do with all the money they were making. Hilaire decided that they would have a boat built. M'sieu Joe who had a shed at Doullut Canal would build it. It would cost two thousand dollars. Hilaire tried to explain to Lilite how much this was but her mind could not grasp the huge sum.

"Mais how we will know when we have two million dollar?"

"T'ousand, Pape. Million is mo' big yet."

Hilaire showed him. He used the same method that M'sieu George had used with him. He had ten fingers. He would make piles of bills, a hundred dollars to each pile. He would tie each pile with thread. Each pile would represent a finger. When they had a pile for each finger of Pierre's hands they would have one thousand dollars. That would be half. When they got the other half they would go to M'sieu Clem Ballay and give it to him to keep. He would show it to M'sieu Joe and he would start the boat.

The boat would have an engine room. The motor would be of four cylinders. There would be a pilot-house with a big steering-wheel and a wide bunk and a stool to sit on when one steered. It would have a big hatch and a fo'c'sle. Then came the selection of the name. Pierre suggested *le bon Dieu.*

"No," said Hilaire. "The priest don' 'low dat. We will call it *Le Bon Père. Le bon Dieu* will understand we think of Him."

Lilite's heart ached a little but her face did not show the emotion within her. If only they had named it *La Bonne Mère!*

Disquieting rumors came to them. Soon the contract work at the sulphur mine would be finished. The company would take over everything and start to operate. They would sell beer at the mine. The men did not tell Lilite. They did not discuss it.

Each afternoon, when the last customer had gone, Pierre would

Continued on page 171

Grace Line

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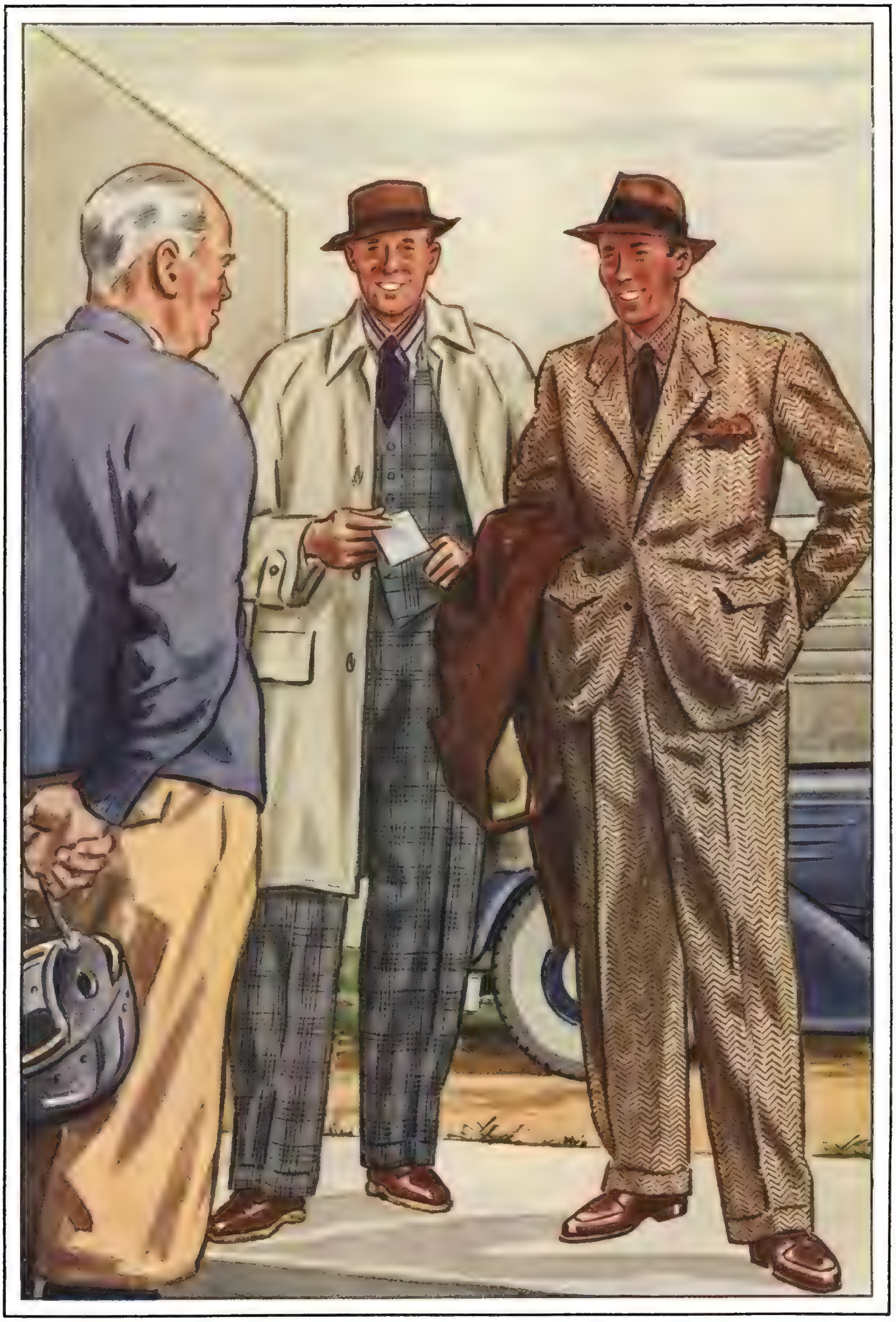


WHEN THE REGULARS REPORT FOR PRACTICE

JUDGING only by the clothes and uninfluenced by the color of the trainer's sweater, we hazard the hunch that these be Yale men. Clew 1 is the knee length raincoat on the left, introduced in Scotland at the British Open a year ago and since then welcomed most warmly at Yale. Clew 2 is the snuff colored low crowned hat on the right, of which the wide brim carries a welt edge with four rows of stitching, although enthusiasm for this hat has also been manifested at Princeton and Harvard. Both boys wear the prevailing three-button single-breasted suit model, the one on the right in the hand-loomed brown and white Shetland which is the ranking fabric in the preference of undergraduates. Both wear wool ties and colored shirts, the shirt on the left being the new regimental striped cotton flannel—important and new. The knit tie, shown on the right, is a newly revived old favorite in either silk or wool.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Pierre, He Forget

Continued from pages 121-168

ask Hilaire to open the safe. On top of the safe was a folded sail cloth. Using this for a desk he would arrange the packages of money in rows. Then he would hold up his fingers and bend down one for every pile. They had more than a thousand dollars. More than that, they had a pile for each finger of another hand. A pile for the remaining fingers and they would have enough.

Pierre would put the money back in the safe and close the door. Hilaire would pass and lock it, and they would go and eat supper. Pierre could never be persuaded to twirl the combination and lock the safe. The machine minded only its boss. Maybe it wouldn't lock.

Pierre could see that Hilaire was worried, too. What good would it do to have almost enough money? They would have to go in debt. Maybe they couldn't pay and they would lose all that they had struggled to make. Surely *le bon Dieu* would not allow that.

Hilaire fitted an ice box in the stern of the *pac-pac*. The last dredge was far up the canal. He went to it every night. He went to the mine every day at twelve o'clock. That was not exactly *comme il faut* but everybody liked the boy and said nothing. He even went to a little settlement up the bayou and to the oyster camps on Bay Sans Bois.

Every afternoon Pierre laid the piles of money on the sail cloth on top of the safe and checked them with his fingers. The day came when there were two piles for each finger. They had enough! He went to Hilaire. They clung to each other and cried. They went and told Lilite and they all clung and cried. Then they knelt before the cross by her bed and prayed to the saints' pictures on the wall and thanked *le bon Dieu* for His goodness to them.

"It is not yet enough," said Hilaire. "We have some more bill and all the cigar box of change, but we got to have a little more. We got to put good clothes and wear shoe when we go to M'sieu Clem Ballay' house. An' we got to buy oil an' lube, an' a trawl, an' rope, an' grub."

On the dredge that was up the canal digging out the shallow spots the two deck hands were very interested in the safe in the beer joint.

"I tell you, Bill, they made money like water and it's all in that safe. It's a cinch to hook it all."

"I've got guts enough to go after it, Ed, but can you open the damned thing?"

"With a sledge and cold chisel."

"And make a hell of a racket and get a load of buckshot in your hide."

"Not a chance. I've looked over the layout. We steal the safe, slide it on the same platform they hauled it up. The Cajuns left it for us. We dump it on the side of a little bayou. The next night we go there and knock it open. Just like shootin' fish, pal. The tug comes for the dredge. When we get to town we scram."

"It sounds good. Count me in. It's a fine idea to steal it one night and bust it open the next. We won't be missed long from the dredge. We might need the alibi if they squawk and the sheriff gets on the job right away."

Pierre was counting the money for the last time. He had all the piles in a row, two for each finger of both hands, and a bundle of bills extra. A man entered the room behind him. Pierre's heart became ice but he did not lose his presence of mind. With his knee he closed the door of the safe. He drew a fold of the sail cloth over the money and turned.

"Gimme a bottle of beer," said a stranger. "Gee, I'm thirsty."

Hilaire came in before the man finished drinking. Thinking that his father had put the money back in the safe he turned the combination and locked it. Then he went to supper. The stranger left. Lilite came to the door.

"Come drink you' soup, *vieux*, while she's hot."

That night Bill and Ed stole the safe. They slid it down the platform upon a floor on the timbers of their skiff.

"There was a big piece of canvas on the top," said Ed. "Want me to get it to wrap around the safe in case we meet some one?"

"Hell, no. We're out without a load of shot. Let's beat it."

Next morning Hilaire was the first one in the room. His agonized cry brought Pierre and Lilite to his side.

"Somebody done steal us. Everything is gone. We are mo' poor 'an before we start."

Pierre shook his head, the tears streaming down his face.

"*Le bon Dieu* done fougeet us," he sobbed.

Lilite had fallen to the floor and lay beating the planks with her palms.

"Look, Pape," called Hilaire from behind the counter, "dey don' steal ou' change."

"An' look," suddenly screamed Lilite, "all de monnai is on de flo'."

Pierre fell upon his knees. He turned his face upward and extended arms in supplication.

"*Pardon, pardon, bon Dieu,*" he begged. "I'm say you fougeet. It was me w'at fougeet."

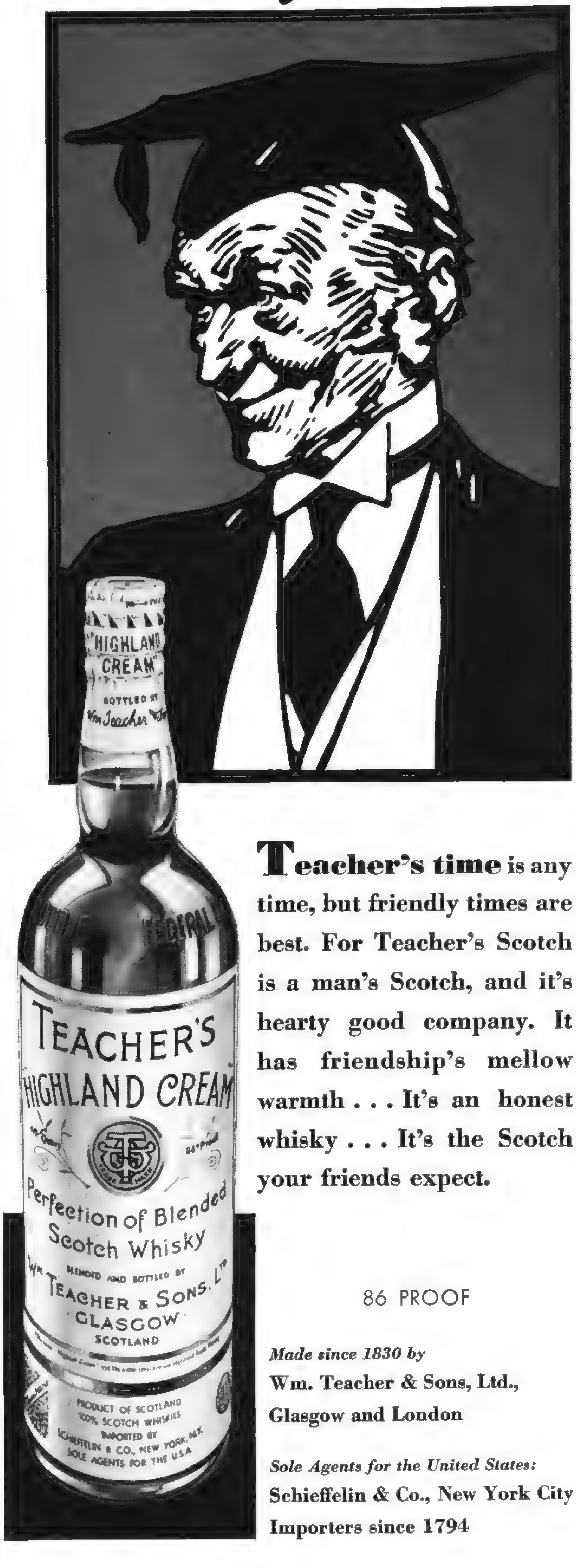
They hurriedly put on their new clothes and shoes, scrambled into the *pac-pac* and set out for the home of M'sieu Clem Ballay.

Hilaire looked wistfully at his father and mother. His lips trembled. Several times he tried to speak.

"Pape et Mam," he finally stammered, "I kin ask M'sieu Clem Ballat to ketch me one wife?"

"*Mais oui, mon fils,*" they answered. ⵌ

"It's the flavour"



Teacher's time is any time, but friendly times are best. For Teacher's Scotch is a man's Scotch, and it's hearty good company. It has friendship's mellow warmth . . . It's an honest whisky . . . It's the Scotch your friends expect.

86 PROOF

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The Vanishing All-American

Continued from page 75

than the "Big-Name" team in experience, weight and native ability. You may have heard very little about Centenary, Tulsa, Western Maryland, Santa Clara, Villanova, Gonzaga, Kirksville (Missouri) Teachers College, Texas Tech, North Dakota State, Wichita University, Catholic University, Emory and Henry, and Davis-Elkins, to mention only a few taken at random, but each of these schools is well known in its own section of the country. The football teams from schools such as the above will give a good account of themselves in almost any company. The players on these teams, which get comparatively little national recognition, are just as good and just as deserving of the All-American recognition as players for the larger schools.

The All-American of 1936? We look for him in vain. Like the Original American he has faded from our national scene. He is just a legend from the dim past. The Original American vanished by reason of diminishing numbers; the All-American has become a classic myth by reason of his rapid multiplication. Still he is a very pleasant myth and a stimulating one.

For instance, your All-American is fairly good on the whole, but terribly weak at right tackle. Jones of S. M. U. is a much better man than Brown.

And why did you ever pick Smith of Nebraska at left half? Didn't you know that he can't pass and that Tulane stopped him cold? Now here's a real All-American. It's got everything. Where's my pencil? #

I Beat the Races

Continued from page 87

he named in every race at every track for the entire six months.

Of course, this was a somewhat more exacting amusement than I had anticipated. It took virtually every moment of my spare time and there were occasions when I saw my family so seldom that my wife once met me at the door with a firm but polite, "No, thank you, we don't care for anything today." However, when I identified myself, she seemed quite glad to see me.

During my assault upon hidebound traditions, I didn't see a single race. I knew nothing about track conditions. I didn't care whether the race was a cheap, five-furlong claiming scamper for two-year-old maidens or a rich stake race.

I didn't know whether my horse was a mudlark or a dog in the soft going; whether he was carrying 90 pounds or 130.

I didn't even enter my bookie's establishment once in the six months. I telephoned all my bets, that being the privilege of a customer who doesn't neglect to send over Monday's losings promptly on Tuesday morning. All the information I required, and all I would accept, was the name of my selector's best bet and the odds.

My statistical department leveled its sights upon the chosen expert, starting on July 1 at Narragansett, but the fellow was so disgustingly successful that it was nearly three weeks before my system could get into action. I had determined to wait until he lost four best bets in a row and wait I did, although I was champing impatiently at the bit. At long last came four successive days on which he placed misguided faith in a quartet of equine Judases known as Darkling, Ramus, Toney's Wife and Ajaccio.

On July 17, I was off. When Glory Greenock went to the post that day she was carrying, in addition to her weight handicap, two dollars of my money. Good old law of averages! Glory Greenock cantered in a city block ahead of those other dray horses, paying a modest $3.00 in the mutuels. In other words, I had won one dollar and my system was launched in an aura of vindicated logic, if not in a profusion of profit.

For nearly a month I followed the system scrupulously, waiting always for the four losses, then climbing aboard. At the end of a month I made a survey of the results.

I found that the largest bet I had been obliged to place during this period was eight dollars. This one, incidentally, had won me twelve more.

If you follow my razor-keen analysis of the situation, you will perceive, as I did, that the only weakness in my system lay in the fact that I wasn't playing it often enough or hard enough. The figures showed clearly that the benevolently remorseless law of averages would take care of everything.

All I had to do was to send my dollars to the bookie each day and wait for them to come trooping home, like Pied Pipers, leading flocks of other little dollars behind them. No longer did I wait for the original four losses. I now played my man's best bet every day.

Almost immediately, my selector went into a swoon and on August 20 I discovered that I had sunk twelve dollars into the current sequence. I was going away for the day and had to leave before the bookie got the morning "line," so I didn't know at what price the day's nag was quoted. I did know his name. It was Big Gawk. Even that forbidding handle meant nothing to me. After all, he was only the medium through which I wagered on a mathematical certainty. The horse, you see, had virtually nothing to do with it.

Just to make sure that I would be covered in case Big Gawk went to the post at a low price, I slipped in a bet of twelve dollars, then climbed into my car and drove away. I didn't return until nine o'clock that night and before going home I decided to look up the Gawk.

I skimmed through the race results and came to his name. My eyes bulged until you could have brushed them off with a round stick. Big Gawk had won and his price was a gargantuan $19.70!

A little hasty scribbling with a shaky pencil disclosed that, while I was driving blissfully around in the summer sunshine, Big Gawk had been winning exactly $106.20 for me.

Good old law of averages!

Across the rear of my yard there was a narrow, unsightly bank of scowling clay. Before I left home next morning I had the neighborhood odd-jobs man digging away violently at that bank. In his pocket reposed the $106.20, together with all the other dribblings I had accumulated. I don't remember the total, but I do recall shoving the whole mess into his honest fist and ordering a rock garden. I did this on the theory that, since not even a horse room proprietor would accept a rockery as a wager on a 10 to 1 shot, it would be practically impossible for me ever to lose it back to the bookies.

To be strictly truthful, I must confess that even a system which so magnificently eliminated the element of chance from betting had its bitter moments—in fact, weeks.

On September 2, Above Board finished 'way back there in the fifth heat at Suffolk Downs. That cost me two dollars and started something. Next day Kieva was just as bad and I dropped two dollars more. On September 4, Social Climber wound up as most social climbers do and I had four dollars on his lagging nose. That made eight dollars on the wrong side of the ledger.

Idle Victory was idle, indeed, next day and that cost me six dollars. Chimney Top set me back eight dollars on September 6 and on September 7, Helios did exactly the same thing. I was now in the hole for thirty dollars and September 8 was Sunday. A welcome Sunday. My selector's best bets were scratched on September 9 and 10, but on September 11, Shot and Shell went to the post at 5 to 1. I dropped ten dollars on his nose and that ten, too, went rustling gayly into the bookie's till.

Came September 12 and a hide called Hidden Lore, at 8 to 1. He cost me seven dollars, making the infamous total of forty-seven dollars on this one sequence. Next day I was stricken with consternation to find that it was Friday the thirteenth and an ominously-named steed, Red Roamer, was the best bet. Well, I stuck to my guns and threw in fifteen dollars, but the combination was more weight than Sation and Discovery could have toted together. Red Roamer went into the system's records in red ink.

September 14 brought a shock. The best bet was Glendye and he was only 7 to 5. Since I was whipped for sixty-two dollars, this called for a heavy wager and by some process of reasoning which isn't clear to me now, I arrived at fifty-six dollars. In it went. And in it stayed.

Next day was Sunday. I spent it looking moodily at my spic and span new rock garden, contemplating with resentment the tinkling little trickle of water that glinted artistically down over expensive fossil rock; gazing with jaundiced eye upon the glossy green of expensive sedum and the symmetrical perfection of choice sempervivum.

Ten losses in a row! One hundred and eighteen dollars in the sack! Had the law of averages been repealed? Or had the Supreme Court declared it, too, unconstitutional?

On September 16 the heartless gee-gees moved to Rockingham and my man nominated a 6 to 1 shot. I figured I could scrimp by with a mere twenty dollar bet that day and I did. It was just as well, because I took my eleventh successive lacing.

And I am a man who bets for fun.

On September 17, Mr. X came up with New Deal. That certainly sounded good to a man wallowing around in the midst of one hundred and thirty-eight dollars worth of defeats. I could use a horse with that name in my business.

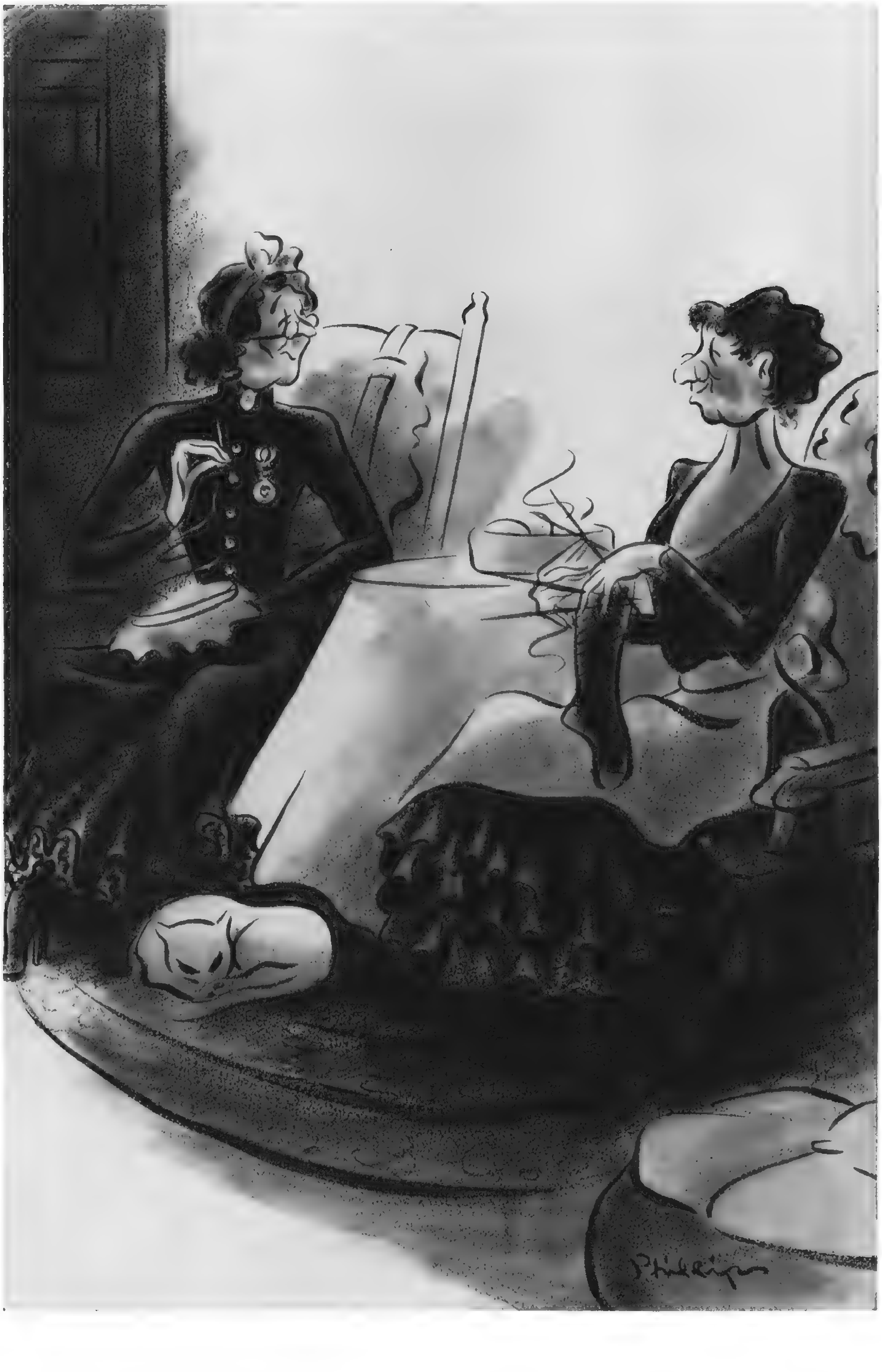
In the early line, New Deal was quoted at 2½ to 1, so I bet fifty dollars on him and went back to a far corner of the office to lick my wounds.

While I sat there, glowering into space, New Deal galloped home by two lengths.

But it was only a partial victory, because a last minute rush of betting at the track had sent New Deal's price falling down like London Bridge, so that when the pay-off windows opened, a two dollar ticket was good for only $5.60, instead of the expected $7.00. That gave me a winning of ninety dollars, or forty-eight less than I needed to get even.

Still I didn't despair. In fact, I was more confident than ever of the infallibility of my system. It had triumphed, hadn't it? It had put over New Deal on the

Continued on page 174



"What if the major does have a wooden leg? After all, I'm not perfect"

I Beat the Races

Continued from pages 87-172

twelfth day. It wasn't the system's fault that the successful completion of this long sequence found me still a loser. That was distinctly my own fault; I simply had under-bet the day's selection. Had I risked enough, the system would have made me a winner.

That is clear reasoning, isn't it? Or isn't it?

So I went right back at it and, groggy but game, I battled it out until the Rockingham meeting closed on September 28. Then I received another blow, this one below the belt. The inconsiderate Massachusetts boys had scheduled two meetings (Agawam and Suffolk) to open after Rockingham and to run simultaneously. You can readily see the result of this dastardly scheme. The New England horses were split in half, part going to Agawam and part to Suffolk. Lacking certain psychic powers, I was unable to tell which half of these traitors my law of averages would follow. There is an old wheeze, once used by vaudeville comedians, to the effect that they would rather be in a collision than in an explosion because, in a collision, there you are! Whereas, in an explosion, where are you? Well, there I was, but where was my system? Regretfully I turned my back to this Massachusetts duplicity and concentrated upon other tracks.

At Coney Island I did pretty well, piling up small wins over a period of three weeks. Then I hit a long losing streak. For nine days in a row my horses ate the dust of other nags and when the tenth day rolled around I studied my tables and found that I had put thirty-two dollars into this particular laboratory test. However, I was cheerful about the whole thing, because my tenth horse was Boston Pal and even one who makes a point of knowing nothing about horses couldn't help feeling that this one could beat his opposition on three legs. My bookie had no prices from Coney that day, because there were six tracks operating and he carried wires on only five—the other five. I telephoned a twelve dollar bet, as my best guess on the necessary amount, and sat back to wait. Inevitably, Boston Pal breezed in and there was nothing to worry about except the pleasant detail of the amount of winnings. I wince at the painful memory, even now. When the figures came up, he was exactly 1 to 2. Far from recouping my losses, I had won a puny six dollars and, with this left-handed conquest, my law of averages was back on the defensive again.

As I pointed out earlier, this short price element was really the only part of my system that had been left to chance.

Some have been so inconsiderate as to say that it was entirely too much. Well, they are wrong, because I did beat the races over a definite period of six months and I had none of the uncertainties and upsets that people silly enough to play the horses (I still insist I was not one of them) suffered from day to day.

I closed the books on my experimental adventures on January 2, chiefly because my wife was fast approaching a stage of exasperation at which we were likely to go to the mat at any moment over a red plaid necktie. I was wearing this particular tie on the day Big Gawk won so lavishly. Now I have no truck with hexes, hoodoos, jinxes, charms, rabbits' feet and superstitions, but I do not close my eyes to plain facts and I soon found out that when I wore that tie, I won; when I doffed it, I lost more often than was comfortable. So I made the red plaid necktie a permanent part of the system.

I sincerely hope that scoffers will not smile when they read that; it was not a laughing matter.

Did you ever wear the same necktie every day and every evening for five months without changing? Well, I did. I didn't put on another, because I didn't dare. I wore the thing at my office and at bridge games, at picnics and dinners. I wore it Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day and New Year's Eve. Maybe you think that was funny!

Time and again my wife would give me a calculating stare and demand to know why I was keeping that wrinkled, shriveled rag around my neck like a shoddy albatross. I had to wriggle desperately during these embarrassing debates. Even the hardiest male would boggle at explaining to his wife that unless he put on a certain red plaid necktie in Syracuse, New York, at 7 a. m., some ill-begotten nag would run out of the money at Houston, Texas, at 4:30 p. m. But New Year's Eve was the last straw. The necktie had to go and if I hadn't got my neck out of it hastily, I might have gone with it.

Naturally, I couldn't continue the system after knocking one of the chief props from under it, so I called it all off and figured up my winnings from the voluminous charts I had kept for half a year. There they were, the clear, indisputable records of 183 days of a triumphant system of logic which had swept form, prejudice and horse-and-buggy-day tradition from its path. It took me two full days to tabulate the final figures, because my little two dollar beginning had soared on the wings of unbridled enthusiasm high into the financial stratosphere. I was amazed and a little awed to find myself pondering over a series of transactions that mounted above $5,000. By immuring myself in my study and waving aside a few meals, I compiled the vindicating total.

I had won exactly $11.40.

Good old law of averages!

If you have followed me closely you will never again permit any moss-backed calamity howler to tell you that "you can beat a race, but you can't beat the races." You know now that it can be done.

I did it! ⧻

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 98

nical flexibility of the camera medium made it possible to introduce. To me, the film lacks the glamour, the excitement, the naive wonder and thrill of the stage production. It retains the reverence, and it succeeds better than the play in projecting a truly noble conception of De Lawd. The play emphasized the folk, and De Lawd who walked among them was a binding-thread; in the picture De Lawd has become the hero of a story.

On the stage, the make-believe was apparent; the treadmill upon which De Lawd walked, the scenery like childish cut-outs in primary colors, the frank artificiality of the choral groupings—all were in harmony with the idea of the naive soul. Some effort at stylization should have been retained in the film.

Instead, the people and the scenes of the film are at most times too natural. Taking into account that the camera itself is an extraordinarily convincing instrument, that we tend to believe what we see, the effect becomes one of an actual heaven and earth rather than of a heaven and earth as imagined in a folk-mind.

I believe that if the film had been produced in color the illusion could have been maintained throughout. *Green Pastures* would have been in a whole, other world.

ADVERSE

I am probably one of the few extant specimens of the species that survived without reading *Anthony Adverse.* And now that I have seen the film I can go on resisting, obdurate to the grave. For apparently it's just the old ten-twent-thirt fable of the orphan cheeild who made good. All the time-worn props are there. The little locket around baby's neck is represented by a twelve-inch image of the Virgin. The coincidental reunion with the lonely granpap. The frustrated true love. The girl who becomes a great opera singer. Career versus marriage. Love versus gold, etc. The thing was evidently dressed up in a lot of prime slushy poetic prose, but just listen to the denuded dialogue and you get the real juice of the epic. "I do love you! I do!" "And your price?" . . . "your name in marriage!"

Like *David Copperfield,* this is a production which combines the skill and the arts and the resources of a great studio, it is treated with reverence, it wears an aura. And like *David Copperfield,* it succeeds in holding one's attention, occasionally it produces a limp thrill, quite often it produces an appreciative pleasure at the skill with which the film-medium has been used to tell what is essentially not a motion picture story. *Anthony Adverse* will undoubtedly delight the lovers of the novel. And even for those who haven't read the novel there is sufficient reward in watching the icily harsh performance of Claude Rains as the villainous Spanish grandee, the pretty doll performance of Anita Louise, the animated doll performance of Olivia de Haviland, the lovable Billy Mauch—who has it all over Freddie Bartholomew—and the hard-working Frederic March. There is an on-your-toes, give-your-best, you're-in-a-classic-now atmosphere about the acting which is fascinating.

SEX AS SEX

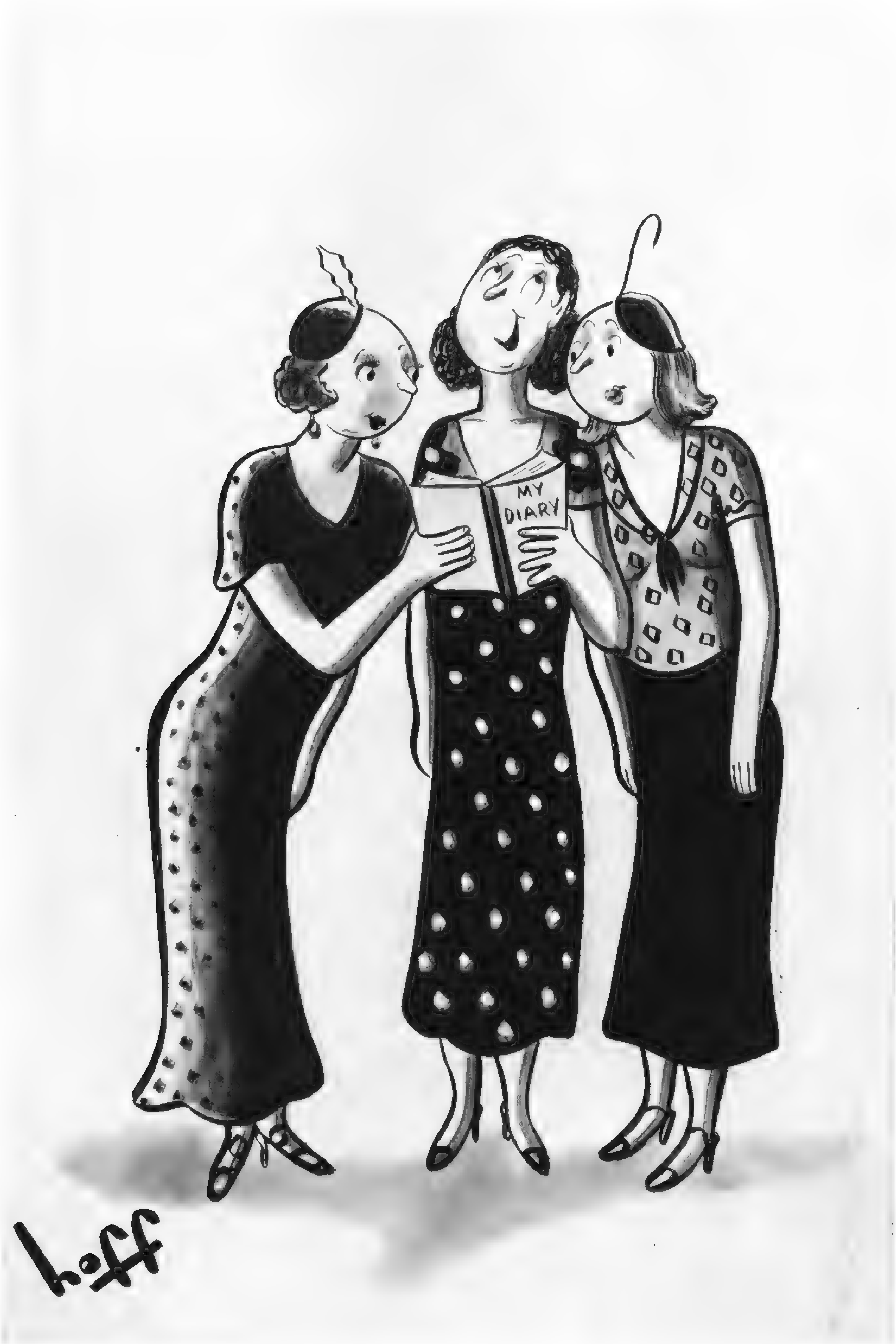
You may have been reading pieces in the papers about the difficulties in getting *Ecstasy,* prize-winning European film, before the American public. It finally was passed into the country but now it is unlikely that the film will get by many local censorship boards.

Ecstasy is a serious and dignified treatment of the sexual theme. It is *Lady Chatterley's Lover,*with an arty approach substituted for the persistent frankness of the novel. A high-class girl marries an elderly man, leaves him for a road engineer. The film contains the famous scene of Hedy Keissler running naked after her mare, who gallops off to the call of a stallion while the girl is in swimming.

Animal symbolism is freely used. There is a sequence of horses mating, in which the shots of the rearing stallion are magnificently beautiful.

Another talked about scene is the long rhythmic close-up of the actress' face as she lies on the actual bed of love. As the beauty of healthy sexual life is the theme of the photoplay, it cannot be said that there is any attempt at sensationalism in these scenes; they are designed with true artistic integrity, and restraint.

Watching Hedy Keissler, one realizes the papery purity of practically all established screen stars. One wonders by what strange magic Hollywood actresses have rid themselves of the natural sexuality that all women convey. ⧻


MY DIARY
hoff

"I was a nut then—believing in love and marriage and babies"

When the Wind Dies Down

Continued from page 59

It was at this time that, feeling those things to which I aspired near at hand, I put tennis above everything else in the world. I thought if only I could make that Davis Cup team, then nothing else would matter.

For the next four years I turned myself over, body and soul, to the game of tennis. My goal was the Davis Cup team. I was determined to achieve it at any cost. This meant playing tennis 12 months of the year.

I was a carefree young punk of a kid. It struck me as a pretty good life, at that, this roaming about the country from one tennis tournament to another. What if I didn't have a job? I was getting enough in "expense money" to take care of transportation, food, and lodging. And I was having fun. There was no factor of stability in this existence, but that worried me not in the least . . . at the time.

I was one of a roving tribe of tennis "bums." The whole band of us who "made the tournaments" were little more than a troupe of tennis exhibitionists. We were paid "expenses" for roaming the country as chief attractions for major tournaments. The one serious note in our existence was the earnestness with which we strove for victory, for one and all, we had our eyes and hearts fixed on a Davis Cup squad position.

Many of the boys who are still very much in the tennis picture, among them Allison, Van Ryn, Shields, Wood, Lott, and Mangin, were included in that happy-go-lucky roving racquet tribe. Any concern over what lay in the future beyond our tennis careers was lost in the larks of the day.

Finally, in 1928, I was sent into ecstasies of elation by that long-dreamed-of nod from the Davis Cup committee. *Whee!* At last! I was on top of the world, all decked out with glasses of the rosiest hue.

Arriving at Augusta, Georgia, scene of the Davis Cup training camp, was practically my idea of entering Heaven's gates. I was as happy as a twittering blue-jay. I figured that I was "in"—that life from this point on would be just a song and a breeze.

It was while encamped at Augusta with the Cup squad that I achieved my loftiest singles ambition—that of besting Bill Tilden, the great master. I am sure Bill has never forgiven me for that particular setback. It was probably more psychological than a matter of comparative skill. Knowing that Big Bill had a tendency to "blow up" when upset preceding or during a match, I came out for the round-robin contest with him, stuffed tightly inside five woolen sweaters. As we warmed up, I could perceive that Bill was scrutinizing me with very much of an incredulous look in his eye.

Finally, when he couldn't hold back his curiosity any longer, Bill demanded, "Say, how come all those sweaters?"

That was just the opening I sought. In my cockiest, jauntiest manner I replied, "I figured I'd need this many to get up a sweat against you." That was too much for Bill. He was all through. I think he was just too doggone sore to even see the ball.

The subsequent season proved to be a banner one. Following the playing of the Davis Cup matches in the challenge round with France, in which the American bid was unsuccessful, we returned to the U. S. A. to swing into the National tourney at Forest Hills.

I reached my all-time peak as a singles player in this meet when I turned back Henri Cochet in the quarterfinals. The supposedly invincible little Frenchman was at that time ranked No. 1 in the world. The withering fire of Francis Hunter's bullet-like drives blasted me out of the picture in the next round.

Paired with the uncanny George Lott, I came up with my best doubles season in 1929. We went through every Davis Cup zone match successfully, topping off the Davis Cup business with victory over Cochet and Brugnon. We also picked off the National doubles championship with the loss of only 10 games. Included in that field were Cochet and Brugnon, France, and Patterson and Hawkes, Australia.

With the tournament season out of the way, I settled back to take inventory of the firm, John F. Hennessey, Inc. The check disclosed a lot of fancy silverware and titles, but a bank account about twice as flat as the bank of Ethiopia. The onrushing depression and my own enforced negligence had effected a complete collapse of my income sources.

I could vision only a long, cold winter ahead before the next Davis Cup season rolled around. The old incentive to get out into circulation and battle through the winter tournament season just wasn't there. This measure was unnecessary. I had reached the top. So what next? No longer blinded by boundless desires and ambitions so far as athletic achievements were concerned, I looked (for the first time) into the beyond out there past the rim of one's prime. The more serious and searching my gaze became, the more stark and vacant appeared that eventuality.

A month or two of this mental procedure found John F. Hennessey, Inc. making the transformation from a died-in-the wool tennis player to a serious young man.

I reasoned that if I were to ever "cash in" on a reputation and a certain amount of fame, right then was the time to do it. I made up my mind to this course. And then came the *Big Jolt*. . . .

Those big-wigs, tycoons, financial giants, social lions into whose innermost circles I had been roundly welcomed for several years, for some bewildering reason didn't swarm around me with the anticipated lucrative offers and proposals. In fact, for all the aid forthcoming from these sources, I might just as well have been drowning in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

To make matters all the worse, I discovered that I didn't even have any really close friends to comfort me in my predicament. I had been too much on the "go" to keep up close, worthwhile friendships. I was more or less a refugee—no money, no position, no intimate friends, no real home.

Worst of all, I was disillusioned. I had pricked my own bubble. At first it was unbelievable that all those people who had courted my favor could so soon forget me. Like most youths, I had supposed that society in general would pay me never-ending tribute, once I achieved stardom. What a phony supposition that proved to be.

"What of that $1,000 per month professional offer?" you may ask.

Well, in my own mind I saw this only as a temporary, superficial solution. Turning to professional trouping would have answered only one phase of my problem, that of money. Otherwise, professional tennis meant going back to much the same existence that I had known for my past seven years as an amateur. Instead of "expense" money I would get an out-and-out salary.

I asked myself, "What if I do turn pro and flourish financially for a few years? Then what? At 33 years or so, I'd be in the same place as most college graduates of 21 or 22—and much the worse for wear and the less desirable for lack of youthfulness."

The prospect of becoming a "has-been" and reaching the end of my earning days as a tennis player, just another nobody, practically scared me out of turning to professionalism.

The realization that even during his prime every athlete is held up in many quarters as just "another no-count tramp" had on many occasions served to spoil my appetite for an athletic career. Now, in my cross-roads dilemma, this factor played its part in steering me away from the paths of professionalism. I knew that additional years of athletic endeavor would brand me all the more indelibly with the "just an athlete" stigma.

Of course the very sporting public that exalted Davis Cup tennis players as "champions of the American sporting cause," rarely took cognizance of the fact that tennis, at the Davis Cup stage, is a twelve-months per year occupation. These folks, like the general populace, rarely give thought to the sacrifices made by the boys who year after year represent America in this international sporting tradition. The demand for capable representation —for the careful selection of the most talented performers in a large delegation of aspirants, makes 12 months of action and application imperative.

Obviously, no one can earn a living, and at the same time tend to the rigors and exacting activities involved in a successful Davis Cup career.

I finally brought myself around to a showdown on the future. I found myself lining up on the affirmative side of the resolution: "J. F. H. should give up tennis and go to work."

This meant a clean break—a fresh start from scratch. The only sustaining business connection I had ever known had crumbled to nothing, the victim of neglect. I was determined to leave behind John Hennessey the tennis player, for a new existence as John Hennessey, the business man.

I fortunately still had two valuable attributes in my favor—youth and ambition.

The first step in my self-reclamation project was taking a position as a clerk in a chain store in Minneapolis. It meant long hours, little pay, and living close to the belt; but it was just the come-down needed to bring me back to earth.

I was no doubt at this time labeled a "hopeless case" by Tilden, Barnes, Richards, and the rest of my former associates who were plucking heavily of the golden "pro" tennis gate harvests.

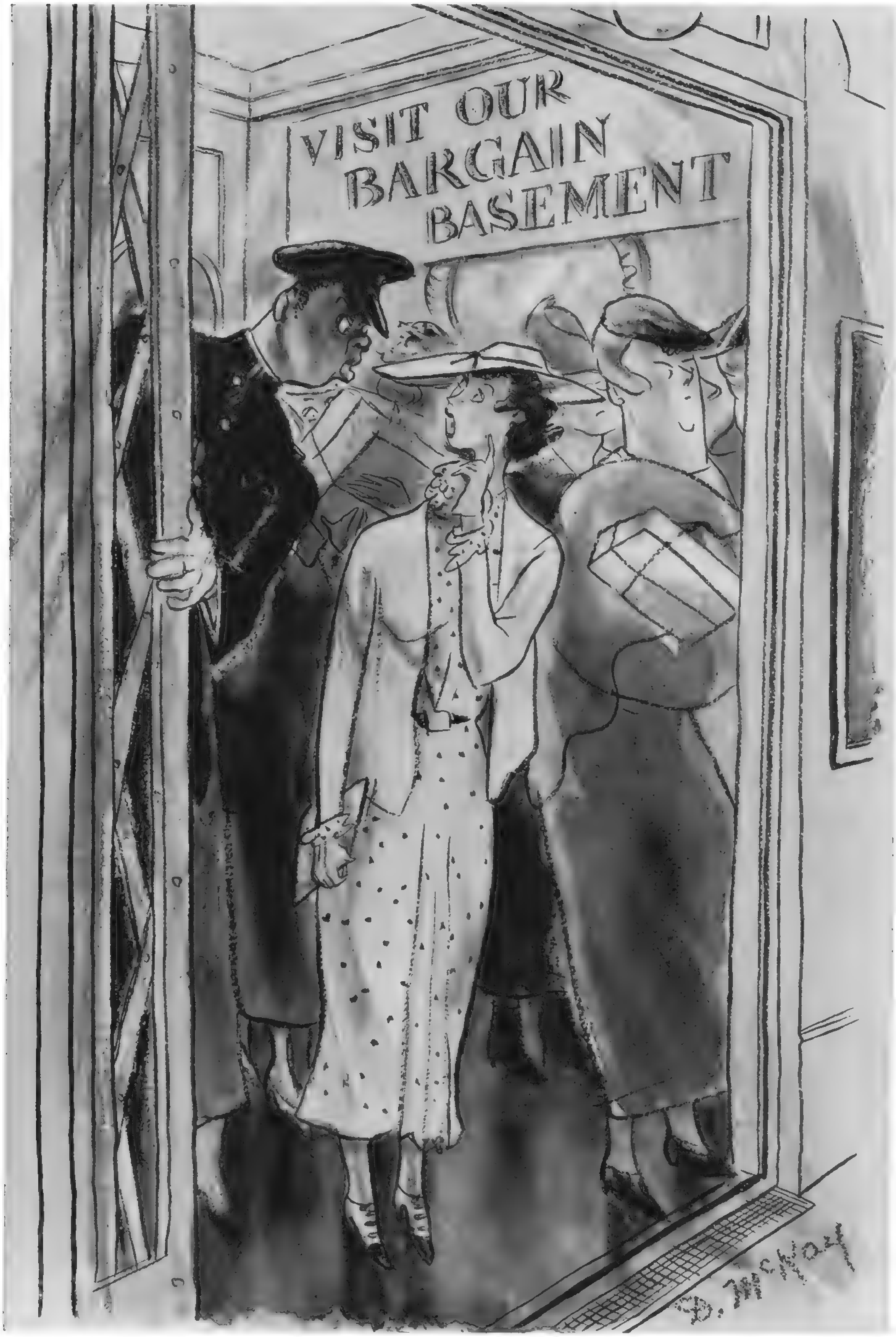
Of that delegation of top-notchers who beat the world's tennis paths with me, I alone have forsaken competitive tennis. I have no regrets. I am convinced that my choice, made in 1930, was a wise one. I have found a new life far more intriguing than that of athletic pursuit. It has the factor of permanence. It casts a healthy ray of optimism to the future—five, ten, thirty years hence.

Changes and promotions have come since the grocery store episode. I hope I am climbing a ladder that really leads to a worthwhile, reassuring goal. For the first time in my life I feel settled, and secure. I am not getting rich quick by any means, but my checks come regularly. I am no longer at the mercy of a fickle public.

Tilden, Lott, Vines, and Nusslein rolled into Minneapolis last spring with their big tennis spectacle, Ringmaster Bill O'Brien at the helm. In the hours before and after their show I had a great fanning bee with the boys.

It was apparent that George Lott was getting at least three good square meals a day, for he appeared and professed to be in the best of health. He was also thriving along financial lines. In the few months that had passed since his swing to the professional ranks, he had developed a two-

Continued at top of page 178


VISIT OUR
BARGAIN
BASEMENT
D. McKay

"Where will I find the basement?"

When the Wind Dies Down

Continued from pages 59-176

fisted bankroll of industrial tycoon proportions.

Despite the fact that he had just come all the way in from Montana, scene of his previous stand, via truck, George professed to be at his spiritual peak. Time has either changed him no little, or else Lott is an indomitable Arab by nature. He, himself, wouldn't have ever believed even two years before that he would ever put up with riding property trucks for thousands of miles, unless he had been handcuffed and in a strait-jacket.

George assured me that he was enjoying this life. According to my interpretation of their remarks, the others weren't so enthusiastic. For Hans Nusslein, the German fourth member of the troupe, tennis is strictly a matter of business—a means of building a substantial bank-roll for insurance against old age. Hans has picked up a lot of American gold. With typical German tenacity, he is holding on to it. Unfortunately, *very* few athletes are guided by this particular Teutonic trait.

For all the money they were making—for all the carefree features of their existence—for all the glamour still attached to their lives, I did not envy the boys. From my civilian point of view, all athletes who press on well beyond their primes are flying blind.

Oblivion comes early to all athletes. It's great sailing with the winds of public acclaim at your back; but when you reach the doldrums beyond the peak of popularity, you either have to row your own boat, or go to pot.

The smart operator is the one who shifts courses while the winds are best. He takes advantage of this impetus to get a good start along a course independent of public whims and fancy.

Remember, boy, it's tough sailing when the wind dies down! #

The Ambuscade

Continued from page 47

ment during the day. He'd send them a note of agreement, plant the guns that night, and when they came down to bathe—blooie! That would be a lesson they would not soon forget.

Lieutenant Biddledow, thin-faced and dark eyes gleaming beside a fierce, hawk-like nose, came into the dugout and saluted.

"You sent for me, sir?"

The Captain rose and handed him the message.

"Have you heard the news?" he said, showing his teeth; "The Boche have invited us over for dinner tonight."

Puzzled, the Lieutenant read the note slowly, then read it again.

"What do you think," said the Captain, when he had finished. "Shall we go as we are, or would dinner jackets be in order?"

The Lieutenant smiled tolerantly at the Captain's facetiousness.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

Briefly the Captain outlined his plan—without noticing, as he did so, that the amused surprise on the Lieutenant's face was rapidly changing into an expression of horror.

—"I'd like to have you take charge, Lieutenant," concluded the Captain. "You can work out the details with your men. I'd suggest you take Corporal Lambert for one."

He noticed the look on the Lieutenant's face.

"What's the matter?"

"You mean, sir," burst out the Lieutenant, "you mean you're going to send them a message of agreement?"

"What?" said the Captain.

"You don't mean you're going to let them think you agree to this proposal?"

The Captain stared.

"Haven't I just been telling you—of course I am. What's the matter with you?"

The Lieutenant hesitated, getting his bearings.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he said apologetically, "but you can't be serious about this. We can't do that. It's not fair. It's not the sporting thing to do."

The Captain looked at him, over heavy discolored pouches that hung beneath his eyes.

"You mean it's just not cricket?"

"That's one way of putting it, sir."

"I see," said the Captain. "I was going to ask you about that. I thought we'd better have your opinion."

"But listen, sir," pleaded the Lieutenant, disregarding the sarcasm. "This is a very terrible thing you propose to do. I have no exalted sentiments about war, but this is all wrong. You wouldn't win a man's confidence through trickery and then shoot him in the back. That's not war, that's murder."

"You sound like the bloody English," said the Captain. "You must understand, Lieutenant, that this is not a fox-hunt, but war. Do you understand that?"

"I understand one thing," said the Lieutenant. "After all, there's such a thing as honor and common decency even in war."

"Lieutenant," said the Captain, forcing the weariness out of his voice—he had been patient with this man long enough; the sarcasm was gone now; he was the soldier again—"Lieutenant, I am in command of this company. You know my orders. There is no further argument."

The Lieutenant turned crimson.

"Then, by God, man, you're a fool."

"Lieutenant," said the Captain, "you will go to your quarters and await my orders. You are under arrest."

We got the guns into position during the night. We carried them out of the trench to the river bank through the sweet spring darkness. The weeds along the bank reached as high as a man's waist. They were wet with the dew. We found a good position and set up the guns. Their black, shiny snouts poked through the weeds under the twisted and broken skeletons of peach trees that lined the bank.

The next day was warm and bright and cheerful. We went out to bathe about noon, keeping an eye on the German trenches, and then almost forgetting about them as we wallowed in the cool, exciting water. The water closed over our bodies like a feeling of resolution, cold and alive. It was wonderful to feel the water on one's body after the dirt and discomfort of the trenches.

We got dressed and walking back through the weeds, shouted something pleasant and disarming to the Bavarians. We knew they were watching us, though we could not see them. We tried to maintain an attitude of great cheerfulness, but there was that same feeling of tenseness as among men about to witness an execution.

Three of us crawled through the weeds toward the place where Corporal Lambert was waiting beside the guns. The Captain had placed me, as second lieutenant, in charge of the party. We settled down in the deep weeds by the guns to await the Bavarians. The day was hot and cloudless. Lambert kept watch for the Bavarians, and the rest of us lay on our backs and looked up at the deep blue sky fringed by motionless weed fronds. The sun on the gun barrels made them hot to the touch, and I had a foolish idea that the heat waves arising from the steel might betray our presence to the enemy. But obviously they were not expecting anything of this kind. Their experience with the French was against them.

Toward five o'clock Corporal Lambert touched me on the leg and said softly, "Here they come, sir." I looked and saw about thirty grey-uniformed men with hair uncut and beards untrimmed walk slowly down the banks from their trenches. As they came closer we could see their faces quite plainly. They looked very thin and a lot more tired and dirty than we were.

We waited until all of them had reached the water before we started firing. A few were already in the water. Looking along the gun barrel through the narrow rift in the weeds, I watched them remove their uniforms. Then I gave the signal to fire. "All right," I said. "Here we go." The guns broke the stillness of the warm afternoon like an explosion. The first man hit was in the water sluicing his arms and shoulders. He looked very surprised when he heard the guns and knew he was hit, and then he fell face downward in the water. The men in the water had a strange aspect of slow-motion as they fell. They died like rats in the water. Only one of them, a tall soldier with a flat Mongoloid face, retained any coloring of personality in my mind. He was the one who, when we opened up, stood waist-deep in the yellow water, his face contorted with rage and betrayal, screaming hoarse and furious German curses toward the spitting machine guns. He seemed to have no fear, only rage and fury, and he made no move to escape but stood there in wild screaming frenzy until the bullets caught him like a scythe across the chest; then surprise and alarm flowed into his face, as though he could not quite believe what was happening, and then he sank slowly under the opaque, swirling water. I felt I should like to have known that man.

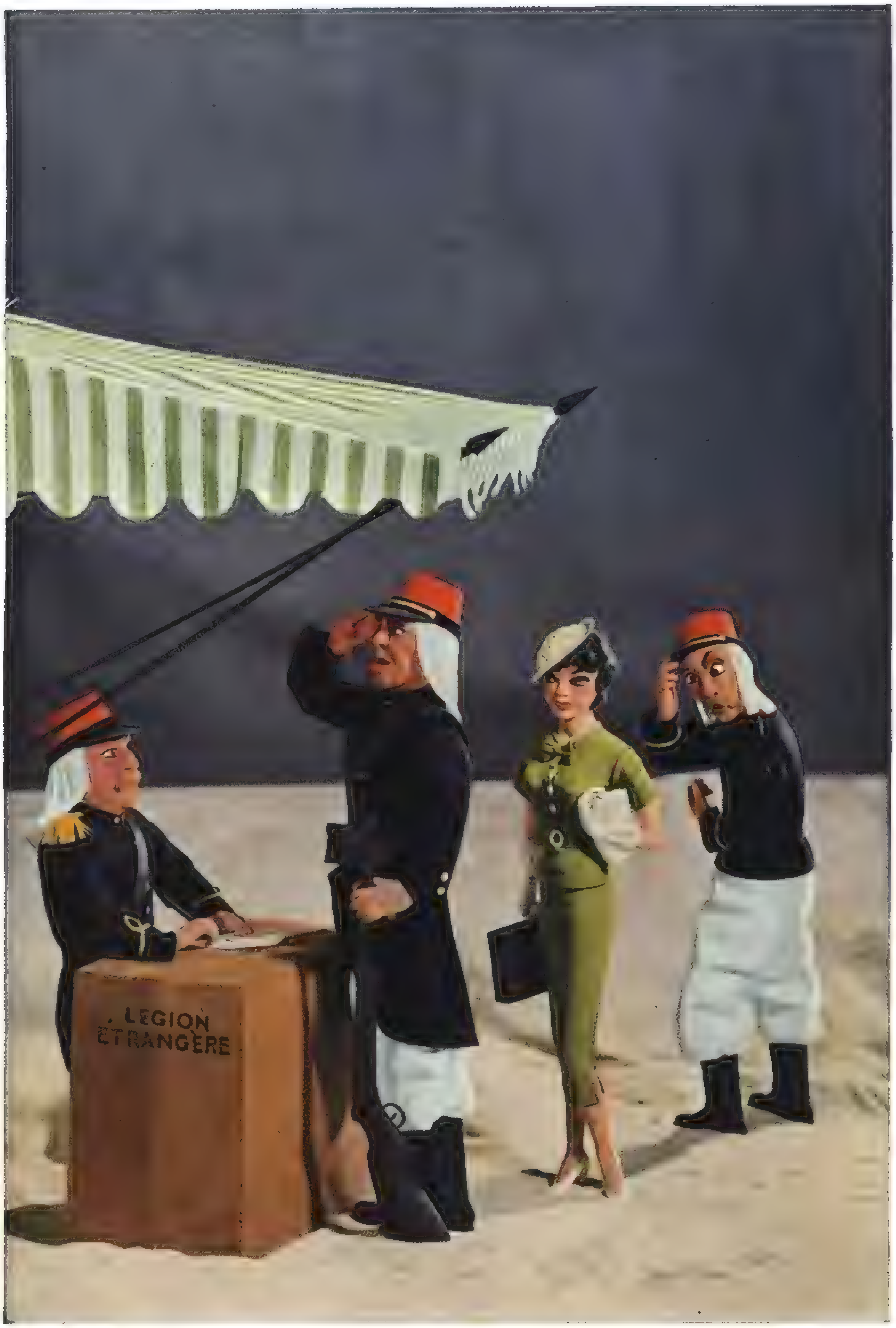
The men on the banks died like rabbits. First there was the startled surprise and then the terror, as they scrambled up the banks toward the trenches. I remember one soldier, evidently hit in the spine, trying to drag himself up the bank, his legs sprawled grotesquely out behind. Another, running bent over up the bank along the stream, was bowled head over heels as the bullets smacked on his back.

I had a sudden flash of memory of hunting rabbits along the Maine Central Railroad as a boy, remembering how we waited on the railroad tracks while others beat through the swamp and chased them out, and then shooting them as they scurried up the bank, over the railroad tracks and down the opposite bank. Shooting men was essentially no different from shooting rabbits, except that rabbits moved faster.

We killed most of them. They looked grotesque lying there on the mossy bank, in various stages of undress. Their bodies still held the aspect of terror and the struggle to escape. But they looked entirely dehumanized, like dead animals more than men. Only a handful reached the trenches. In the night we heard some of the wounded crying. Presently the sound stopped and we guessed their comrades had come out to get them.

Captain Oglethorpe seemed pleased about the whole thing.

"By God," he said, "we'll show them there's a war going on." #


LEGION
ETRANGERE

STAGED AND MODELED BY L. NOLAN

"Did you put an ad in the New York Herald for a secretary?"

Woman, the Pet of the Law

Continued from page 31

such cases the wife may spend her own money for anything she pleases and still make the husband pay for everything coming within the classification of necessaries. Furthermore, in the few states in which she is liable for family necessaries, the law is very strictly construed, and it has been held that the term does not include tobacco or cigars or even newspapers furnished the husband.

Should the husband fail to support his wife or desert her, not only can he be held liable in a civil suit for the necessaries supplied her, but in most of the states he can be prosecuted and sent to jail, and each day that he so fails constitutes a separate offense. There is, of course, no similar liability so far as the wife is concerned. Though she may have an independent income and property worth thousands of dollars while her husband is sick and penniless, she cannot be compelled to support him. True, Judge Panken, of the Domestic Relations Court in New York City, recently entered an order requiring a wife to pay the munificent sum of $5.75 a week to a husband on the public relief rolls. But this ruling was so exceptional that it made the headlines all over the country.

In the event of divorce proceedings one of the first steps taken by the lawyer for the wife is invariably an application to the court for an order compelling the husband to pay attorney's fees, suit money and temporary alimony. In busy courts like those in New York City these applications are passed upon with such machine-like rapidity that there is no possible chance for proper consideration. Furthermore, they are heard on nothing but the affidavits of the parties and such other persons as they may be able to get to swear in their behalf. There is no opportunity to get before the court the real evidence as to the economic standing of the husband or the needs of the wife. The best affidavit-maker is the one who gets the decisions. As a consequence orders for most unconscionable sums are entered. And they are entered though the husband is in fact without money, without a job, and without any means of payment. Thus an order was recently entered in a New York court for $150 attorney's fee, $25.00 suit money, and $15.00 a week temporary alimony against a husband working for the WPA. If the husband is the plaintiff, he is not allowed to proceed with his case until he has paid the amounts so allowed, since, as a California court said a few years ago, "His poverty or inability to earn the money is no excuse." In addition, his failure to pay, whether he is plaintiff or defendant, lays him subject to punishment for contempt of court and may result in his finding himself suddenly looking at the world through iron bars. As the case itself may not come to trial for months or even for years, a wife whose conduct has been such that, when all the facts are presented to the court, she may not appear altogether as innocence abused, is sitting pretty if she has an order for temporary alimony in a liberal sum.

As to permanent alimony, the abuses and hardships that have arisen under the law as commonly administered in the courts today are so notorious that it is nether possible nor necessary to go into them at length. The fact is that one of our most lucrative rackets is the alimony racket. A man and a woman may be married for only a few months or a few years and the wife be fully as capable of getting and holding a job as the husband, and yet the law gives her a permanent claim to a part of his earnings. Furthermore, in many states the wife may elect, if she is the "innocent" party, not to have an absolute divorce at all but to take instead a limited divorce or a decree for separate maintenance and thus continue to live in married independence, a parasite on a wifeless husband.

The fact that a man re-marries, it is hardly necessary to say, will not relieve him of paying alimony to a former wife or be grounds for a reduction of the amount to be paid. Applying that rule, a Justice of New York refused to reduce the amount of alimony payable to a man's first wife from $12,000 a year to $4,500 a year on a showing that the man was under judicial order to pay another $12,000 a year to a second divorced wife, that he wanted to marry again, and that his income had been cut from a hundred thousand dollars a year to about $13,000 a year. His Honor added salt to the wound inflicted by his denial of the plea for a reduction, when he said: "The court can readily understand that a payment of $1,000 a month alimony to each of two ex-wives and the support of a prospective third wife is likely to be a source of embarrassment and a drain even to a wealthy man. But these are thoughts upon which the defendant might well have cogitated during his quest for connubial bliss, while his first wife took him for better or for worse, there did not enter into contemplation of the parties the necessity of his providing for additional wives. The wives of the defendant have claims upon him for support in the order of their acquisition by him. Of all hobbies the collection of wives is among the most expensive."

Nor will the re-marriage of the former wife necessarily result in the cancellation of the ex-husband's obligation to pay alimony. Many courts hold, on the contrary, that unless the new husband is capable of supporting her in the style to which she became accustomed while the wife of his predecessor, the latter must continue his regular contributions to her economic security, comfort and happiness. And, of course, the fact that the divorced wife is capable of earning, and does earn, a good salary or has a substantial income from other sources, does not relieve the husband of his liability under the alimony decree. In New York, for instance, there was the case of a former district attorney who retired on a pension of $3,600 a year and went into private practice and whose wife thereafter left him and secured a divorce with a provision for annual alimony in the sum of $5,000. Later he suffered a paralytic stroke and heart trouble and was unable to continue his practice. Then, of course, he fell down on his alimony payments, whereupon the erstwhile sharer of his joys and sorrows went into court and obtained an order to sequester whatever property he might own to satisfy her alimony claim. As he had nothing but his pension by that time, the court's order took that and left him virtually penniless, though his ex-wife was herself the proprietor of a thriving antique business, owned several pieces of valuable real property, and came of a wealthy family from whom she had previously received a hundred thousand dollars and was certain to receive more. The ex-husband thereafter subsisted mostly on the charity of friends until death.

Not only, however, do ex-wives grab everything in sight, when they can, like the wife of this former district attorney, but they also have an unpleasant habit of sending delinquent husbands to jail. Imprisonment for debt is, of course, supposed to have come to an end long ago in this country. But that is just another of those beautiful myths with which those who see no fault in the law delude themselves. For at this very moment hundreds of husbands and ex-husbands are behind prison bars for no other offense than the non-criminal one of not being able to comply with the order of some court to pay temporary or permanent alimony. In any other case of contempt of court the punishment is either a fine or imprisonment for a definite term. In an alimony case the unfortunate victim is in until such time as he can pay the amount due when he was locked up. Legally, then, he may be incarcerated for life. And, if he manages somehow to pay the amount due when he was held in contempt, he may in many states be arrested again as soon as he steps outside the jail door, as the alimony continues to pile up while he lies in jail, though that is the very best way of preventing him from paying it. With many wives that is the main consideration, to keep the husband locked up. This was clearly revealed in a questionaire sent to some eight hundred women recently who had husbands or ex-husbands in jail for non-payment of alimony. One of the questions asked was how long they wished their husbands to be held in jail, and 270 answered in identical words, "Until he rots."

Some states, including New York, have changed this provision of the law, so that now an alimony delinquent may be released after a certain length of time in jail if the judge is convinced that he is unable to meet the court's order. Of course, if the court believes that he could pay if he really wanted to do so, he may still be kept in jail indefinitely. Nor is the mere fact that he has not been working a sufficient excuse. He may be punished, as the Oklahoma Supreme Court declared some years ago, "if he makes no honest effort, considering his physical and mental capacities, to work and earn money to pay the same."

Needless to say, the law does not have any such concern for the husband. However wealthy the wife may be and however poor the husband, no court anywhere in this wide land, except in the states of Iowa, Ohio and Oregon, will order her to pay alimony to him. That's one reason that titled fortune-hunters from over-seas protect themselves with adequate marriage settlements before the knot is tied.

Nor is that all. Upon the rendition of a divorce decree the ex-wife becomes one of her former husband's creditors. But here again the law discriminates in her favor. For, if the husband goes into bankruptcy, his obligation to other creditors is discharged, but not so with either past-due or future installments of alimony. They are not affected by the bankruptcy proceedings. In addition, the wife may reach property and funds that are exempt from execution so far as other creditors are concerned. Her claim never ends, no property is beyond its reach, and only an order of the court that entered the original decree or death can relieve the former husband of the incubus.

So far as the respective property rights of husband and wife under present-day law are concerned, where under the common law her property came under his control and her only interest in his was a dower right in his real property, the advantage now is either definitely with the wife or else they are on an equal footing. In at least three of the states that still retain the dower system, curtesy has been abolished, and the husband has no right in the wife's real property corresponding to her right of dower in his. She can dispose of her real estate as she sees fit either by deed while alive or by will at death; but her interest in the husband's property attaches to any such property owned by him at any time during the existence of the marriage relation, and he cannot dispose of it unless she joins in

Continued at top page 182

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Woman, the Pet of the Law

Continued from pages 31-180

the conveyance. In most of the states the wife has the right in addition, upon the death of the husband, to select a homestead out of his real property. In some states she may occupy it only for a year. In others she acquires a life estate in it, and in still others it becomes hers absolutely, free, furthermore, from any and all claims against her husband's estate. In Wisconsin, for example, the right extends to forty acres of agricultural land outside of a city or town or to a dwelling-house and lot, worth not more than $5,000, in a city or town. If there are children, the wife's interest is a life estate, but, if there are none, she acquires title in fee.

With respect to contracts the wife now has the right in practically all of the states to contract as if single; but a number of the states have been so anxious to protect her interests regardless of her own desires that they have provided by statute that she cannot assume any of the debts of her husband or become surety for him. In Georgia she cannot even convey any property to him without an order of the court. No legislature has shown any such solicitude for the husband. A wife is free to get all she can out of him.

The same discrimination prevails when we turn to the field of torts or wrongful acts for which the injured party may recover damages. Here the husband may be liable though the act complained of was committed out of his presence and without his knowledge or consent. In one state, for instance, a jealous woman beat up another woman whom she suspected of being too friendly with her husband, and when the latter brought suit, it was the husband who had to pay. And in two other states husbands have been held liable within the last few years for slanderous remarks made by their waspish wives outside of their presence. And to add absurdity to injustice, a husband in Missouri was held liable in a suit brought against his wife by another woman for the alienation of the affections of her husband. Nowadays this rule of the husband's liability for the torts of the wife is constantly being applied in cases involving injuries in automobile accidents. In most states the husband is held liable in such cases either on the theory that the wife is his agent when driving his or the family car or on the theory that in so doing she is operating it for the use of the family. And to show fully how emancipated woman has become, a wife may now, in a number of states, go so far as to sue her own husband for injuries suffered in an accident when he was driving. No longer is her personality merged in his.

Woman is similarly the "favorite" so far as the criminal law is concerned. In the first place, there are offenses that the law condemns only if they occur in the presence of, or relate to, a woman. In Alabama, for instance, profanity in the presence of a woman is punishable with a fine of $200 or imprisonment for six months, and the law has been applied with all due solemnity to a husband who in the presence of his wife and mother-in-law declared his independence by asserting, "I'll drink when I damn please." Rudeness or indecent behavior in the presence of a woman are likewise punishable though not in the presence of a male. In many states it is a criminal offense to slander a woman with respect to her chastity. Thus, in North Carolina even a husband was held liable to punishment for charging his wife with "incontinency." In that state, too, it is a criminal offense to "peep" into a room occupied by a woman. But there is no law against making derogatory remarks about a man's lack of continence nor against "peeping" into a room occupied by a retiring and modest male.

As already pointed out, the law gives a woman the right to maintain an action for seduction but does not give the same right to a man. The same discrimination prevails on the criminal side of the law. The man may be prosecuted and sent to the penitentiary for this offense but not the woman. Similarly, the simple male is the one who incurs the penalties of the Mann Act. The woman may be the instigator of the trip across the state line, but it is the man who pays or goes to prison. The woman may go so far as to take her gigolo from one state into another and pay all the expenses of the trip of joy, and yet there is no punishment for her.

Most ludicrous, however, in this connection is the legal doctrine that moved Dickens' character, Bumble, to burst out in a spontaneous condemnation of the law as "a ass" when he first heard it. He was accused, it will be recalled, of responsibility for the fact that his redoubtable wife had taken some trinkets from Oliver Twist's mother while she "lay a-dying." Vehemently denying the charge, Bumble defended himself with the man-like assertion, "It was all Mrs. Bumble. She would do it."

What was his consternation when the lawyer who was making the charge explained:—"That is no excuse. You were present on the occasion of the destruction of the trinkets and, indeed, are the more guilty in the eyes of the law, for the law supposes that your wife acts under your direction."

In the light of his own experience with the fair sex that struck Bumble as so outrageous that he bitterly exclaimed:—"If the law supposes that, the law is a ass—a idiot. If that's the eye of the law, the law's a bachelor; and the worst I wish the law is that his eye be opened by experience."

In the main, however, the eye of the law has not been opened. The presumption of coercion where a wife commits a crime in the presence of her husband still operates in at least two-thirds of the states of the Union, though it is not applied as strictly as it was in the days of Dickens. The highest court of Massachusetts, for example, held in 1927 that while the rule had not been abrogated, the presumption of coercion was one that could be rebutted. "Doubtless," said the court, "it has lost something of its force by reason of the wider liberty of married women established by legislative enactment and by the usages of society and hence may more easily be overcome by evidence. But the law has not abolished the presumption, and it still exists for what it is worth in the light of the facts in each case."

On top of all this, the woman's sex gives her the advantage before any court and before any jury of twelve trousered males. And, if if she is convicted, the law on the whole is more tender towards her in the matter of both penalty and prison treatment than it is of any mere male.

In the states where women are subject to call as jurors, they generally have the option to serve or not as they please. In other words, jury service is a privilege for them. But not so with the man. His exemptions are fixed by law, and outside of them he has to serve when called.

The law's special tenderness towards the female sex is also shown in the social legislation of our day. Laws fixing minimum wages for women, laws fixing minimum hours of labor, laws requiring seats to be furnished for female workers, laws providing for mothers' pensions, and other similar enactments, now found on the books of most of the states, are based on the definite theory that women need legal safeguards that are not vouchsafed to men. Despite the objections of certain militant groups of feminists who argue for strict sex equality, the law makes distinctions—distinctions in favor of the female sex.

There was a time when, as indicated in the beginning, the husband was legally the head of the house. Even that is so no longer in every jurisdiction. For, as the highest court of Kentucky said in 1919, "The legal supremacy of the husband is gone and the scepter is departed from him." The Kansas Supreme Court became still more specific a few years ago, saying, "There can be no doubt that under certain circumstances a woman may be the head of the family although she has a husband upon whom rests the marital duty of supporting and maintaining her."

"So great a favorite is the female sex of the law" of these United States. ⧺

Uncle Fonse Laughed

Continued from page 33

say, "she going to break a seat. I'm going to put a good hickory chair up there in the front for myself." And Uncle Fonse would laugh again and say: "I feed my wife. Now look at your wife there Mick—thin as a beanpole." Uncle Fonse would slap the mule's back lightly with the lines and say: "Get up! Get up there boy! Guess I got all the youngins."

"Come back again," Pa would say.

After they would leave Pa would say: "I tell you Sall, they don't make a better neighbor than old Fonse. Of course, he don't belong to my Party nor my church. I can't help that. He can't help it. He's just what he is and I am just what I am. But he's a good neighbor as a body ever lived by. It's good fences that we got between our places that make us good neighbors. You remember we couldn't get along with that hirm-skirm piece of a man that used to live over there. I built my part of the line fence and couldn't get him to build his. He would just brush it —keep throwing more brush on it. Cattle is smart these days on them brush fences after they've been used to barbwire. So his cattle kept getting in and eating up devilish nigh everything I had planted in the ground. Since Fonse has moved over there and bought that place we don't have any more trouble."

"But you all are the craziest acting men I ever saw get together," Mom would say. "I don't care if he does belong to the Forty Gallon Baptis and you are a Slab Baptis and you belong to one Party and he belongs to the other. You all just plague women folks to death the way you lay around in the floor and go on about this and that." Pa would say: "I popped it to him out there in the pasture when we's out there a looking at my cattle. I ast him some questions he couldn't answer about Resurrection. They've got some funny beliefs in his church. Them Forty Gallon Baptis is a funny church. And I sure did get him about his Party. Then he popped it to me about my Party and the Slab Baptis. Even jumped on me about my fox hound. He said the night out there when old Gun Powder led that pack of hounds that I put moonshine in sweet milk and

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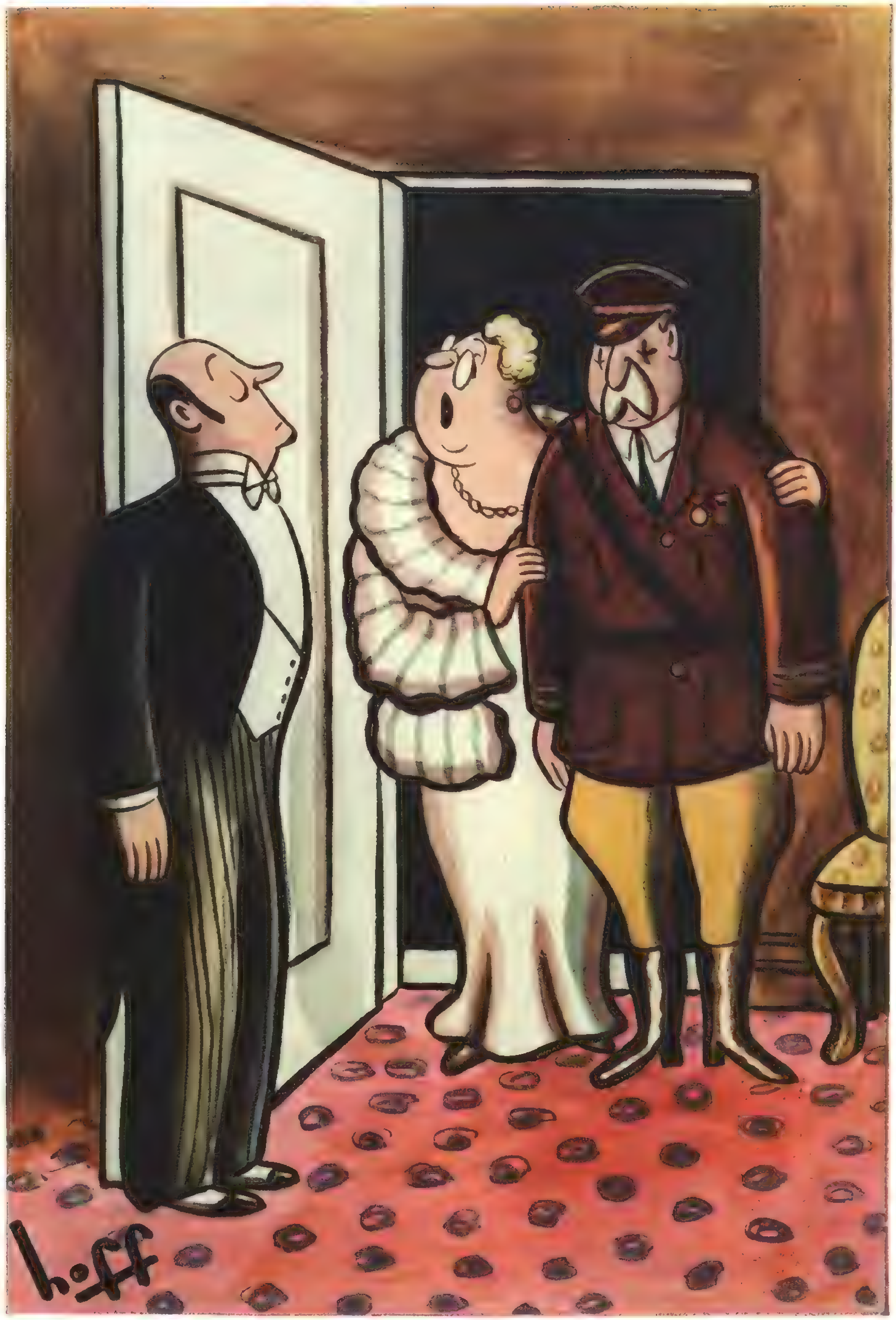

"Put the major to bed, Haskins—I'm going out and lap up a few more"

Uncle Fonse Laughed

Continued from pages 33-182

give it to him. He'll have that going all over the country. Devil can't uptrip that man."

"You beat all men I ever saw," Mom would say.

"Something heavy in my coat pocket."

And when Pop pulled it out it was a tack hammer Uncle Fonse had made for Pop and slipped it in his pocket. "What do you know about that, Sall. Look here what old Fonse has made for me. He heard me say I needed a tack hammer and he made me one. He can make anything in the world he wants to make in a blacksmith shop and just to think what I used to slip in old Fonse's pocket. I used to slip a dead bird in his pocket every week. I'd do it and he'd come to me and he'd say: 'Funny thing Mick. I find a dead bird in my left coat pocket every week. It is some kind of a token.' I would laugh and say: 'You are just a dreaming. You don't find no bird in your pocket.' He would say: 'Oh, yes, I do. I know I ain't that crazy. I remember what happens to me. I remember too, that I don't put the bird in my own pocket. I reach down in my pocket. It is there—a dead bird. There's something strange about a dead bird. It is a strange token of some kind.' Yes, I put the birds in his pocket—and he gives me this fine tack hammer—big enough to draw nails with from the old planks."

Time will go on as time will. New people will be born into the world. The old people go from the world and give place to the new. Children grow up and babies are born. And the world goes on. There is not any turning back the hand on the clock. Time is in a swift race—it keeps running and running and it never gets anyplace. I could see the gray hairs come to Pop's head. He was getting older. Uncle Fonse was getting older. I remember when we made the blackberry wine and had it in a churn in the smokehouse, how Pop and Uncle Fonse went into the smokehouse. They walked in straight as sourwood saplings. They come out bent over and swaying like windblown willows by the creek. Uncle Fonse wasn't laughing when he said to Pa: "Mick, we ain't young as we used to be. But this old heart is young, Mick even if the old body is getting old." Uncle Fonse was holding to the corner logs of the smokehouse and helping Pa around by the shoulder . . . No, time is a thief that comes in the daylight, the moonlight—sunlight. He steals what that can never be brought back. He is a thief that cannot be jailed. There is not a jail big enough to hold him, nor money enough in the world to bribe him. But, not a thief of time, could keep Pa and Uncle Fonse from bringing the families together for a big dinner once and twice sometimes each week. Not even a thief of time could stop them from laughing and argying—They were against time. It didn't matter. They went laughing freely with the wind. Growing older had made them younger in a world where one sees joy, sorrow, has music, life, love, tears—where life is before one—life so big, so great—high as the skies are high—deep as the earth is deep.

I remember how Pa laughed at the table that morning. He said to Mom: "Pour me another cup of coffee, Sall. You remember how I got the salt in old Fonse's coffee that day for dinner here. Well, he tried to get a good one on me yesterday. I went over there to see him about my boy Finn and his boy Bill—You know how they are since they got to running together. He can't get no work out'n Bill and I can't get no work out'n Finn. I heard they'd been plum up there at that bad dance hall where them Perkins boys got cut the other night. So I says to Fonse: 'Fonse, ain't they something we can do about our boys running around together the way they do.' Fonse was getting in the express then. Had the mule all trigged up. Had red tassels on the bridle. Had brass rings on the hames for the check lines to run through and snap into brass rings on the bristle bitts. So, Fonse says to me: 'You take care of the boys, Mick. I won't be here to take care of them after tomorrow night.' And I says: 'Why Fonse—you're not skipping the country are you? Ain't stole no sheep—broke no bank—shot no man have you?' And Fonse says: 'No, I ain't done nothing I'm ashamed of. I am just going to die. It's my heart. The whole thing was pictured to me in bed last night. I saw the whole thing.' And Fonse, he just laughed and laughed. He thinks he's got a good 'n on me. And when he started driving off, I says: 'Where are you going Fonse?' 'Going to town to have the James boys to make my coffin tomorrow.' And he drove off down the road. He was laughing. And I was laughing. You know how Fonse acts. I can see old Fonse going yet—the mule trotting down that piece of sandy road by the pear trees. I can hear the creaking of the buggy wheels. And it all just kindly went through my mind that I'd have to slip another bird in the old boy's pocket. But instead of a bird this time I got a ground mole with baby hands. I'm going to slip it in his pocket. I'll pull a rich 'n on old Fonse . . ."

Finn went to town the next day. I remember when he came in he said to Pa: "You know I believe Uncle Fonse is going crazy. I was over to see Bill awhile ago and Uncle Fonse was upon the hill cutting briars and sprouts off a little knoll. He said he was going to die tonight. Had the James boys to make him a coffin out 'n planks he's had seasoning in the barn for ten years. He's said he didn't want no undertaker's fancy-coffin. Said he wanted a coffin made out'n them oaks back of the barn. That's where he got them planks from ten years ago when Ben Ulling had that mill back there in the head of the hollow. He had a couple of trees cut and sawed into heavy planks. He had his coffin made out'n them very boards. While I was over there he got down in his coffin and tried it out. 'It is just a fit,' he said. Bill is a laughing at his Pa. Aunt Effie is a crying. The girls are crying. Aunt Effie said: 'He is either telling the truth or he is going crazy. And they ain't never been a Tillman gone crazy to the extent of my knowings yet.' He don't act to me like a man that is going to die. He won't tell how he knows."

I remember how Pa laughed. He said: "He's pulling a good one this time. He's got it up his sleeve to have some fun. If he's going to die, old Fonse would make his own coffin. He can make a hammer, make nails, wagon wheels, guns, smoothing irons. He can make anything he wants to make. He surely can make a coffin."

Pa went to bed that night. The wind howled through the green hickories at the end of the porch by Pa's bed. I remember seeing Pa get out of the bed in a night shirt. He looked at the moon and the stars in the heavens. He walked across the dewy grass barefooted. That was strange for Pa. Pa is a solid man. He is hard to move to tears. But Pa was in trouble. I heard him come to the bed. He got Mom up from sleep. He said: "Sall, I am troubled about Fonse. I can't sleep. I hear the death-bells ringing in my ears. I have tried to sleep. But I can see a wooden box in front of me. Get out of the bed and make a biler of strong coffee."

Pa put on his clothes. He walked to the barn and to the pigpen while Mom was making the coffee. I know he went to the pigpen for the shoats squealed when Pa went past. The cows mooed when he passed them sleeping in the dewy grass by the barn-gate. Pa was in trouble. I never saw him act like this only once before in my life. That was the night Brother Finn got cut at the square dance and they brought him home all slashed up with a hawk-billed barlow knife. I heard Mom call him to get his coffee. And I heard Pa lumber through the house. I heard him pull his chair up to the table. I heard him say to Mom: "I am going over to Fonse's place just as soon as I've got light to travel by. I know something has happened. I have seen Fonse. I have heard him laugh. I know what I am saying is true. You know he said to me once when we's out in the pasture: 'Mick, you ought to be in my church. To prove to you we are right, if I die first you'll hear me laugh out there in the little pine grove where we always went on Sundays to talk and whittle by that salt-trough. If you die first I'll go out there and see if I can hear you laugh or speak to me first. And we'll see who's right—the Slabs or the Forty Gallons—' And I says to Fonse: 'It's a go Fonse. You laugh to me. I'll know that old crow laugh you got.' And I would know it in Halifax too if I was to hear it there. So, I went out to the pine grove this morning. I've just come from there. I heard old Fonse laugh. I know it was his voice. Lord, I know his voice. I know that laugh. I know it was his laugh. It wasn't the wind. It wasn't the rustle of the green leaves. It was his laugh. I am trembling like a leaf in the wind."

I saw Pa cross the hill. It wasn't good day. He told me to feed the hogs and not harness the mules till he come back. I saw him going up the path to the top of the hill. He walked beside of the good barbwire fence Uncle Fonse and Pa built. I saw him go between the wires and disappear among the green sassafras sprouts—wet with dew. They would soak Pa but he didn't care. Mom said: "It is a funny thing the way them men act. Maybe they're both going crazy. Your Pa is about crazy this morning. He drunk six cups of strong coffee. He says that something has happened to your Uncle Fonse. He says he knows that something has happened. Said he heard Fonse speak to him from the pine grove out there where they go on Sundays to talk and whittle. He said it wasn't the wind. He said it was Fonse. But wonder if it wasn't the wind in the pine needles? Wonder if it wasn't something besides Fonse? How could it be Fonse there so soon?" And Mom went to looking off into space. It kindly scared me. And I said: "Mom there is something funny about the whole thing. I know I am right. I saw Uncle Fonse cutting the sprouts off a place to bury him on yesterday. He was having the James boys to make his coffin. He got down in it and tried it out. He said: 'It's just a fit.' I remember it well. I know that I am not dreaming. I come on up the road. I met Ben Ulling and I told him about it. Ben said: 'He's either got a communication with the sperit or he's losing his mind, I-jacks, one.' I come on up there at that sweet apple tree below Aimes' barnlot and frailed me some sweet apples with a crooked limb. I remember it as if it had just happened. I was not dreaming."

When Pa walked down the hill, Mom run out to meet him: "What has happened to Fonse," Mom said. Pa just walked right

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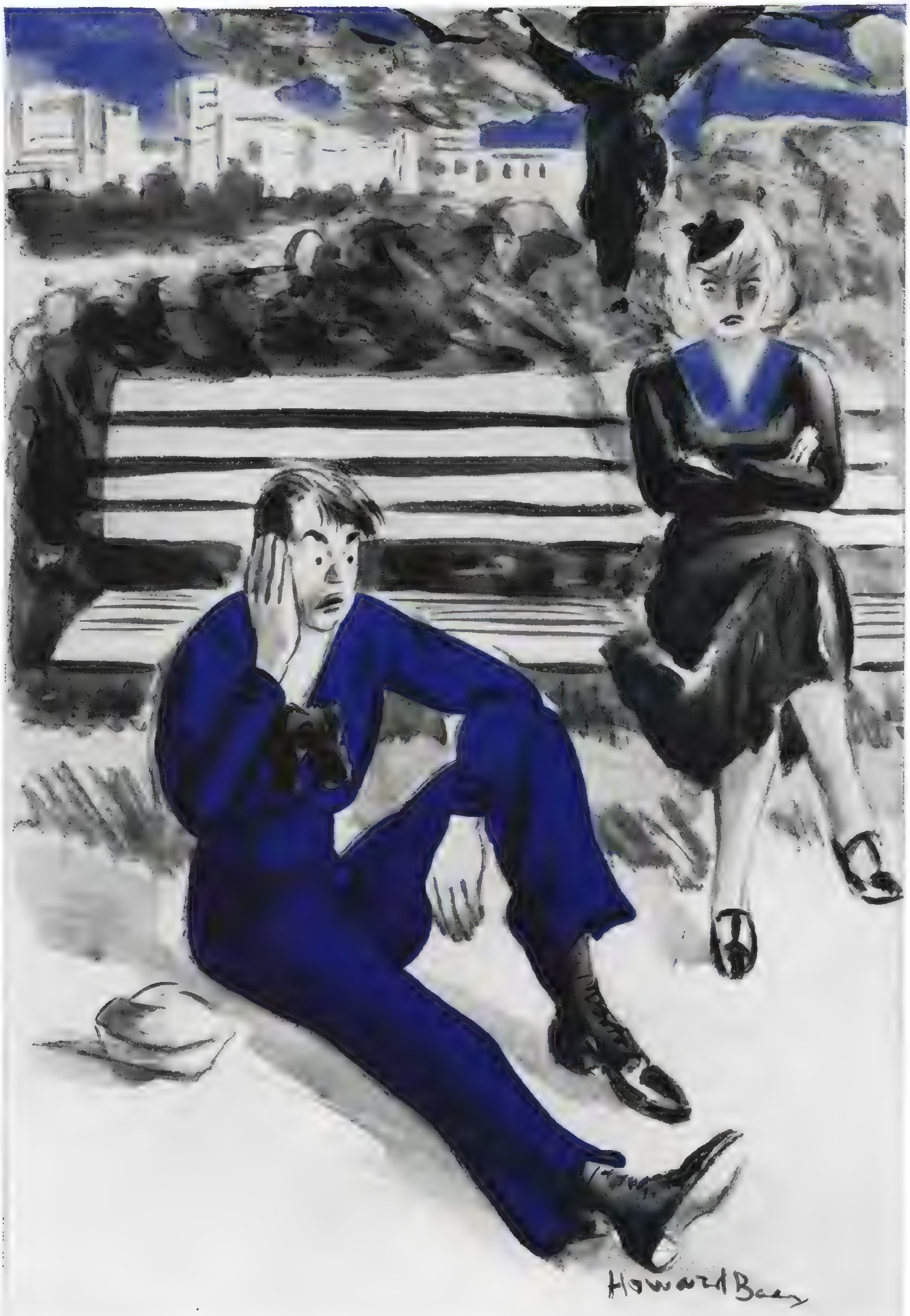
Howard Baer

"Gee what damn liars Pete, Butch and Sam are!"

WARNING

FRAUDULENT MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION SALESMEN OPERATING IN SOUTHWEST

K. D. SKARDA

DESCRIPTION: Age, 26 years; height, 6 ft. 2 in.; weight, 200 lbs.; dark brown hair; brown eyes. Gives full name as Kent Donald Skarda.

CANVASS: Skarda poses as a direct representative of ESQUIRE Magazine; The Hanson-Bennett Magazine Agency, Chicago, Ill. and the H. & H. Periodical Service Co., 64 W. Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill. Usually solicits in the business district claiming that he can sell subscriptions to ESQUIRE at a special rate of $3.00 providing he can obtain five or more orders from any group of employees. He issues a plain store type receipt of the kind that might be purchased in any stationery store and on the face of which he invariably writes the name and address of one of the aforementioned companies. Frequently he accepts checks made payable to the Hanson-Bennett Agency which he fraudulently endorses and cashes, thus committing forgery.

WARRANTS FOR ARREST: Cairo, Illinois and Union City, Tenn. We earnestly request your cooperation in bringing about the arrest and prosecution of fraud agent SKARDA who is now believed to be operating in Southern California. SKARDA has operated extensively through the middle western and southwestern states defrauding many magazine subscribers. He has no authority to represent the aforementioned companies. He pockets the full amount of collections and makes no report of the orders to the publishers concerned.

WATCH FOR THIS FRAUD! Warn your friends and business associates. Turn this notice over to the local Better Business Bureau or Chamber of Commerce. If approached by this agent, notify the police authorities immediately, requesting his arrest, AND WIRE THIS ASSOCIATION COLLECT. YOUR COOPERATION IS ESSENTIAL in order to protect other prospective subscribers.

The National Publishers Association
George C. Lucas
Executive Secretary

Uncle Fonse Laughed

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down to the porch. He almost fell on the edge of the porch. He was quivering like a leaf in the wind. "Fonse is dead as a piece of dirt," said Pa. "He died last night sometime. I was there just a few minutes ago. I took the mole along to slip in his pocket. But he was dead. The family is all crying and going on something awful. I didn't stay. I couldn't stay. Fonse, there so quiet—not laughing! W'y he laughed when he was going to have the James boys to make his coffin. I thought he was joking. He didn't care to die. He laughed quietly into the arms of Death. I've always thought God would want a man that could laugh no matter what church he belonged to . . . Fonse there so quiet, so silent. He didn't speak to me. I couldn't stand it."

Mom shed tears. "What will Effie do now," Mom said, "with all that family of children? She can't keep 'em in grub the way they eat. Place not paid for with all them good fences around it. One thing Fonse believed in was a good fence between him and his neighbors . . . Poor Effie. No way to turn back time. It just keeps slipping up on a body like it slips up on the flower and a stalk of corn. Everything has a season—even to man. God wanted Fonse to do something else—maybe to make fences in Heaven. Maybe, God wanted to hear him laugh."

Pa went about silently all day. He would walk to the pinegrove, then to the house. He would watch a crow fly over. He would look at the growing corn. He would watch the white clouds float over. Pa would not turn his hand to work. He would not let us work. He did not go back to Tillman's house. Pa stayed at home all day. He was nervous as a shoemake leaf in the wind.

"Just to think about it all is a funny thing," said Pa, "life is so strange. To think about it all the time would make a man lose his mind. Fonse has left the earth. He was a good man—tended to his own business. He owned his land. He took care of his family and sent his children to school. He went to church. He believed in God's workings through the sperits. He didn't belong to the right Party but he belonged to the one he thought was right. Fonse Tillman was the kind of a man the country is built on. Yet, God called him out of this life. He left men in it not worth powder and lead to kill 'em. I just don't understand it. And tomorrow!"

"Yes, tomorrow, at two o'clock," said Mom, "right back of the house on that old poor point up there where the blackberry briars and the sawbriars take the place. That is where they will plant Fonse. That is where he wanted to be planted—up there where he used to tend corn. I remember seeing him go around that hill behind the mules. I can't forget it."

I remember the day at two o'clock. Yesterday never caught up with tomorrow. We were there. The crowd was there. The hill was lined with people. Pa said to Mom: "See what the people think of Fonse. Respected in life. Respected in death. Look at this crowd here. It's the biggest funeral I've ever seen among these hills. I have to help carry him up the hill to the grave. I don't know whether I can make it or not." I remember seeing Pa. He walked over the old corn rows—puffing and blowing under the corn of the heavy box. The crowd followed up the hill. We passed under Fonse's heavy fruited apple trees.

The crowd stood there with heads bowed and heads bare. The checklines were slipped under the box—the heavy box was lowered into the earth and the check lines slipped from beneath it. I remember the tears that flowed down Pa's brown cheeks. I remember the cries of Uncle Fonse's children and Aunt Effie. I remembered they were not my real aunt and uncle but Pop and Mom taught us to call them uncle and aunt and they taught their children to call Pop and Mom uncle and aunt.

I remember the farm that Uncle Fonse owned. I remember the roses in bloom in the woods not far from where Uncle Fonse was buried. I remember how they waved in the wind—how the mountain daisy gently swayed on the hill where Uncle Fonse would sleep—the old furrows where he had plowed that time would soon blot out and leave the land level as a yard. I remember the silent crowd that left the hill—the wind overhead in the apple tree leaves.

Before my eyes were the eternal Kentucky hills. The crow flew over them. The buzzard sailed high above them. Among them men and women worked for their bread—knew the change of season. They saw life ripen sweetly and sourly with the years. They saw the flowers bloom in their season—die in their season. But even among these hills eternal in their great beauty of lilting green leaves in the wind—no one could stop time. No one could deny Uncle Fonse knew he was going to die. He had his coffin made himself. He cleared off his ground to sleep upon. Now he rests in that vast silence—under the sighing of the wind—the passing of the white cloud in the heavens—under the bloom of the rose and the mountain daisy and the swift wing of the crow. He lies in eternal Kentucky hills that if they were alive and could speak they could tell greater stories than any man of life, love, death, darkness, gloom, despair, the communion of the spirits. They could tell stories of many a carcass that does not sleep in a grave. They could tell unbelievable stories to make a book stalwart as a mountain.

An Essay for Men

Continued from page 35

advice you will have your head shaved before you leave Boise. And in your journal you will write: "I have written my last letter to my wife for forty-two days. Alice, my sweet, God bless you . . ." Up here, perhaps on Bruce Meadows, you will meet your horses and wrangler and bodyguard; and the voice of the cook, Milford Vaught, will paralyze you by roaring: "Hey, you fat baldheaded son-of-a-bitch, come on to the grubpile!" Your guide may be Bill Moore or Don Bently, Curly Laverty or Til Martin. He will not be Sam Cupp who, according to legend, was so lazy that he refused to stand up for his third marriage. After supper you will, if you are like dudes who have gone before, hike over to a store and buy more supplies, including woollen underwear and a zinc bathtub and an air conditioner; and you will telegraph your wife that you are taking your Alka-Seltzer daily. In your journal you will note: "I can think of nothing more to buy. I am ready to brave the worst . . ." And now, with the caravan ready to vanish into wilderness after buck and bighorn, let us stand back and watch the journey.

There are four plump-bellied dudes from the big hubs of civilization and every one of them has sixshooters belted to his waist, a rifle in its scabbard, a wicked hunting knife dangling in a sheath, a pair of glasses hung from his shoulder, and a cigar eight inches long in his mouth. One of them, Henry Ainsworth Walthour III, a capitalist from Chicago and a straight offshoot from the Walthours and Oldholts of New England, had forbears who marched barefooted with Washington, followed Daniel Boone through Kentucky, and fought Indians in the Black Hills. You would never dream that this round fat gentleman came from such ancestry as that. And here he is not Henry the Third: he is plain Hank. After the guide sends him over to Pete Snedecor's Dude Ranch to steam himself for an hour in a hot sulphur pool, he returns to camp, groaning with indignation and pangs, and rolls into bed. He slides in upon an air mattress and pulls the drawstrings of the bag to keep out the rattlesnakes and cougars.

The caravan today crosses Poker Meadows, goes down Dagger Creek, enters Boundary Creek, and fetches up in camp on Sulphur Creek Meadows. It covers only twelve miles but this is the first day in the saddle for Hank and he feels as if his rump had been scalped and his thighs burned with hot oil. He dismounts and walks around as if expecting to fall to pieces and the guide sends him down to Fuller's Ranch where he soaks in hot sulphur water again. This night is distressing. He wears gay all-wool pyjamas and feels as if he were on a mattress of nettles and tickle grass. This process of having the effeminacy peeled off him has filled him with forebodings and he is wishing he had gone to Miami. Coyotes bivouac him all night, the bell-mare keeps up an infernal jangling, and bull snakes come out of hiding to lie among the guns. On the seventh day Hank's bodyguard tells him that he is riding a gun-cured nag and ought to practice a bit with his arsenal; and Hank aims point blank at the biggest mountain he can see. He fires six times and we can tell through our glasses that he missed the mountain only once. He stirs so many eagles and buzzards and falcons from their eyries that the sky is darkened; and then, to ease his exasperated hams, he throws a right leg across the pony's neck and looks around him.

And he is amazed. The mountains, green and blue with timber, rise in curved and sweeping majesties, or push up suddenly, sharp and gray and terrible in their high bald ledges, or roll out upon distance like vast piles of cloud and sky. The trail is a choked and fragrant path under tangled green ceilings or a sudden descent to a mountain torrent where the water churns like pools of snow or a torn and hazardous venture along flanks where broken boulders have been poured down in millions of tons. There is the clean heady smell of pine and fir and juniper and of water glacial in its coolness and of wild beasts. Seven deer trot across a ravine a hundred yards away but Hank in his eagerness unseats both his sixshooters and finds that he has seized his hunting-knife. He is now in the wild and uninhabited Middle Fork of Salmon River and he descends to eat lunch at Elk Horn Creek. He felt intimations of appetite (his first in seventeen years) two miles back but is unable to take anything to his stomach except an antacid tablet and a glass of tomato juice. At the end of this day he finds himself encamped at Sheepeater Hot Springs and is ordered to soak himself again in a hot bath. His supper is of native trout, venison tenderloin, Idaho baked potatoes, corn bread and coffee; but Hank is still homesick for the blackened backwash of Chicago and asks the cook for a milkshake and a cracker.

On his eighth day out he enters a country so adorned and blanketed with terrors and loneliness that he sits uneasily in his woollen underwear. The areas unfold away on all sides in such magnificent reaches of distance and time that sky and earth are one in the blue haze and there is no horizon anywhere. A guide, pointing to a grassy mound, says a grizzly sat there a half-hour ago and scratched its shoulder. Across the Middle Fork, Hank sees more deer grazing than he can count; and while riding the flank of a mountain,

Continued on page 188

Four indispensables at John Ward's one low price

Here is a whole shoe wardrobe in four shoes, inspired by Esquire. Exactly what you need if you're going back to school. In fact, for any man who has young arteries these four basic types of shoes are "musts." John Ward offers them in superior leathers and distinguished designs—100 variations for you to choose from. They're priced so low because we sell so many. See them—it will pay you (read details below, please).

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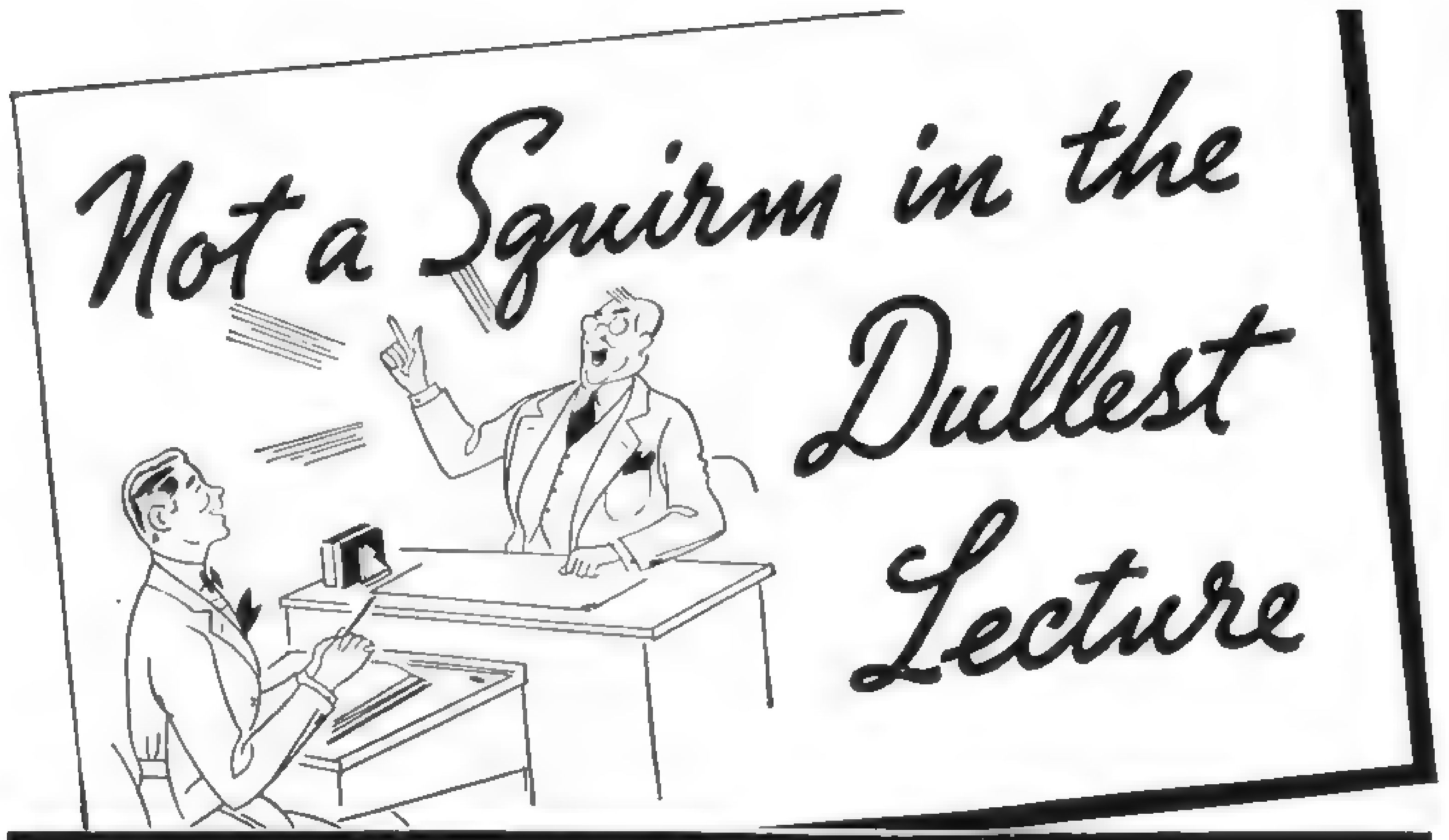
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MASCULINIZED UNDERGARMENTS
HOSIERY • SPORTSWEAR

An Essay for Men

Continued from pages 35-187

with the herd in plain view, he blazes away. After the fourteenth shot we are sure he has the range and after the twenty-third we see an old doe raise her head. Tonight Hank learns there is a ranger station two miles down the trail and he puts on his hunting-knives and goes down to telephone another message to his wife.

Almost shot a whole herd of deer today Stop Was nearly run down by a grizzly Stop Horse stumbled and almost pitched me into very dangerous rapids Stop Mountain lions all around us Stop Don't worry Stop Love Henry

After supper, Hank makes some entries in his journal. He records a Sam Cupp story of a wagon-tongue that was bitten by a rattlesnake and thereupon swelled to such enormous size that it pushed both team and freighter over a precipice; and of an old-timer who once homesteaded one of these steep mountainsides and fell off his ranch so many times that he returned to Alaska; and of how sheepherders, who once tended flocks here, had to dig holes for their dogs to sit in before they could bark and scare the coyotes away. Or he chronicles the legend of an old Missourian who boasted of his coon dog. "I remember it was along about 1855 and I set that dog on a coon track. Well, he tracked him for two or three miles through the woods until he came to a piece of ground that had just been plowed and he lost the scent because the coon went over before the plowing. Well, the farmer raised a good crop that year and I waited and when he plowed the ground again, what do you think happened? Why, he turned that coon track up and that old dog just picked up the scent and caught that coon in no time. And that was the biggest coon I ever saw . . ."

On the next day Hank is no longer trying to count the deer. At the Marble Creek hole he pulls sixteen-inch native trout from the water as fast as he can throw his Mormon girl fly. He is beginning to toughen. He is beginning to show definite signs of manhood. Profaning very softly, he eats a third of a pound of venison and forgets his pills. In the next morning he sees sixty-eight deer in one herd and forty-seven in another and reflects that his saddle-sores are healing. The caravan moves today eighteen miles through spectacular country to arrive at Hospital Bar; and on the next follows a wild canyon trail that lies through an indescribable nightmare of rock. Hank is now approaching the famous impassable Canyon of the Middle Fork down which no traveler has ever gone and survived to tell the tale. Three men have lived who have sworn they navigated the Impassable: Cougar Dave says two of them are liars and the third went down all right and kept on floating.

Tonight camp is pitched at Bernard Creek Bar in such a world as Hank had never known existed: he is down at the bottom of one of the three deepest canyons on the North American continent with mountains lifting like hulks of shadow six thousand feet above him. Down the river's purple gorge two rainbows lie upon the mist and sunset is heaped like piles of flaming cotton between the walls. Up the gorge are shimmering veils of light darkening to a purple hem and ruffed with blackness and a thousand feet above the water is a golden haze that spans from brink to brink. Six thousand feet up the last of the sunlight is like a yellow robe upon the peaks. Hank looks at the incalculable wonder north, east, south and west and remembers the silly little etchings on the walls of his home. Something is beginning to stir in this man. He goes down to the river and actually lies prone on his round belly to taste and smell this coolness flowing down from the zeniths, to reflect that pure mountain water has the cleanest fragrance of all things, to listen to its journey pouring over the stones and down the cascades. There is something here that this man had forgotten, an ancient and unutterable heritage that was not dead in his blood and bone; for such earth as this, such sounds and smells and visions, were the cradle of his race and its birthright; and in some manner, faintly, gropingly, he is remembering and coming home. He turns on his back to look at the sky in a way that he had never looked before; to reach out to the grass and the earth; to understand. Because this man is not all fat and feverish ambition and plotting behind dead walls: there is poetry in him that he never before realized. There is wonder for himself and the dim rapturous eternities out of which he has come. His breath is deeper now and his eyes see more—and farther. And if we watch him, we shall see him rise and go to his tent and throw away his Alka-Seltzer, his physics and pills. We shall see him look with the envious wonder of a child at these rough bearded men who are holding chunks of dripping venison in their hands and eating as he had forgotten that men could eat. They gulp their coffee as if it is the blood of life, suck the hot fragrant juice from their fingers, smack their lips and grin. This is no vision of stuffed shirts and sallow faces behind the banquet board in the Hotel Astor. These men do not look like grotesque advertisements for liver pills. And when, later, he sees them sitting around a campfire, spitting tobacco juice and swapping their tall tales, he wonders what in the name of heaven he has done with his forty-four years. Tonight he rolls into dreamless sleep under a ragged basin of stars . . .

On the next morning the caravan leaves Bernard Creek and climbs more than a mile to Soldier Peak, nine thousand feet up. And now Hank has the breath taken out of him. No man (history does not record that any woman has ever been here) ever stood on this spot and looked around him and expected to see quite its equal again. Down there through haze is the gorge of the Middle Fork and in all other directions the mountains roll upon distance in limitless tides of gray and green. Standing here, Hank looks at one of the greatest wild game countries on earth. No hunting-party that ever came to this look-out departed soon: the men stood, as Hank is standing now, almost forgetting to breathe, trying to understand these vast reaches where no man lives except a half-dozen tameless souls like Cougar Dave. And when he goes down from here he seems to go endlessly, through dell and copse, along sharp cutbacks, over stones and down ravines until darkness comes like a blanket and the world is lost. One pack-mule, after tumbling off a ledge, is left upside down in darkness; and one dude, coming into Dave's firelight, finds that his face is smeared with blood. Turning his gaze backward, Hank can see only a few faint stars and an enormous hulk of mountain that looks like fog.

And imagine the curious interest with which he looks at this old-timer who was once known as David Lewis but is now known as Cougar Dave. He sees a man more than ninety years of age with a face like leather thrice tanned, with eyes like those of a falcon, with hands as tough as a harness trace. There is about this lion-hunter an alertness, a gentle stealth, a profound and wordless reticence that set him apart from every man in Chicago or New York. When his eyes look at you, there is something strange and sudden in your flesh and blood; and you try to understand that he has lived for sixty years upon this last outpost and frontier—alone. He has no neighbors and wants none, and no friends except his savage dogs. In comparison with this hermit who has lived not for publicity but for his own peace and joy, you reflect that Admiral Byrd is only a plump adolescent who adventured mildly with the whole world ready to rescue him if he stubbed his toe. This seamy old codger is not something that has hunted adventure: he is adventure itself. If he has ever been in the news reels he does not know it. If he is thought of with wonder by the outside world, he does not care. Here is the kind of profane and bearded and dirty fellow who explored the American frontiers and built its overland empires.

The caravan makes its headquarters camp here on Pioneer Creek across from Cougar Dave's shack. Hank discovers that on the pilgrimage down through darkness, several of his many kits and bags were ripped open: he has lost his electric vibrators and his health-belt, his air conditioner and his zinc bath tub. From this camp he will forage adventurously into the wilds in search of buck and bighorn; and inasmuch as he will be gone only a week, he decides to take only four changes of underwear, only three overcoats and only two hats. And here for a while we will leave him. We know that he will go down the wild country of the Middle Fork with his hands full of all sorts of murderous gadgets and that he will see so many deer and goats and sheep that he will have to shoot one or get run over and killed. No matter how he trembled with excitement and prayer, no man has ever gone into this area without hitting something before his ammunition was all gone. We know that Hank will lose thirty pounds of fat, that he will profane without stuttering, and that he will be sucking the venison juice from his fingers and licking the bottom of his plate clean. And while he is having the time of his life and discovering that he is still a man in spite of what civilization has done to him, we will sit down in Cougar Dave's little shack and learn what is in the man's mind.

You are surprised first of all to discover that this man who has never seen a toothbrush or heard of the danger-line and five-out-of-six-have-it has most of his teeth. They are yellow with age and worn from use but they are as tough as his heels. And you learn next that he does not chew tobacco or drink intoxicants or have feelings of anxiety or read stories of cowboys and gangsters. A strange man, with his lean hands like leathered bone, his bright eyes that can still read the finest print: a man who can fill his belly with deer flesh and sleep the sleep of a child. But perhaps he is not so strange as we who stare at him and marvel. We who so jam ourselves into cities, that a man can't dispute with his wife without being heard by a hundred neighbors find it strange that this old frontiersman should prefer elbow room, and running streams that aren't full of dysentery and clouds that aren't banks of smoke. We who spend millions fighting for peace look with astonishment at a man who chooses to live where peace is perfect. And we who seize our morning papers to read of gangsters and thugs, grafters and scoundrels and jailbirds, hoodlums and hellhounds catch ourselves wondering if Dave does not hunger for news of the outside world. Has he ever heard of civilization? Well, of course not, and quite obviously he does not care. Does he know that men whose forbears lived on hardships and doughgods in stripped and dangerous lives, who blazed trails and built kingdoms—does he know that the grandsons of these men now sit pale and constipated be-

Continued on page 190

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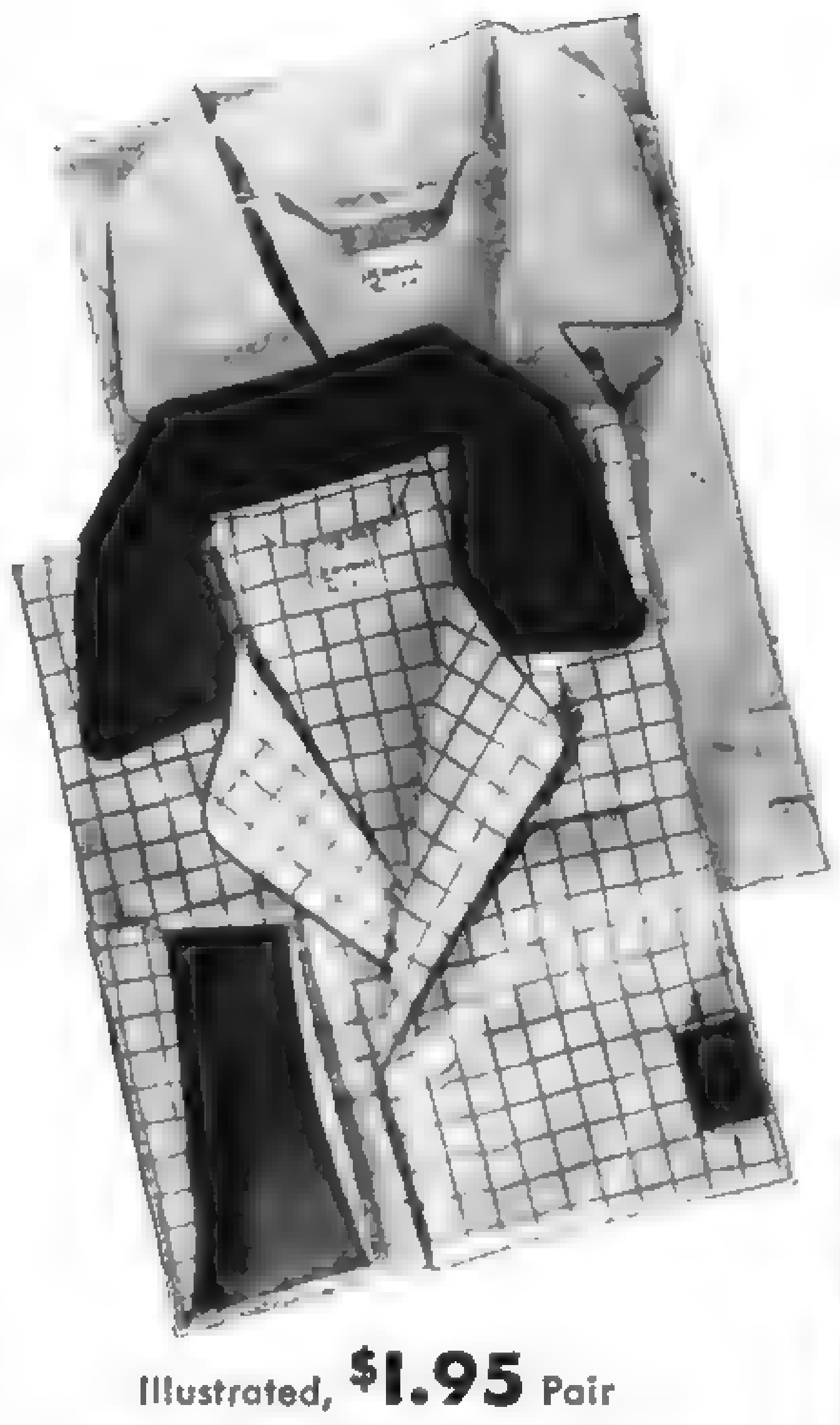

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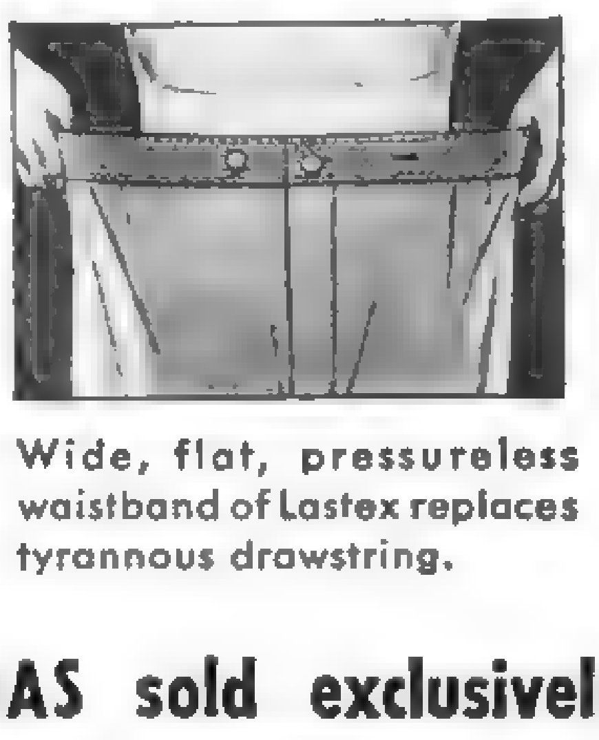

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An Essay for Men

Continued from pages 35-187-189

hind bridge tables, pant and sweat at ping-pong, and breathe like foundered nags when they stoke the furnace or play dooryard golf? Does he know that the women of his country now own most of the property and most of the men and that husbands are pitched into the cellar or thrown out into a thicket of barberries, if they insist on growing a beard?

Well, no, Cougar Dave has never heard of all that. If you ask how many mountain lions he has slain, he grunts and looks at you because his contempt for the cougar is utter and overwhelming. For him it is the most cowardly thing that moves—a skulking spineless thief, a murderer of defenseless creatures that would jump out of its hide if it met so formidable a foe as a weasel face to face. If Dave were a raconteur of tall tales he would tell you of a cougar which, crouched on a cliff and waiting for a deer, was so frightened by the sudden blood-curdling yell of a horned owl that he slipped in his footing and went wailing so hideously that snowshoe hares were seen hurdling the pine trees. Or he would tell of the time when one of these huge powerful cats came face to face with that fearless warrior called badger and was chased hissing up a tree and bivouacked there until he dozed and fell and broke his neck. If you suppose that Dave regards himself as a great hunter because he drives these slinking mountain lions up trees and climbs up and pushes them off limbs you are mistaken. So far as he knows, all big animals are cowards and the bigger they are the faster they run. A weasel, on the other hand, will sit up and make signs of danger at anything. But if we leave tall tales and come down to actual facts, you will learn that Dave's attitude toward the cougar is an obsession that fills him with deep and remorseless hatred when he takes the trail of one of the beasts; and that once he takes the trail he never comes back until another cat's hide is over his shoulder and another hundred deer have been saved to another season.

And now Hank is returning. He has seen towering mountains flanked by evergreen timber so dense that it looked like solid growth; blue lakes so numerous that he could not count them; canyon gorges that fell through awful depth to rivers that looked like curled white strings of beads; and mountain streams coming in tumultuous foaming journeys down from the moraines. He has heard that these high mountain meadows are abloom in spring and summer time with gardens of lily and columbine, wood violets and blue pentstemons, mission bells and fairy slippers and mistletoe, pigeon-root and aconite and alpine anemone and marsh marigold, clematis and larkspur, buttercup, mountain mustard, stonecrop and cinquefoil, pink spirea and lupine and balsam, woodland white and mountain lover—so many flowers in such lush varieties that his senses have been swimming at thought of what the fragrance must be like here in June. Day and night now for more than a month he has been breathing of pine and fir and spruce, willow and currant; of the smoke of campfires and the smell of red cedar and steaming coffee, of old cones and leaf-depths, aspen hillsides, mahogany reaches, and landslides of stone. He knows the smell of bear or rockchuck, of elk-beds or beaver-slides, goat or golden eagle. He knows the feel of a bridle rein or a gun or a saddle horn, the sound of cascades, the flavor of trout; the smell of wide clean landscapes and the smell of health. He has slept on the earth and breathed of it nightlong and he has walked on it all day, remembering the hard pavements of his home. He has seen the sky as blue as the sheltered lakes and he has smelled of winds that were traveling over evergreen valleys and down from the fields of snow. He had forgotten that joy could be so deep, a man's appetite so ravenous; he had never known that a crust of bread could taste so sweet. He had never known what it was to be hungry or thirsty or tired. Because Hank's fatigue had been nervous exhaustion and a ragged and anguished weariness of heart and soul: this that he now feels is the tiredness of muscles hungry for nourishment, the profound contentment that rests in sleep. He had never known what it was to bolt his food with the deliciousness of it flooding his mouth and throat while his eyes searched the table to see if there was food enough. He had never known how deeply and hungrily a man can live.

All that he has learned. We see him coming now with the curled horns of his ram and the six-point spread of the antlers of his buck. We see that his belt is five holes shorter around his waist. He is hardly a man yet but he is not the flabby and fat counterfeit who set out from Boise five weeks ago. Having got dirt under his broken fingernails, having felt how deep and broad and remote life is from his ill-smelling office in Chicago, he is living lustily within the life that his forbears knew and that he missed. He has forgotten that his wife said, "Please, dear, don't do anything foolish"; that his daughter said, "Now daddy, don't go out in that wild country and get hurt"; that his partner said, "You'll be awful sick of this primitive stuff in about a week." And when Profile Sam says slyly, "Hey, Hank, ain't it about time to send another them-there fancy messages to your wife?" Hank turns and looks at him across the dark terrace of his beard. "To hell with all that," he says. "Give me a chew." #

The Girl with the Flaxen Hair

Continued from page 42

is. . . . You see my darling I am Joshua Bogg. Fourteen years I worked in the last place and now eight here. And they know that Joshua Bogg is only Joshua Bogg. And he is never late and never sick. He is almost part of the furniture in the office. And his hair is thin on top and he's got a big lumpy nose and so where will he go? Nowhere. And what's the good of giving him a raise because he is not going to run away anyway. Yes, that is what I found out from Miss Dickenson our Paris buyer. I asked her why she thinks they don't give me a raise and she looked at me and said, 'Just because you are Joshua Bogg, that's all.' And I realized it then. She was right. She has a good head on her shoulders and is a real decent person. And that gown you are now wearing—she is certain to miss it. But I can't help it. . . . Well, and now what would they say if they saw us here together! And who would ever believe that Joshua Bogg could have the courage to. . . Do you know, my dear, I have stolen you and now Joshua Bogg who was never late and never had a penny in the wrong column, he is a thief. A plain thief! And he doesn't give a damn! Excuse me, my dear. I did not mean to swear in your presence but my emotions got the better of me. I promise not to do it again."

He touched her hand apologetically. "Forgive me, my dear."

This timid soul, Joshua Bogg, rarely swore and he never drank and he had no real bad habits. But now he was happy and he thought lightly of the crime he had committed. He got out his pipe and lit it up and looked at the flaxen haired mannequin and smiled. She was very beautiful.

"You know my dear, I am not only a thief but I am also guilty of a more serious crime—abduction. And you know what the penalty for that is? Years and years in prison. But what of it? In prison I could keep the books. And I would never be late or never sick. And the auditors would come every month and say the same thing. 'Not a penny in the wrong column.' And I would have just as good soup there as I have here. And so it would be quite the same except that I would not have you close to me. And that is a lot because a man needs some beauty and tenderness and he needs someone to talk to. It was very lonely here before you came and now I am a thief, but I am much happier."

He put a screen around his cot and behind this he undressed and went to bed. He was very happy.

He whistled as he went to work in the morning and he hummed lightly to himself as he sat at his high desk. After a while he threw down the pen and walked boldly into the manager's office.

"I would like to ask you for a few hours off this afternoon if you could spare me," he said. "I want to draw a little money from my savings and buy myself a new suit and new shoes. And if I still have time I might pick out one of those five dollar felt hats that are on display in the men's shop. A pearl grey one."

This was the first time in eight years Joshua Bogg had ever asked for an hour or two off. The manager was pleased to grant the request and that afternoon the bookkeeper bought himself a new suit, new shoes and a pearl grey felt hat. He took the hat and shoes with him but the suit had to have some alterations and he could not have it until next day.

Nothing had been said all day about the missing mannequin and when closing time came he got out as early as he could and went straight for the place where he knew the most beautiful girl in the whole world was waiting for him.

He burst into the room. "My darling," he said. "Did you miss me? See, I have something to show you. How does this hat look? And here. I have new shoes. And tomorrow my new suit will be ready. You will not be ashamed of me darling. It's about time I got myself brushed up a bit. Been waiting for the raise all the time but now. . . . Now I am in love and I can't wait a moment longer. And I am so happy to find someone home to talk to. Before you came it was terribly lonely here and you know what loneliness is. But how could you know darling, for all your life you have been surrounded by admiring crowds. But last night we were alone. And here it is quiet and peaceful. It's a good rest you will have. And tomorrow when I come home in my new suit I will bring you something nice and you will sit at the table with me while I have supper."

Later that evening he confessed again to the beautiful flaxen haired girl. He told her about his most uneventful past and how he started as an office boy and studied bookkeeping in a night school. And how twice he tried to study to rise to a certified accountant like those fellows who come in once a month and never find a penny in the wrong column. Twice he began this course but he was discouraged because. . . . Well there seemed no use in it and he had nobody to work for and if he worked for himself he would only be working for Joshua Bogg. And Joshua Bogg is only Joshua Bogg. But now it was different and now he would take it up again because. . . .

"Because I can talk to you. Because I feel you understand what lies behind those empty words that a man says. Because I tell you everything and you will know that everything I tell you will be the truth. And you know, darling, I tell you things I would not dream of telling anyone. That has been my whole trouble. I live

Continued on page 192

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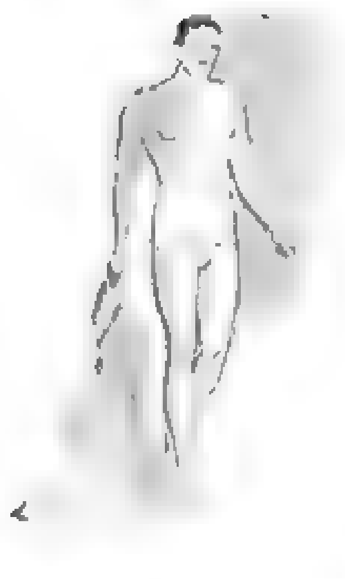

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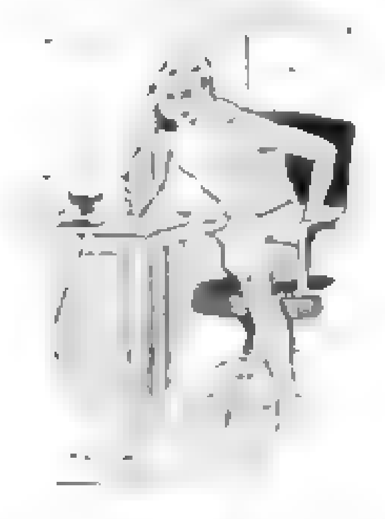

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MINNEAPOLIS
The Young-Quinlan Co.
NASHVILLE
Davitt's
NEWARK, N. J.
L. Bamberger & Co.
Kresge Department Store
NEWPORT, R. I.
J. R. Lorah & Co.
NEW HAVEN
Douglas McDaid
Gamble Desmond Co.
NORTH ADAMS
McCraw & Taro, Inc.
NEW YORK CITY
Bonwit-Teller, Inc.
F. R. Tripler & Co.
John Wanamaker
Peyton, Ltd.
Ambassador Chemists
(Hotel Ambassador)
Bloomingdale Bros.
Gimbel Brothers
Hitchcock Phar., Savoy Plaza
Oppenheim & Collins
Stern Brothers
OKLAHOMA CITY
Rothschild's B & M Stores
PHILADELPHIA
John Wanamaker
Gimbel Brothers
Strawbridge & Clothier
PITTSBURGH
Joseph Horne Co.
Kaufmann's
PITTSFIELD
Wendell Pharmacy, Inc.
POUGHKEEPSIE
Luckey, Platt & Co.
PROVIDENCE
The Shepard Company
Callender, McAuslan & Troup
ROCHESTER
B. Forman & Co.
McFarlin Clothing Co.
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
The Paine Drug Co.
ST. LOUIS
Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
ST. PAUL
Field Schlick & Co.
SALEM, MASS.
Almy, Bieglow & Washburn, Inc.
SAN ANTONIO
E. Hertzberg Jewelry Co.
SAN FRANCISCO
The White House—
Raphael Weill & Co.
The Emporium
SCHENECTADY
The Carl Co.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Albert Steiger Co.
SYRACUSE
The Addis Co.
C. E. Chappell & Sons
Powers Drug Co.
TOLEDO
LaSalle & Koch Co.
TROY, N. Y.
G. V. S. Quackenbush & Co.
UTICA
Estate of Dan Sullivan, Druggist
WALTHAM
Grover Cronin, Inc.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Woodward & Lothrop
Raleigh Haberdasher, Inc.
WILMINGTON, DEL.
T. H. Cappeau
WORCESTER
Buffington's, Inc.
YOUNGSTOWN
The Strouss Hirshberg Co.

HUNT CLUB
LE BARON BALTIQUE

Send this order coupon to your nearest store, or mail direct to
LE BARON BALTIQUE, LTD.
225 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send Hunt Club ☐ Shaving Bowl; ☐ Toilet Water; ☐ Sun Tan Cream; ☐ Essence; ☐ Deodorant.
☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ C. O. D.
Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________________

The Girl with the Flaxen Hair

Continued from pages 42-191

in my shell. And that is why the girls in the store—we have 350, almost one for each day in the year—they never look at me. And no one has ever asked me to a party or anywhere. But they are wrong. They judge a man only from the outside and they don't take the trouble to see what kind of heart beats inside of him. And they make fun of my old green mackintosh and my cotton umbrella. But they will be sorry. When they learn that I am loved by the most beautiful girl in the whole world then they will sit up and take notice. Won't they darling? And you do love me? Of course you do. I adore you and that is why I risked all to save you from the terrible slavery of a plate glass window. From the thousands of scrutinizing eyes that look you up and down and pierce through you. And I would do it again. Because these gaping people have no right to you and I have, because I love you. And I love you with great tenderness and not in any cheap way. You fill a place that is vacant in my nature and with you close I feel more complete; more a really full person. And do you know I have suddenly become quite bold. This morning I threw down my pen and breezed right into the manager's office. Not for a moment did I hesitate to ask for what I wanted. And did I stand there stammering timidly? Not a bit of it! And if my request had not been granted I was ready to snap my fingers right in his face and say, 'That for you!'"

He walked up and down proudly as he related the above to the beautiful flaxen haired mannequin. He snapped his fingers to illustrate how he would have done it. Pleased with himself, he snapped them again and again making a sharp sudden crack that seemed louder than anything that had ever issued from this timid bookkeeper, who for years lived in fear of his own shadow. He was surprised at what a loud crack his fingers could really make.

And that night he dreamed of the beautiful flaxen haired girl who was so arrogant and so proud. He dreamed that she came to his bed and sat beside him and her long beautiful fingers stroked his forehead and combed his hair. And she spoke in a very soft and musical voice and said, "Darling, my own sweet boy. I love you so. All day long I wait for your return and I see your sweet face before me always. I am so happy to be with you and so happy that you took me away from that horrid place. And you think I am only wax and straw but I am not. And you thought I was speechless but now you know that your warm affection has changed me inside completely. You hear I can talk; and you see I can walk and there is real blood in my veins and I have a heart that beats warmly for you. And the girl you have saved has become a real person and she loves you because you also have become a real person."

He woke up suddenly and turned on the light for it all seemed so real he could not believe it a dream. But it was a dream and the flaxen haired mannequin sat stiffly in her chair. He sighed and turned out the light but found it difficult to get to sleep again for the words he heard in the dream were echoing in his ears. And it was so hard to separate the truth from the fantastic. Was it really true that now he had become a real person? How does one prove that you are a real person?

He walked to work the next morning with a very lively step. He straightened out his humped shoulders and walked into the entrance of the department store with an air that made you think the place belonged to him.

"Just look at Joshua Bogg," he heard one of the salesgirls remark.

He turned slightly, snapped his fingers at whoever it was—he didn't even care—and went on into the office where he banged the books down on his desk and began his work.

A stenographer who worked in the same office looked up and said to her neighbor, "I wonder what's ever gotten into him."

Hearing this remark he looked up rather casually and again snapped his fingers. The girls looked at each other in surprise.

Everyone could see that Joshua Bogg was very happy. He hummed lightly to himself and went to the telephone and called the fifth floor, for this was where men's suits are sold in the store. "Be sure and let me know the moment my suit is ready. I want to put it on."

And this was not all, for when he went home that evening besides the new hat, new shoes and new suit he carried in his hand a large bouquet of flowers for his sweetheart, the beautiful flaxen haired mannequin. He put the flowers in her lap and turned around several times to show her how his suit fitted in the back.

"There now," he said, "how do you like it?"

Then he filled a jar with water and arranged the flowers on the table before them. "There are things in the world that are very beautiful but we don't pay enough attention to them," he remarked. "You know you really spoil me darling. Because of you I see beauty in everything."

And once more he cooked his little supper and chatted gayly about all sorts of things. He told her what happened in the office and how the girls were talking about him and that he merely snapped his fingers at them.

"I wonder why it is, darling, that love makes a man so indifferent to those little yapping remarks; and so independent too. That is why love is beautiful and what you said last night was true. It makes you a real person. And at first I didn't understand it but now I do."

The news that Joshua Bogg was no longer Joshua Bogg—the girls understood very well what this meant—spread through the entire department store from attic to basement. It meant that Joshua Bogg was no longer the owner of a cotton umbrella and the old green mackintosh. These would no longer fit his new condition. It was evident at a glance that Joshua Bogg was now quite a different man. But nobody in the whole place could account for the change.

The manager heard his secretary remark to a filing clerk, "It's about time Joshua Bogg got himself a new suit. If he waited for his raise he would be running around in rags." What about the bookkeeping department? Was Joshua Bogg a forgotten man? He rang his bell.

"Will you please find out when Joshua Bogg had his last raise?"

She looked in a book and came back with the reply: "Four years."

"How do you account for his being overlooked?"

The girl smiled. "I guess because he is just Joshua Bogg. He was too timid to ask for one."

"Well that is strange, I never thought of him before. Ask him to come here. I want to see him."

Joshua Bogg in his new suit and shoes, with his head high and a little saucy twinkle in his eye, he must have learnt this from the beautiful flaxen haired mannequin, walked boldly into the office.

"Mr. Bogg," began the manager, "you have not had a raise for four years. But as times are a shade better now. . . ."

"Excuse me for interrupting you. I quite understand no matter what the reason. Only I want to point out to you one thing, and that is that the auditors have never found a penny in the wrong column. Mistakes are costly and for eight years you have had none. Therefore, unless you are proposing to give me a very substantial and generous raise, I would rather have none at all. This may sound rather bold to you, but if I am entitled to it I will be pleased to have it and appreciate it. If I am not entitled to it then I certainly do not want it. I am very happy to remain as I am."

This was an unexpected and bold stroke indeed. Especially to come from a timid drudge who was never late and never sick.

The manager scratched his head and said, "Let me take this under consideration and I hope to let you know this afternoon."

The manager consulted with one of the company directors and it was decided that Joshua Bogg should have a fifteen dollar raise and two weeks extra vacation. This was because of the fact that the auditors never found a penny in the wrong column and because of eight years of service. At least this was the reason given. But the girls whispered that it was because he got himself some new clothes, and those upstairs in the office said that it was because Joshua Bogg was no longer Joshua Bogg—reason unknown. But. . . .

"Darling, it's all because of you!" and he embraced the flaxen haired mannequin when he got home that evening. And he danced around the room and gave the flowers on the table fresh water. And this was the start of a new life for Joshua Bogg.

Now things began moving terribly fast. He received a present of a silk umbrella from Miss Dickenson, the Paris buyer. And he brought it home and showed it to the flaxen haired beauty.

"You see, my darling, I tell you everything. Miss Dickenson gave me this but she made me promise to throw out the old bulging cotton one. She said it made me look like an old man from the moon or something antique. And Miss Dickenson — Dorothy is her first name—said I must take her out to lunch because she wants me to go to Bermuda for the two weeks and stay at the little place she knows. She said she was very happy that the main office had recognized my services at last. She has had to fight for every raise she has had. You know dear, I think Dorothy leads a very interesting life. Twice a year she goes to Paris to bring back the very latest. And only today she told me that they couldn't find any trace of that evening gown with the blue trimming and metalized bodice. She said it was one of the loveliest models she brought over and it has suddenly disappeared. But I did not let on that I knew anything about it. That's the gown you are wearing now. It's a good joke isn't it darling?"

Later he spoke some more about Dorothy and before he went to bed that night he suddenly looked up and said, "Darling, I wish you'd be frank with me. Tell me exactly what you feel. Do you like staying here with me? Isn't it very lonesome for you all day long before I get back? Tell me the truth. Would you rather I brought you back to the show window where you would have gay crowds and the Fifth Avenue life that you are part of and know so well? I wouldn't have you lonesome for the world. I know what a terrible thing it is to be lonesome. And I would do anything for you."

Yes, he decided that so great a beauty must be shared with the world. Besides there was the gown that Dorothy had herself selected. And he could not very well return the gown and leave the flaxen haired mannequin naked in his room. He decided it would be best to take her back.

In the morning when the porter unlocked the doors there stood the mannequin waiting to return to her place. He could hardly believe his eyes. He rubbed them

Continued at top of page 194

Your sunburn will be on your own head . .

• You can't avoid the sun in your eyes. But you *can* keep it off your scalp. Here's how!

SUN-PRUF CREAM prevents sunburn. Used thickly, it prevents a tan. Used sparingly, it permits you to tan safely. Yes sir, it's as invisible as your shaving lotion . $1

IDEAL SUNTAN OIL keeps your tanned skin from getting dry and uncomfortably leathery . . . $1 and $1.75

EIGHT HOUR CREAM quickly relieves sunburn or blistered lips (if you did not know about Sun-Pruf Cream). $1.75 and $3

On sale at all leading shops. Telephone if you're shy of the toiletries counter.

Elizabeth Arden

691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY

London • Paris • Rome • Berlin • Toronto • Chicago
Boston • Hollywood • Washington • Philadelphia

©1936 EA

PIPE GAVE THE BUCK FEVER!

BOYS, we see no sport in gassing deer with a gooey old pipe filled with garlicy tobacco. But we see a lot of pleasure in a well-kept briar packed with a gentle, fragrant blend like Sir Walter Raleigh. We've put a lifetime into mixing this rare combination of well-aged Kentucky Burleys that wouldn't nip a baby's tongue or a doe's nose. Sir Walter's got a delightful aroma all its own. Buck up and join the happy herd of Sir Walter Raleigh smokers. You'll have the world eating out of your hand! (Full tin, with heavy gold-foil wrap for freshness, at the unbelievably low price of 15¢.)

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
15¢
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
UNION MADE
"Sooner or Later-Your Favorite Tobacco"

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. F-69

How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE

"YOUR LUGGAGE PLEASE"

"TRAVEL LIGHT" *going back to school*

Traveling light with Wheary doesn't mean leaving things behind. Wheary Air-Motif Luggage, built like an airplane, amazingly combines lightness with strength ...saving dollars in excess weight charges and excessive pressing bills. It provides *planned* carrying capacity. Cases and places for everything—smoothly and compactly carried . . . in America's smartest, soundest, most ingenious luggage. See the newest Wearys—at your dealer's. *Wheary Trunk Co., Racine, Wis.*

Wheary "WARDROLA" *the trunk that rolls open.*

by "Wardrolette," "Aviator" and "Aviatrix" . . . luggage that serves better because of *planned* capacity.

WHEARY

Send for booklet, "What To Take and How To Pack It," showing Air-Motif Matched Trunks and Cases.

LIGHTNESS WITH STRENGTH

The Girl with the Flaxen Hair

Continued from pages 42-191-193

and blinked and again he looked at the flaxen haired girl. A morning paper was wedged under her arm. And this only made it all the harder to explain.

"Well, young lady," said the porter. "Where have you been all week? You just come and go as you please do you? We will soon put a stop to that. Come inside, I must report you. Been out raising hell, I bet!"

The flaxen haired beauty was taken to the basement and shamelessly her Paris gown was removed from her and she was dressed with something different. It was reported to the office that she was back.

When Joshua Bogg was going out to lunch with Dorothy to find out all about Bermuda and she was saying, "I wish I were going along," he glanced into the show window and there stood the radiant mannequin dressed in a smart tweed sport suit. There was a glassy twinkle in her eye and a smile on her wax coral lips.

Joshua Bogg, now a real person and a happy one, no longer the Joshua Bogg of old, tipped his pearl grey hat to his flaxen haired beauty. He was a gentleman and nobody would ever know from his lips the details of his affair with the beautiful mannequin. ⌗

A Breast of the Times

Continued from page 39

melancholy layman who is aware of what the hapless victim was up against realizes how irresistibly ruin presented itself to the fellow who should have known better. There are thousands of tabloid newspaper stories compacted in the preceding quotation from a typical brassiere advertisement. "Coaxing . . . yielding . . . persuading," need only "tells all" and "then everything went black" to bind all of life, frustration and stark tragedy, inseparably to the bitter-sweet story of bust faking.

One who delves into the mysteries of the spurious chests of females begins by suspecting this deceit has become big business only during comparatively recent times. However, one can't be too sure. "The Laws of Solon," quoting a woman's magazine, the *Delineator*, "forbade Greek women to wear more than three garments at a time." This edict, according to current investigation in the form sheets of the bust industry, still allowed leeway for a lively trade in brassieres for such is the ingenuity of the brassiere mechanic that the devices are ofttimes effectively employed with bathing suits and evening dresses of such stunning décolletage a lady can carry a spare packed in the same cartridge as her lipstick. As further period evidence, there are paintings of La Pompadour, exposing in semi-formal attire a resplendently pink team of McCoy honeydews, the budding 90-watt Mazda type lungs of Titian's young Amazons and the pineapple breasts of Pascin and other French artists of that time when la vie Bohême justified its art by making figurative improvements on the current dirty postcards.

However, the scientist can't accept such pictorial evidence as entirely conclusive for after all the artists might have given the models plenty of a break, and a break is literally the genesis of a bust. One of the business magazines in chronicling activities of that commerce which gilds the lily lung and adorns the rosy behind with "beauty molded svelte lines," prints a report of a style show put on by B. Altman & Co., during which "corsetry through the ages" was the theme of a pageant.

The journalist writes: "the blacksmith was the corsetier in the 16th century," but she (or he) also refers to "the magnificent new Charnaux creations of Anotex, significant of 20th century invention and suavity" as being presented. That tribute to the "magnificent new creations" somehow seems to have the same sort of hollow ring to it that technical articles have when they make quick references to the engineering work of the early Chinese, Mayans and other ancients whose unfathomable genius must be dismissed with an "ain't it wonderful?" phrase.

However, it is difficult for the scientist to be quite sure of himself when dealing with the lexicon of the lung and torso traffic. There is what strikes one who is an acolyte in the laboratory, a very careless use of phrases in the bust, belly and behind business ads, but maybe it is all right.

A puzzling instance lauds, as well it may, the merits of detachable brassieres that "let you eat your cake and have it, too!" What leaves the scientist in a fog is who is the "you" of the advertisement and what kind of cake is it? Angel food seems quite a pretty idea in this connection. "Let them eat cake" was the loosely used line that accelerated one revolution. Maybe another revolution is on its way and this "eat your cake" advertisement is a specimen of the skilled and heinous manner in which the propagandists steam up things to get us agreeable to their plans. Well, a fellow can't live forever, and choking to death on cake is 10,000 to one over stopping a hurtling, jagged hunk of shrapnel.

Other advertisements in the magazines for general female public, as well as for the inner circles of the foundation garment trade, are of a character that must be considered entirely blameless,

THE BRITISH HAVE A NUMBER FOR IT—

22.50

It's No. 199 by ALAN McAFEE of London . . .

—This famous last has been more often copied than any other last in the world but never equalled, as bootwise Britishers will assure you.

McAFEE BESPOKE MODEL—35. A shoe made by hand in its entirety by one man. Completely welted all around heel. The quality of this workmanship expresses the highest grade production in the world . . . and is becoming increasingly rare because of the dearth of apprentices.

At 12.50 . . . the lowest price shoe to which the great McAfee has ever given his name . . . and a truly remarkable value.

All models in Heavy Brown and Black Box Calf . . . Wing tip . . . Straight tip or half brogue.

Alan McAfee Shoes are exclusive in Philadelphia and New York with these stores

John Wanamaker

MEN'S STORES

Philadelphia—Broad & Chestnut
New York — Broadway at 8th

although somewhat disturbing and unique as social documents. No blame attaches to the advertisements because the nature of the business, or the mask of nature in it, permits blanket coverage by that grand old alibi, *honi soit qui mal y pense.*

You bump into an advertisement showing a lady—and there is no mistake about their being ladies in these pictures—attired scantily in a lacy outerhide with more curves than a six-day bike race. This lady is drawing back a curtain and peeking in at a mixed party of people in formal evening wear. Such is one of the popular scenes in the printed annals of the foundation garment business. It has the pleasant, companionable spirit of "company in the parlor, girls."

Should some artist drag a drawing like that around to Esquire, the staff, as dizzy as it is from the painful occupational malady of bust myopia, probably would jump out from ornate padded cells all over the joint and scream, "Scram, you bum, or you'll have the place pinched." But in the underworld of women's apparel advertising such views are very common pictures of practices followed by all the very best figures in this naïve sphere.

Only on rare occasions, however, are the bust, belly and behind business advertisements guilty of rank effrontery and contempt for the man in the street. One such instance is that of a brassiere advertisement headed, "Seeing is Believing" when as a matter of fact, in this affair seeing isn't believing at all. But feeling probably wouldn't be believing either, and as the ad writer evidently wanted to be coldly professional rather than sensual about the affair, he just picked one of the five senses offhand, making the deadline and took a long chance on some fellow finding out that seeing wasn't believing and carrying the case to the Better Business Bureau because of his tragic disappointment.

There is a grave warning to the hitherto unsuspecting male in the very names of the garments in obviously good favor with those who participate as pitchers or catchers in the business of deftly remoulding the female nearer to the heart's desire. There is plenty in a name, when it's applied to a brassiere, girdle or other item of lure harness. Beware, but listen: Popular Thrill, Maiden Form, Her Secret, Myth, Goss-Amour, Fig Leaf, Sho-Form, Sensation, Helen of Troy and Form-O-Uth. Those are some of the tags that tip you off the folks in this trade are playing with 52 spade aces against the normal male, unless all biology textbooks have been revised lately.

Although the major factor in the business is that of concealment, the foundation garment makers' basic sales appeal doesn't go any stronger for protective coloration than do the designers of six-foot stop signs. They are frankly on the make all the time.

The bust barons, in their own devious ways, do a great job of assisting nature in smoothing the way, so to speak, toward nature's ultimate objective. With some cloth, thread and gutta percha, the brassiere and corset mechanics undoubtedly score better for women every ten minutes of the selling day and romantic evenings than Ponce de Leon was able to do plodding many weary months in his futile search for the fountain of youth.

It is due, probably, to the artifice of the bust, belly and behind synthetizers that there are definite, frequent evidences of a complete reversal of form in the employment of the cynical slogan of seduction: "fool 'em and forget 'em." In departed periods that policy was the itinerary of the rake's progress with the pathetic dénouement being that of the maiden sad and alone as the villain resumed his post outside the transfer corner saloon, smirked and roped another female sap by a twirl of his fascinating, sleek black mustachios.

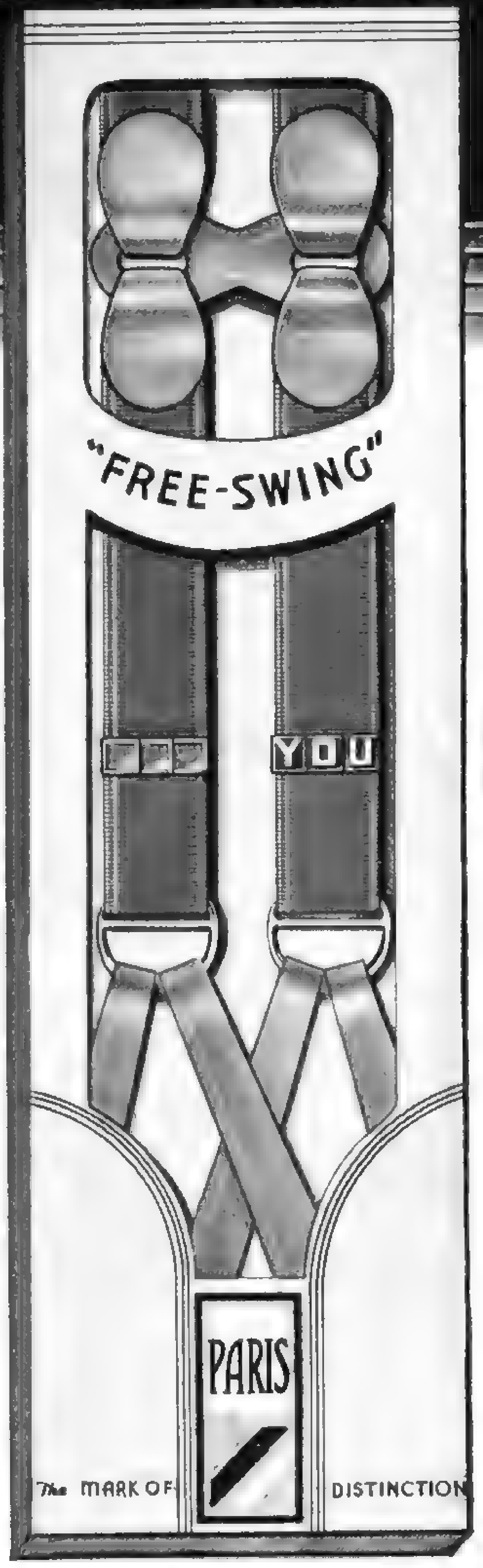
Now it is the female who fools and forgets them. Not with Victorian langour of "that long slanting cascade of bosom—without any apparent relation to the naked body beneath," as Aldous Huxley supplies the description of the "take your time" curves now antiquated. No, the provocative, free-wheeling and impertinent bosoms of contemporaneous models have no delay or indecision about them. They are busts that bust you right in the eye, as the phrase goes. But although the saucy chests of today, terminating in but faintly masked collar-button design papillae may be in only one case in fifty the work of nature, perhaps it is all for the best. Anyway, it can't be helped. Even when the male is beyond the trade territory of the foundation garment business he seems often to be bust-blind, as is attested by such evidence as that of Mahmoud Djelladine Pacha, to wit:

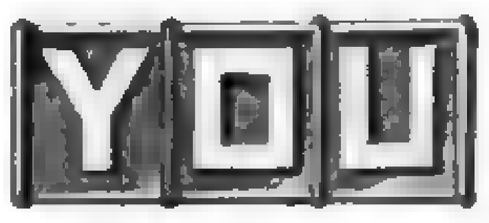
> "How beautiful are your breasts with their two russet berries.
> At sight of them, stricken, drunken, I cannot make a distinction
> Between them and white roses beaten in white snow."

A hundred years later enthusiastic students have the same difficulty making a distinction between Allah's handiwork and the Princess Patticakes, the Nymph Nuggets, the Beautibulbs, or similarly named fabrications of busts, so false and so fair.

So, it all probably ends with the philosophical male concluding that the thoughtful thing for him to do is to keep his mouth shut, as the argot pertinently goes in this case, and be reconciled to the male minding his own business while the female minds hers, part of which plainly is in seeing that her contour is such that the discriminating gentleman is kept ignorantly but aesthetically content with a breast of the times. #

MONOGRAM SUSPENDERS BY
PARIS
with "FREE-SWING" backs
PATENTED
CAN'T SKID OFF YOUR SHOULDERS





ACTUAL SIZE OF MONOGRAM

IF YOU LOSE YOUR PANTS
—it's not our fault!

Maybe this news should carry the familiar headline "Again Paris is First with the Latest". Now Paris "Free-Swing" Suspenders step out to do more than hold up your trousers in fine style and perfect comfort.

Paris has designed a grand monogram-buckle . . . a masterpiece in metalcrafting. Be safe . . . identify your pants . . . you may mislay them someday! Don't lose them . . . let your monogram on Paris Suspenders tell the world they're yours. And for complete "Can't Skid Off Your Shoulders" satisfaction, be sure to get the original Paris" Free-Swing" Suspenders.

Paris "Free-Swing" Suspenders in the latest Fall styles and colors at $1 . . . equipped with your own initial gratis. Other styles at $1.50 and up have beautiful three initial buckles, as illustrated. Yours should be at your dealer's.

Send your initials with your remittance and dealer's name; we'll supply you—if he cannot. State color suspender preferred. Address A. Stein & Company, 1143 West Congress Street, Chicago, Illinois.

A. STEIN & COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

ON or OFF THE CAMPUS

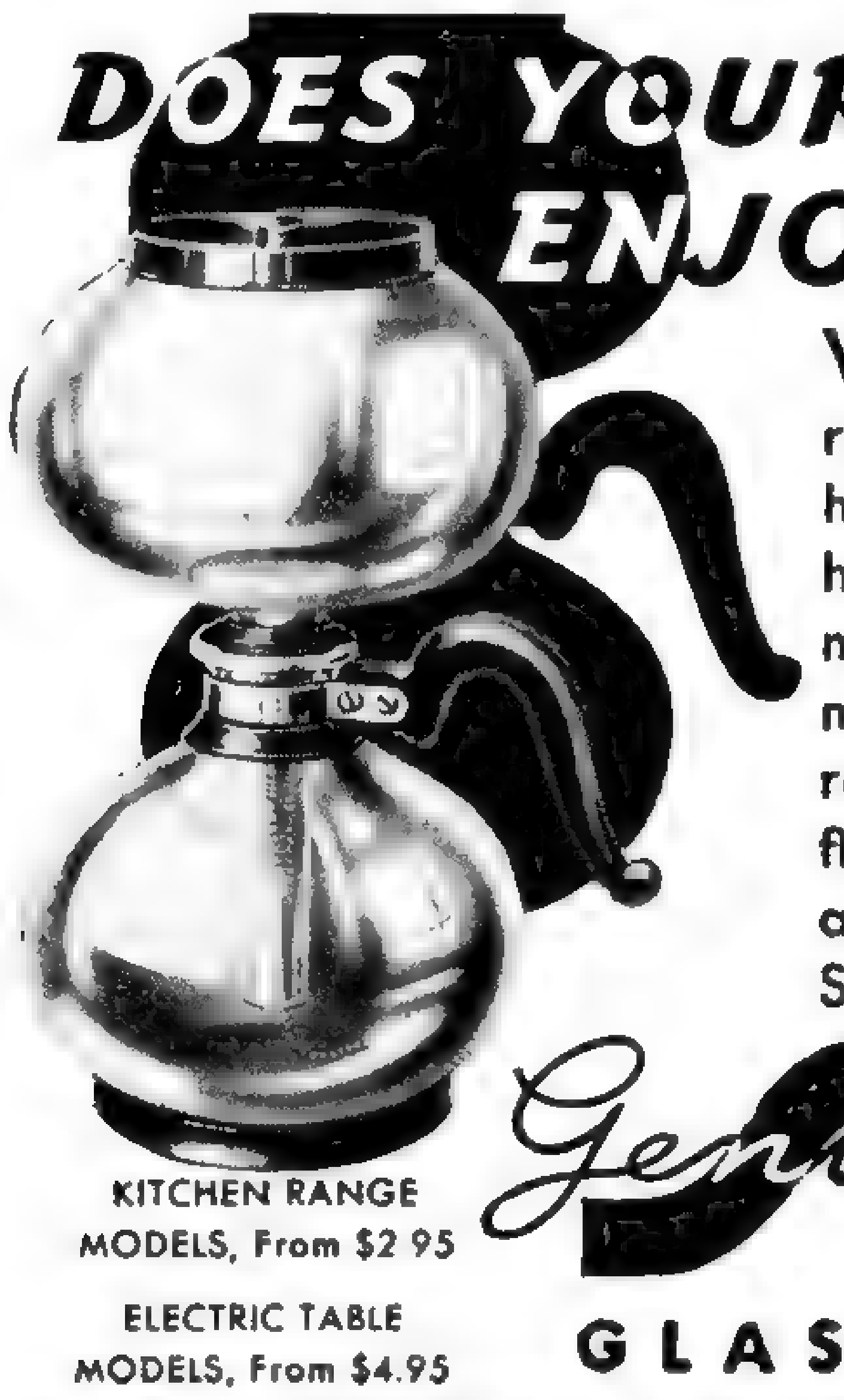
A HANAN MASTER LAST $14.50

The Briar...a new Scotch brogue conceived in Hanan's Made-by-Hand Department. In the exclusive Bootmaker Grain. As comfortable as the slippers you lounge in...and as rugged as the cleated shoes of the gridiron. On or off the campus, it's a "must" for rough cheviots and heavy tweeds.

Quality, like Character, Endures

Atlanta
Baltimore
Buffalo
Chicago
Cleveland
Detroit
Los Angeles
Philadelphia
Washington, D.C.
Pittsburgh
Rochester
St. Louis
San Francisco

HANAN
NEW YORK · LONDON · PARIS · NICE



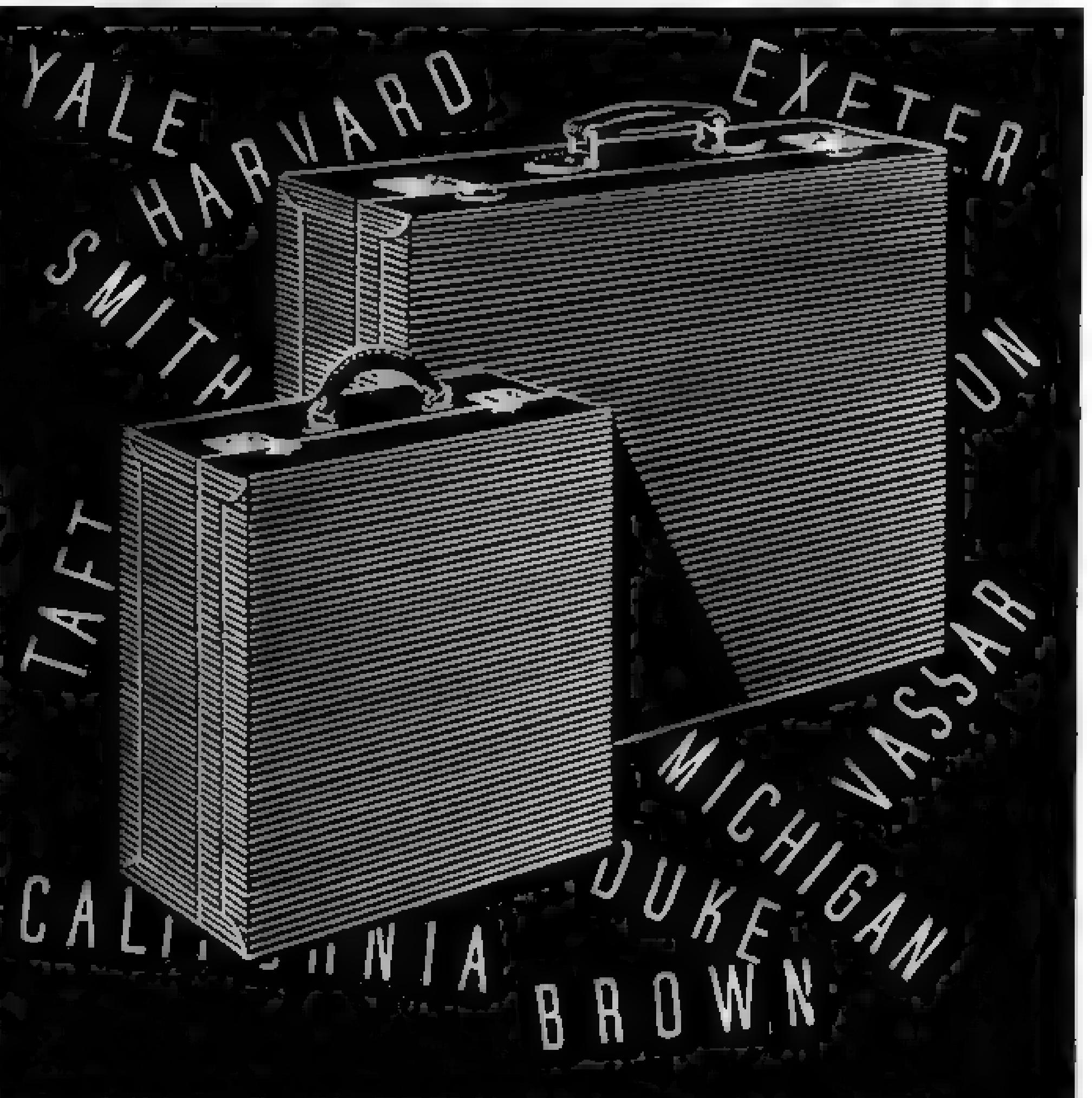
DOES YOUR HUSBAND ENJOY HIS COFFEE

WANT to get the old dear feeling right, so he'll say "yes" when you begin hinting about a new fur coat? Well, here's the secret. Make his coffee the modern way... in Silex glass coffee maker. Your coffee will be tempting, refreshing, appetizing. No metallic flavor. Has Pyrex brand glass, guaranteed against heat breakage. The Silex Co., Dept. E9, Hartford, Conn.

KITCHEN RANGE MODELS, From $2 95

ELECTRIC TABLE MODELS, From $4.95

Genuine SILEX
TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PAT OFF
GLASS COFFEE MAKER



BOYLE LUGGAGE
STANDARD SINCE 1851

School or College bound, *AIRFLITE leather luggage outsmarts and weighs less than any other. Within free limits for air travel, fully packed. Matched sets or single cases of cordovan, suntan hide or fine morocco for HER. English pigskin, suntan hide or tallowed windsor hide for HIM. At better shops $25 to $100.

*REG. TRADE MARK

If your dealer cannot supply, please write
BOYLE • 36 EAST 31st ST. • NEW YORK

What Is Obscenity?

Continued from page 48

able extent, for here the system of Licensed Prostitution still exists. But so does "obscenity"! It is even detected in the efforts of the pioneers of social hygiene to popularize wholesome and instructed notions of life. It is not long since Mrs. Genevieve Olds reported that the film, "*The Gift of Life*," which she had shown to crowded Young Men's Christian Association meetings, was censored by the Home Department of the Japanese Government and cut in three places.

These cuts seem particularly to have been concerned with the representation of spermatozoa joining the egg-cell. If this is obscene it is logical to regard the body itself as obscene. As a matter of fact it is so regarded, both actually and in representation, and in widely separated parts of the world. It is not long since a practically unclothed and weeping figure by a famous sculptor over the grave of an opera prima donna in Vienna had to be sternly wrapped in sackcloth pending its complete removal, and still more recently the police in some parts of the United States, even in the State of New York, have been equipped with powerful field glasses, so that they may make sure that distant bathers are not exposing their nude bodies. It is thus possible to regard nudity as an offense even when not visible to the naked eye.

But it is on the sexual instinct that the champions in the fight against obscenity mainly rely. They choose to assume that whatever arouses, or may be held possible in some person to arouse, the sexual impulse is "obscene." And the curious point is that they constantly assume that what is gratifying to the sexual impulse is also disgusting, difficult as it is to see how it can be both. "The book deals," said in court the Attorney-General of the British Government lately, "with what everybody will recognize as an unsavoury subject—gratification of sexual appetite." But if "unsavoury," how can it afford "gratification"? This identification, which "everybody will recognize," is a monstrous absurdity.

It is indeed worse than an absurdity. It is a gross immorality. That "unsavoury" subject of sex lies at the acknowledged foundation of our moral system. Law is pledged to regulate, uphold, and maintain it: the churches occupy themselves with sanctifying and blessing it. Those persons who on one hand pour contempt and disgust upon it, and on the other hand are all respect and reverence, show themselves unfit to deal with human affairs. Such mental confusion over the fundamental relationships of life cannot fail to be socially mischievous. How can we deal with it?

It is quite reasonable to say that in worrying about the effects of "obscenity" we are worrying about nothing. Sensible people, including many who are intimately concerned with literature, constantly express the opinion that no harm is done. The alleged "stream of filth" passes over the young and for the most part affects them not at all. As a recent sagacious student remarks in discussing the pursuit of beauty in art: "Practically no bemused young person ever got mental harm from a book, a picture, or a statue, that would not have come, probably under worse auspices, in the course of his or her ordinary living." So the conclusion is reached that it is a mistake to show anxiety to keep away from the young any objects that even have strong "erotic tinge," and especially a mistake when that tinge is found in a great work of art.

But we have to go deeper. How can we deal with that impulse of disgust or of fear which lies at the root of the widespread tendency to ban or inflict penalties on those objects in life or in art which manifest the strong "erotic tinge" which yet we admit to lie at the foundation of existence?

It seems to me that ultimately there is only one remedy: education. The confusion, still existing even on the judicial bench, concerning the nature of the sexual impulse, the uncertainty as to whether it is an object for disgust or for reverence, is based on a training in false traditions.

We now have a slowly spreading training on more rational lines. We are beginning to be able to face the impulses of sex and to speak about them and to realize that under normal wholesome conditions they are entirely natural, and neither to be dismissed as divine or as devilish.

But we are still only at the beginning of that realization. We have not yet in any serious degree applied it to the hard and fossilized notions which are preserved in law courts and churches and schools and far too many private families.

Let me illustrate what I mean by referring to a not uncommon manifestation which by many, even advanced eugenists, is viewed as socially harmful. I refer to exhibitionism. That is to say that there are men who find a perverse sexual gratification in self-exposure to children and young women. The exhibitionist counts on evoking a shock, whether of pleasure or of terror, in the spectator, and his own reaction to that shock is emotional gratification.

Exhibitionism, under existing social conditions, instructively furnishes a key to the significance of obscenity. They both owe their more extravagant effects to ignorance and superstition. If all were brought up to a simple and wholesome knowledge of the human body, its exposure could produce neither a morbid pleasure nor a

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foolish fright, and the exhibitionist's motive would have disappeared. He would merely have committed a silly act of bad taste. The difficulty which magistrates today often feel about what to do with him—since prison is obviously wrong as well as useless—would no longer exist.

To anyone who thinks over the matter this solution of the exhibitionist problem is obvious. But it cannot be reached until that movement of sex education which the schools, and now also the churches, are working towards, has really interpenetrated the social structure to an extent deep enough to affect our customs and codes and laws. "Obscenity," whatever we choose to understand by the term, will then have become a manifestation, legitimate in so far as it is a natural human interest, and in its excesses simply a matter of bad taste. #

Training School for Lovers

Continued from page 57

early preferences and youthful flirtations, but rather regard such manifestations benevolently as the first preparatory steps of the child for marriage.

Nor should we discourage associations of boys and girls in the higher grades with comrades of their own sex. Friendship and comradeship are also preparations for love. In their early beginnings love and friendship are similar. However, love turns to a person of the opposite sex. Friendship makes no distinction between the sexes. Love demands exclusive possession. Friendship, having no biological and no economic function, makes no such demand. Men and women who make good friends make good husbands and wives. A talent for friendship presages talent for marriage. Fickle friends are fickle lovers!

It is desirable to interest the pupil, even in Love's primary grades, in various types of human beauty. It is not necessary to conceal or over-emphasize the genital sphere. Take your children to the picture gallery, to the museum. Don't be afraid of Aphrodite without any nightie! The pupil will attempt to rediscover in life the eternal values perpetuated in art by the sculptor, the painter and the poet.

Our civilization, unfortunately, overstresses the importance of the male element. As a result, there are men who do not wish to assume the obligations which accompany the fictitious privileges of their sex and there are women who resent the fictitious inferiority conferred upon them by custom. This often exaggerated attitude is what I have called "the masculine protest." We cannot in a decade, or maybe even in a century, overcome the evolution of an ideal that has developed in thousands of years and is encrusted with our laws, our traditions and our vocabulary. But we can teach the love student that differentiation of function does not imply inequality, that the male and the female contributions to marriage and to civilization are equally valid and equally important.

Once we establish this attitude there will be fewer dislocations of the sexual function. We will not be able to say with so much frequency, as one up-to-date author has phrased it: "Boys will be—girls", or "girls will be—boys." In educating youth for love we should prepare each sex for its specific functions and adapt the individual to the requirements of our civilization and our laws.

Boys and girls of high school age should be trained as in their future vocation. In the case of girls, stress should also be laid upon impressing upon them as early as possible the secret of scientific housekeeping. Good housekeepers and good workers make good marital partners. The individual who prepares her or himself well for his occupation, is inclined to be useful in all his relations. It can be expected of such a partner that he will strive to solve the problem of marriage no less efficiently than the other problems of life.

As the student reaches the age intended by nature for mating, we must impress upon him the necessity of amatory discipline. We must not take romance out of love. But we must teach him that romance alone is not sufficient. Between romance and reason, the latter is more important. That is the reason why sensible marriages arranged by parents are more often successful than the run-away love match. We should not, on the other hand, conceal from the students of love that physical and mental attraction are absolutely essential in marriage. It is the physiological bonus which nature pays man for taking upon himself the task of perpetuating the species and of safeguarding the family. It may be right to say with Shakespeare "He never lived who loved not at first sight." It is safe to say that the absence of physical attraction, even at the first meeting, constitutes a handicap that is a problem to be overcome by the God of Love. It is not safe—as I explain to my patients—to expect love to come after the wedding!

The School of Love must stress, especially in lectures for mature students, the necessity of physical fitness. Physical debility or mental deficiency should rule out a person so handicapped as a lover. I am always suspicious when a man or a woman chooses as a partner in love a bodily defective, or mentally deranged person. A predilection for a sickling, a drunkard, a gambler or a delinquent, is not a proof of altruism, but points to some inferiority in the person who makes such a choice. The altruistic partner figuratively looks down upon her or his mate

Continued on page 198

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Training School for Lovers

Continued from pages 57-197

and likes to pose as a saviour.

The man who marries a prostitute, the woman who marries her social and mental inferior, usually has some other motive than love. This motive is sure to cause mischief and friction. There is also the danger that the person supposedly on the lower level will resent his inferior status and refuse to be saved or uplifted. The sexual relationship should not be abused to satisfy an Inferiority or Superiority Complex. It is a great mistake to believe that "a good woman's love," or the "love of a good man" will save her or his partner. Sexual satisfaction, love, marriage, are no remedy for mental disturbance or anti- or unsocial tendencies.

We must teach our young men and women enough psychology to look out for Danger Signals in Love. Avoid in love the man or the woman who is always late for an appointment without adequate reason. Habits of this kind point to deficiencies which, unpleasant enough in social intercourse, become unbearable in the daily intimacies of marriage. The boy or the girl who, even in the days of courtship, is inconsiderate in small things, should be shunned as a wife or husband. I remember the case of one young fellow who was dancing with a girl. They slipped and both fell to the ground. His first instinctive act was not to pick up his partner or shield her from the shock of the fall, but to save his glasses from breaking! Incidents such as these show a man's mettle and prove his unfitness for marriage.

In the tremendous variety of personality we find some individuals who lack social instinct. They have no desire for social intercourse and indulge in moody spells of isolation. In marriage such people are inconsiderate of the marital partner. Some men are so ambitious that they are married to their work rather than to their wives. Some husbands put their partners in a refrigerator emotionally and take them out only when the fancy strikes them. Such men, or their feminine counterparts, are not prepared for love and marriage.

A person's behavior in the time of courtship is no infallible sign of his fitness; he has a definite goal which may, for the time being, hide vacillations of character and faults of temper. It is necessary to watch the behavior of young lovers, not only toward the beloved, but towards others. It is not a safe bet for a girl to entrust her future to a man who disregards the rights or the feelings of others, even if for the moment under the spell of the sex urge, he showers her with attentions. These little things are straws in the wind, which graduate pupils from the School of Love will not neglect.

The girl who does not "like" children, is unfit to be a successful mother. Similarly, men who do not "like" children are undesirable husbands. The boy who selfishly insists upon pre-marital love relations makes a poor husband, not because such relations are necessarily wrong, but because it is obvious that he has no consideration for his feminine partner who, under present conditions, faces greater risks and penalties than the male. As a matter of fact most men—no matter how they may theorize about it—do not approve of prenuptial relations in the woman they marry, even if they themselves are the recipients of her favor.

I have not in the foregoing stressed education in the Technique of the Sex Act and Prophylaxis, etc. The necessity of training in these matters is recognized by all enlightened students. I take it for granted that they will be duly emphasized by those who are in charge of the courses in question. I have no doubt that love will play an important part in the school of the future. No system of education is complete unless it provides for social progress in the Art, the Science and the Practice of Love.

I recommend the following courses on Love and Marriage:

LOVE CURRICULUM

For the Kindergarten:
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- Coöperative Sports: Training for Future Lovers

Primary School:
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- The Hygiene of Sex
- The Physiology of Sex
- The Psychology of Sex
- The Physical Basis of Marriage

College:
- The Social Function of Marriage
- The Economic Function of Marriage
- The Biological Function of Marriage
- Vocational Training and Marriage
- Domestic Science and Marriage

Postgraduate
- The Logic of Monogamy
- Love as a Task for Two
- Bed Manners and Bad Manners in Marriage
- Sex Equality and Sex Differentiation
- Perils and Pitfalls of Eros
- The Flight from Sex Responsibility
- The Masculine Protest in Modern Civilization
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When We Get Married

Continued from page 51

"What about?"

"What if I should die before we get married?"

"You won't die," she smiled.

"How do you know I won't?"

"I just know."

Damn her. She didn't believe in anything but herself. There was no such thing as death to her where they were concerned; there was only matrimony. But he would show her.

"Why'n't you say something, Joe?"

"You don't love me, do you, Mary?"

Her arms went tight around his neck and her body tried to press itself into him.

"How can you say such a thing?"

"Because if you loved me you would act different."

She kissed him hard, almost frantically. She acted as if she didn't care for anything any more. Her hot hands fumbled around his face as if they wanted to tell him something. He had never seen her like this before; maybe he had her now.

"Mary."

"Yeh, Joe?"

"What do you say?"

She hid her face against his shoulder. "I can't, Joe."

"But why?" he asked in angry exasperation.

"Because."

"But what if I get mad and never come back?"

She hugged him tightly. "You won't ever leave me, Joe. Ever."

"How do you know I won't?"

"I'll tell you after we get married," her hands pulled his head down, and with a twist of the head her smiling lips were formed into his as they had been about this time every Saturday night for the past two years. ⧺

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 101

the effect of various coal-tar derivatives without knowing the *why*.

In this connection it is proper to mention Gipsy Petrulengo's fascinating *Romany Remedies and Recipes* (Dutton, $1.00), which gives us the various herbs and the diseases for which the Gipsies use them as specifics. This is gipsy folk-lore which goes back through the centuries; and the gipsies have immemorably been healthy folk, skilled not only in fortune-telling but in the art of healing. Many of the prescriptions given by Gipsy Petrulengo will be laughed at by modern physicians; but if you should ask them what they would prescribe in the place of the herbs used by the gipsies for a specific illness, it would probably turn out that they would name a synthetic chemical compound very like the chemical constituents of the herbs, if not actually derived from them.

Peattie, beating about the bush of scientific knowledge, has started many hares of speculation which I should like to chase with my mind. One of them is linked up with Count Carlo Sforza's *Europe and Europeans* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75), another with *Hitler* (Covici-Friede) by Rudolf Olden, and still another (strangely enough) with a curious conglomeration of stuff which Aldous Huxley is pleased to call a novel and is published under the title *Eyeless in Gaza* (Harper, $2.50), Huxley's novel, in turn, switched me on to his grandfather, T. H. Huxley's *Diary of the Voyage of H. M. S. Rattlesnake* (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00), a previously undiscovered document by the great Victorian scientist, recently edited and published with an introduction by Julian Huxley. (Reading Huxley's diary immediately after reading his grandson's "novel," I am reminded of Henry Adam's dictum: "The progress of evolution from President Washington to President Grant, was alone evidence enough to upset Darwin.")

Count Sforza was in the diplomatic service of Italy for over thirty years and was serving as ambassador in Paris when Mussolini seized the dictatorship in 1922. When Mussolini marched on Rome, Sforza sent a famous telegram of resignation and went into voluntary exile, despite Mussolini's efforts to retain him in the diplomatic service. Sforza is a representative of the best in European culture, a scholar, a man of the world, a linguist, a student, and that rarest among men who enter the diplomatic game, a realist who at the same time puts human life and human liberty above all claims of state. "Dictators," he says, "cannot do without wars," and both as an economist and as a humanitarian he is opposed to war. The Tories in western Europe, particularly in England and France, says Sforza, myopically encourage and hope for a re-armed Germany's aggression against Soviet Russia, whereas the least educated politically realize that if Germany is given a free hand against Russia "it will a little later mean German hegemony over all Europe." Stalin has strategically switched from an encouragement to aggression by giving up his own threat of aggression in his loudly proclaimed aim of world revolution for the "more modest and sensible aim of internal economic reconstruction."

Dictators of the type of Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini, says Sforza, are not "in power;" they have no choice; they are intrenched in power, and "Stalin and his comrades, who now govern Russia, are obliged to offer from the Kremlin a much more serious resistance than the Czar offered to Kerensky or than Kerensky offered

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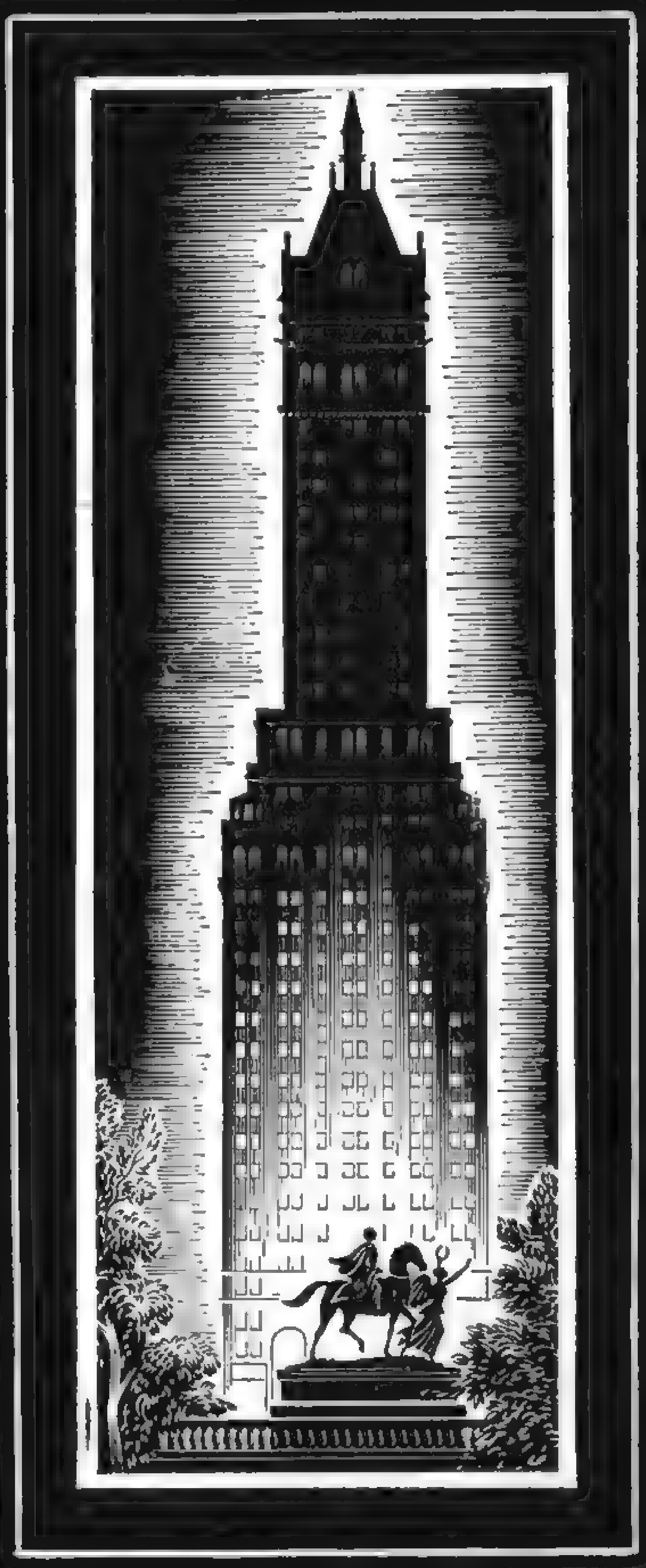
NIGHT AND DAY



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★"CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.

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Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 101-199

to Lenin." Stalin has back of him, and coercing him, the mystical faith of millions of Russians who "in spite of tragic deceptions, in spite of Stalin's constant compromises with reality . . . . still believe that the Leninistic formula, the Dictatorships of the Proletariat, will some day become the key to the enchanting world they hope for. . . . This feeling may fade. But deliberately to have ignored it during the silly years of diplomatic boycott of Soviet Russia has been the most stupid repetition of errors committed by the British and German governments during the French revolution."

Sforza is highly skeptical that the Soviet experiment will lead to something beneficial to the moral progress of Europe because he "does not see how the collective moral enslavement reigning in Russia, as in all dictatorial countries, can aid the upward trend of human spirits."

Sforza, analyzing the troubles in the Near East, particularly the troubles between the Jews and Arabs in Palestine, uncovers many ironies. The trouble has arisen over the prosperity of the Jews. The prosperity of the Jews in Palestine is directly traceable to the persecution of the Jews by Hitler, with its resultant flow of Germano-Jewish capital and other activities to Jerusalem. The French, given the mandate over Syria, have cleaned up the country, built concrete roads, destroyed the disease infested slums of Pera, Galata and Beirut, and built wide tree-lined avenues, beautiful villas, completely transformed the country to such an extent that the capital wealth of the nomad Bedouins (who count their wealth in camels) has fallen off alarmingly with the coming of motor trucks, and the Bedouins are seeking to give up robbery and pillage for cattle raising and agriculture. Imports have increased thirty per cent in Palestine, whereas in Syria they have fallen off seventy-five per cent. Palestine is under British mandate but this has nothing to do with Jewish prosperity in Palestine: the responsible agency is Hitler's persecution of the Jews.

Meanwhile the Arabs ("whether they are called Syrians or Mesopotamians, Maronites or Moslems, Druzes or Mutawiles, or Ansarüs, they are all Arabs") are eighty per cent Semitic, with a ten per cent infusion of Italian and French blood from the Crusades, and another ten per cent infusion of Turkish and Persian blood. Even the puppet King Feisal, established by the British in Arabia, said in a letter to Professor Felix Frankfurter, "We feel that Arabs and Jews are cousins in race, have suffered similar oppressions." Nevertheless, the Arabs are now at one another's throats over a Jewish population and prosperity created by Hitler's hatred of all Semites.

It is from reading Sforza's book that one gets interesting confirmation of some of the scientific hypotheses of Peattie's book; but the confirmations are in Sforza's observation of the peculiarities of thought and behavior among the human beings in various political, economic, and geographical groups—peculiarities which differentiate the group of a species from the norm of *homo sapiens* only as, say, the species of birds of paradise, parrots, gorillas, and fruit-pigeons on the island of Ternate differ from their kin in islands only a few miles away. In his *Journal of the H. M. S. "Beagle,"* Darwin wrote "Seeing this graduation and diversity of structure in one small intimately related group of birds (on Galapagos) one may really fancy that from an original paucity of birds in this archipelago one species had been taken and modified for different ends." And with the coming of paved roads, irrigation and motor transportation the cousin Jews and Arabs may at length settle their differences and produce a new species, reclaiming in common lands they held anciently and nurturing, as they did when they produced Mosaism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity, a new faith to sweep the world.

Olden's *Hitler* is the best and most comprehensive study of the rise of Hitler, the man, and of Hitlerism, that has appeared. While loathing the present set-up in Germany, Olden leans over backward to be judicial and fair. It is heavily documented but is easy reading. Only once does Olden put forth a psychological theory to explain Hitler. Others have attributed the lack of scandal or love affairs in Hitler's life to sublimated homosexuality, but Olden cites a passage from *Mein Kampf* to put forth the theory that when Hitler was a youth a girl he was in love with favored a Jewish boy and not Hitler, and that out of a sense of inferiority to Jews that this episode gave him arose his hatred of all Jews.

Aldous Huxley once wrote an abusive essay on Swift, deriding him for scatological indecency, twisted bitterness and inhumanity. This was strange because precisely the same words could be used against Huxley with equal reason. I have found *Eyeless in Gaza* very difficult and, in places, somewhat nauseating to read, simply because of the clogged and glutted spleen of the author. The obvious aim of the author is to write a tract against war in the form of a novel of sorts. To this end he has his hero pass through a series of experiences and reflections which are recorded in narration, diary entries, and long essays, until he arrives at the conclusion that "In peace there is unity. Unity with other lives. Unity with all being. For beneath all being, be-

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neath the countless identical but separate patterns, beneath the repulsions, lies peace. The same peace as underlies the frenzy of the mind. Dark peace, immeasurable peace. Peace from pride and hatred and anger, peace from cravings and aversions, peace from the separating frenzies. Peace through liberation; for peace is achieved freedom" and so on for six hundred words.

These definitions of peace sound strangely like death to me, and much of the mystical mumbo-jumbo of this novel sounds like the outpourings of a frenetic and undernourished sophomore who has read more than he can digest and has ascetic erotic fantasies of a peculiarly embittered sort. Huxley can make the manifestations of sex more repulsive than any writer of our time and, beginning with his description of a woman having an orgasm through his repulsive depiction of a male homosexual being blackmailed by a male prostitute, I found no reason why the people of Huxley's creation should be saved from war: extinction would be merciful and salutary.

Huxley's grandfather, old T. H., as one inevitably thinks of him recalling his epochal debate with Bishop Wilberforce which settled for a long time to come the right of the scientist to pursue his investigations without hindrance from theologians—old T. H. in his youth was a healthy, handsome and hearty man, who had a keen eye for pretty girls and thought nothing of eating six pigeons and drinking nine cherry cobblers at a sitting. And after the five year voyage of the *Rattlesnake*, recorded in this newly discovered diary, he returned to become a general biologist, proponent of evolution, propagandist for truth and freedom, popularizer of science and master of one of the clearest and most effective prose styles in English literature.

To take the nasty taste out of the mouth left by a reading of the grandson's *Eyeless in Gaza*, I can recommend no better cure than a reading of the grandfather's *Diary of the Voyage of H. M. S. Rattlesnake*. Here is recorded high vision and purpose, grit and adventure, profound faith in human life and destiny by a professed agnostic, and inspiriting and courageous career in pursuit of truth and beauty by an underprivileged lad who had to leave school when he was ten years old, educated himself, apprenticed himself in medicine and at nineteen wrote a treatise on a discovery he had made concerning the microscopical structure of human hair and signed on as assistant surgeon and naturalist aboard the *Rattlesnake* at twenty, after winning an M. B. with full honors and many prizes. His grandson thinks it is awfully clever to parody Descartes' *Cogito ergo sum* with dirty words in Latin.

If I mistake not, R. C. Sherriff's *Green Gates* (Stokes, $2.50) will be one of the most popular novels of many seasons and deservedly so, for it is a clever and engaging combination of the qualities of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* and of the most uplifting of the self-help literature and it has, plus these factors in popular appeal, good humor, genial satire and considerable punch. It is difficult to think of its having been written by the author of that grim war play *Journey's End* but that's the fact. The story is about a London clerk who is retired after forty-eight years of service and given an ornamental clock by his employers as a token of esteem. His unwished for and unexpected retirement, instead of killing him, completely changes his whole view of life, breaks up all his habit patterns and makes a new man out of him. He suddenly discovers that not only has he been a worm in his office, meekly consenting to be trod upon, but a worm in his own household, henpecked by his wife and under the tyranny of a slatternly housekeeper. He rises up, asserts himself, and when, to his great surprise, his revolt works, he gets a renewal of ambition and makes good as he had never made good before. Delightfully improbable but utterly convincing while you read it.

Watch out for a novel called *Journey Home* (Doubleday, Doran, $2) by a new star in the literary firmament named Harold Sinclair. This novel is pure romance and, what is more, pure eighteenth century romance with a contemporary setting and contemporary characters; it is a young man's idea of a perfectly ordered universe, a beauteous example of vicarious wish-fulfillment and, throughout an amusing, entertaining delight. It is the story of the odyssey of a young man thrown out of a job by the depression and of his adventures on a shanty boat in the Ohio, in New Orleans during the Mardi Gras, in the literary Bohemia of Chicago, on a ranch in California and in the sweeter corners of the senses always. It is to be published on September 4. Manuel Komroff's *Waterloo* (Coward. McCann, $2.50) is so carefully documented historically and so deliberately unheroic and unmelodramatic that it loses savor as an historical novel but for those who are unfamiliar with the events that led to Waterloo and what happened there it is to be recommended. ⧺

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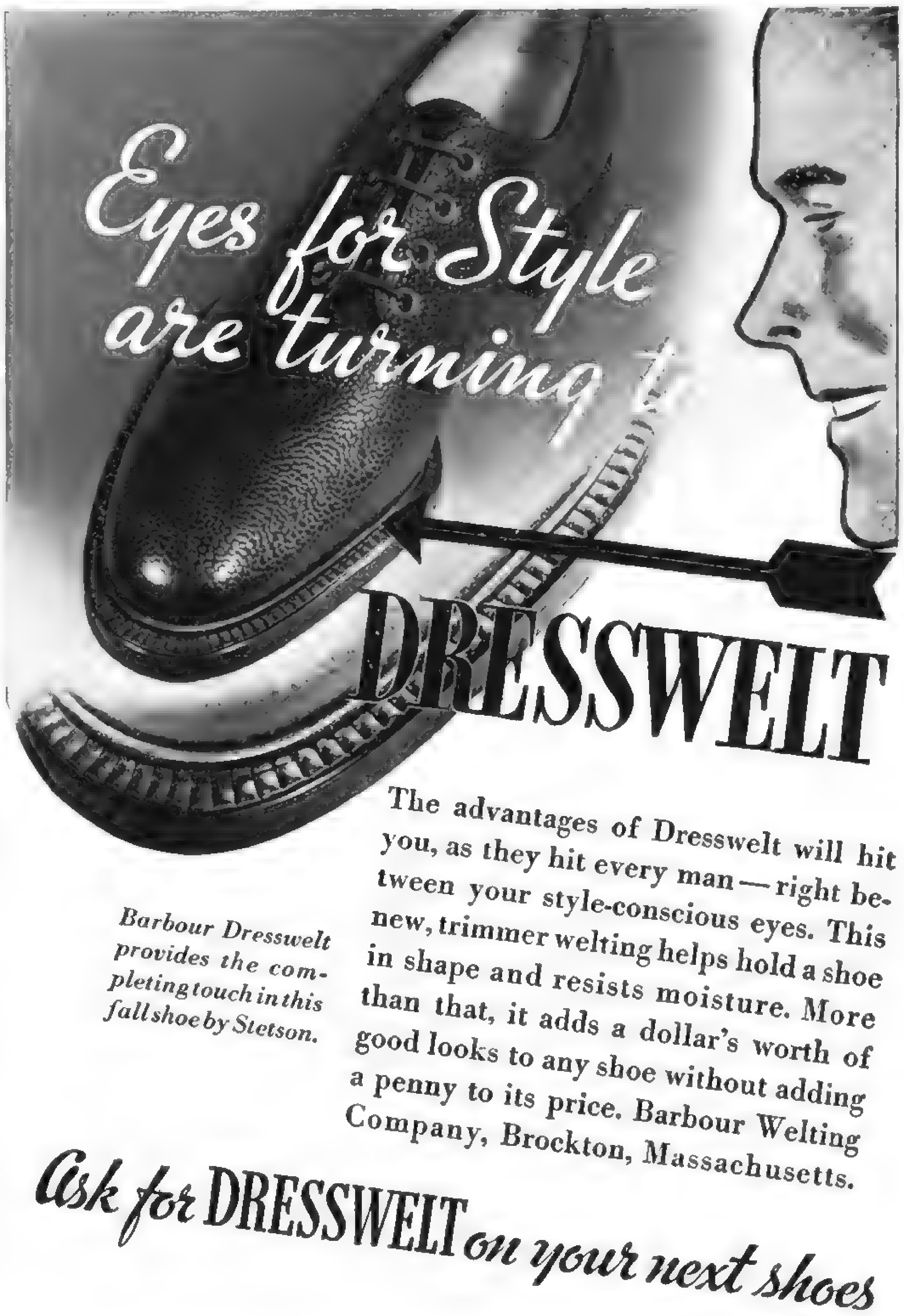

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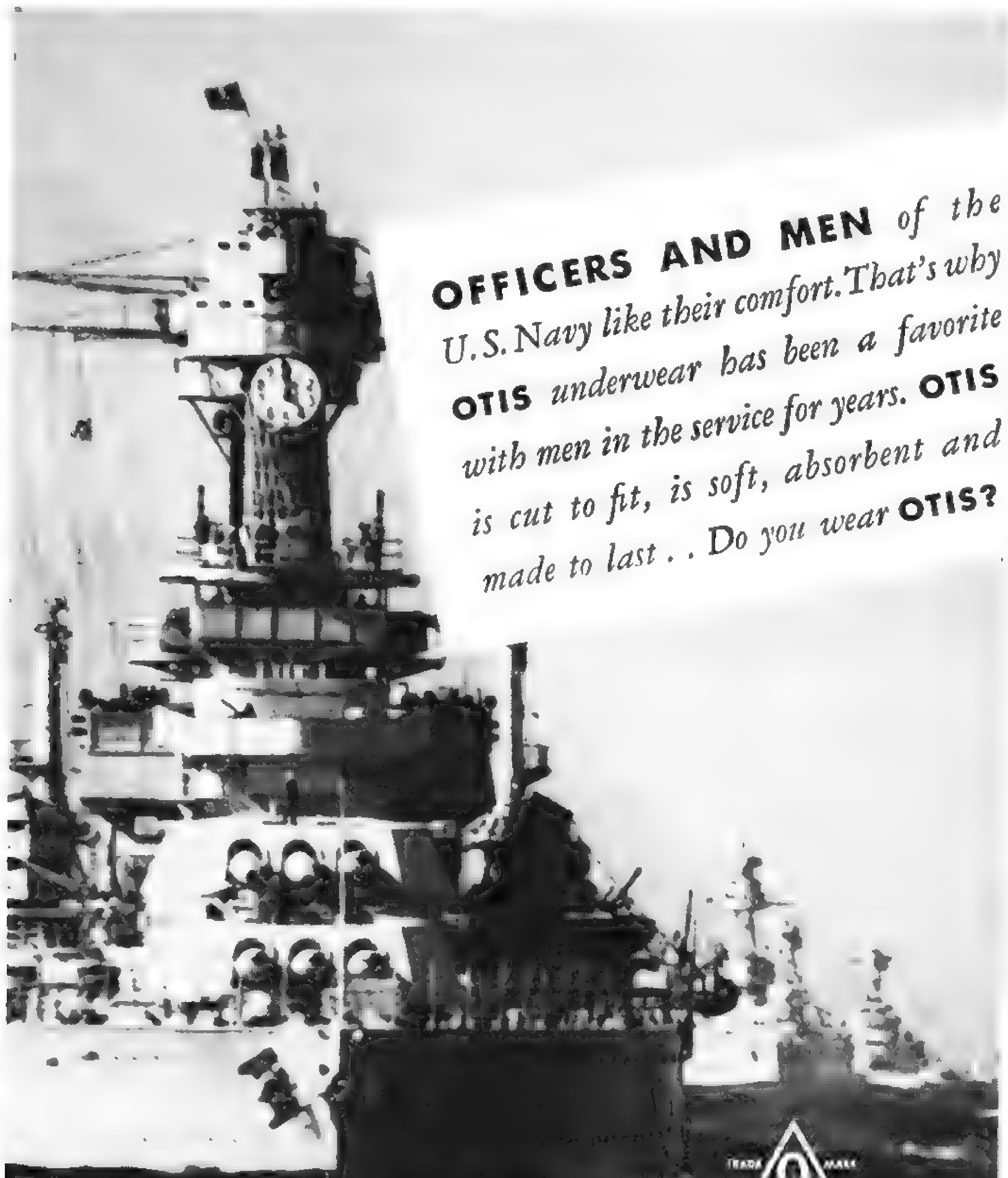
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Respect of the Lawr

Continued from page 45

"Such a guy is a sucker," said the big man.

"Maybe," said the little man. "He isn't up here with us so we can't find out for sure."

"Anyway it's them millions of cons I'm thinkin' about, like the doc reports. I ain't complainin' personly. The undernourished and the underprivileged."

"I hear old J. P. Morgan was an underprivileged," said the little man. "He came over here busted and started out as a peddler."

"Well, it's the exceptions that make the rule. Everybody ain't got talent to be peddlers. At least accordin' to criminal psychology. Each con should be treated like a seperate problem. In this way he would come to have respect of the lawr. He would finely go out into the great outdoors into a job which has been procured for him and will suit his temperment, lookin' forward to the virtues of family life and so forth, contented to—"

"But," interrupted the little man, "I have never heard of a job that would suit a con's temperament, and I read how the virtues of family life are being attacked from every side. Did you ever hear of a rich guy stealing money?"

"Sure," said the big man. "We got three bankers, a doughnut king, and a wealthy murderer over in Number Six cell block. Why?"

"I was wondering whether they were guys with jobs that didn't suit their temperaments, or just some of the underprivileged."

"Under psychology, that is a different story," said the big man. "Under psychology, criminals hev to be grouped into different classes."

"They group them into different classes right here," said the little man. "The ones who are doing ten, the ones who are doing twenty, and so on."

"It ain't so simple as that," the big man shrugged.

"No," said the little man. "But it's pretty simple. Mostly everybody up here is in because they couldn't keep their hands off other people's property."

"That is where you are wrong," said the big man. "They are here for gettin' caught at it."

"Which proves they are nuts to keep trying."

"Nevertheless, I still think respect of the lawr is the ony solution. But when the lawr itself stoops so low as to frame a guy, what kin you expect?"

"Nothing," said the little man.

"If they'd got me with the goods, O. K. But framin' a guy is low. The next joint I crack it'll be a different story."

"So you're going to crack another joint when you get out?" said the little man.

"Well, a guy has got to do somethin'. It's all the fault of this middle evil system."

The gong sounding the end of the yard period rang.

"You wanna borry this here book by this criminal psychologist?" the big man asked.

The little man's answer was lost in the scuffling of feet that ensued.

Three Men on a Nickel

Continued from page 53

The next day this walking bank, this James Winwood, came in and we all three talked things over and we decided to get started right away. I had a play I wanted them to do. *The Magnificent Donkey*, but Nate didn't like it, so we passed it up.

Yeah, that's the play that Al Woods did last year.

Yeah, I know. It stunk up the theatre.

But Al didn't do it the way I wanted to do it. The way I wanted to do it it would've been a sensation.

Anyway, to get back to this story I'm telling you, we kibitzed around for a while but we couldn't stand it long because Nate and me needed what it takes for beans, so pretty soon, like I said, we found a play, and got going.

Now I want you to understand this exactly. I was against it right from the beginning.

I told Nate.

I said, "The play stinks."

"So the play stinks," he said. "So resign. So don't direct it."

"Oh, yeah?" I said. "You'd love that, wouldn't you? I should walk out and give you all the gravy, huh?"

"What kind of gravy?" Nate said. "The way it begins to look to me, with all you guys around here to ruin things for me, I'll probably wake up with a flop on my hands."

So Jed jumped in with, "How do you like a guy like that? The show ain't even in rehearsal and he's already calling it a flop."

So Nate said, "Who's calling it a flop?"

So I said, "You are."

So Nate said, "I'm calling my own show a flop?"

So Jed said, "Certainly you are. Didn't I hear you? Am I made of sawdust or something?"

So Nate said, "Listen, you chiselers, stop riding me, will you. I can't hold out much longer. I'm producing this show and just because I happen to be soft-hearted enough to give a couple of cheap punks like you jobs is no reason why you should keep sitting on my tail all the time."

So before I could answer him, Jed jumped in quick with, "So I'm in on the show, huh?"

"Well, I don't know," Nate said. "I was thinking of putting you on for the front of the house, but if you're going to turn out

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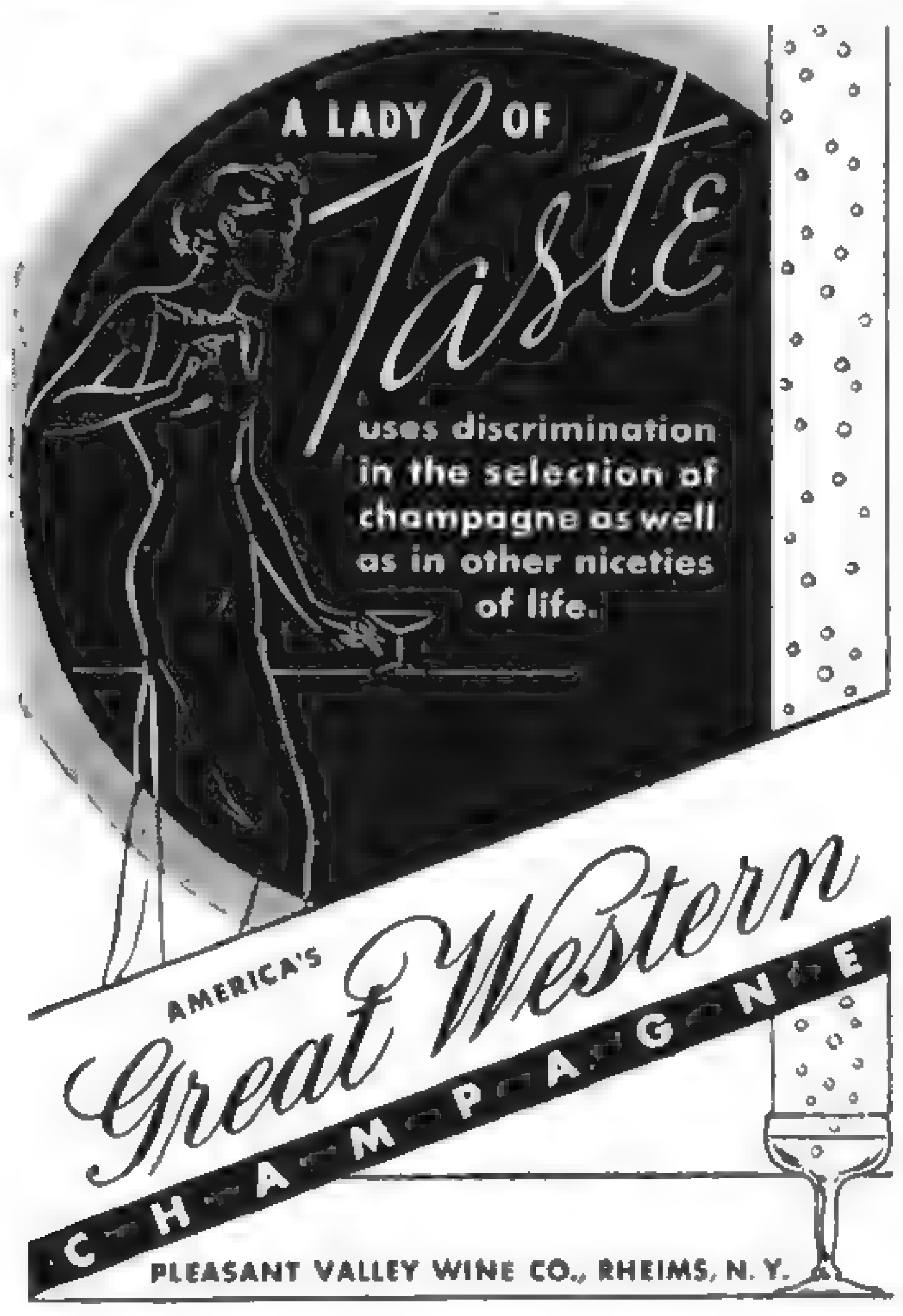
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the kind of a heel you are, like that, just picking on me all the time, and hindering the wheels of prosperity, why I don't know. Maybe I better get someone else."

I'm giving you this whole conversation piecemeal like that so you can see what I was up against in Nate Lubin. Any time I got into an important argument and put him on a spot he'd turn quick like that and get someone else to help him out. He knew I had the rights of the thing and he couldn't make me change. So what does he do? He quick turns around and gets Jed in.

And not only that, but he puts Jed on as manager, so Jed can do all the robbing out front and feather his own pocketbook, while I'm stuck backstage trying to turn a lot of hams into actors.

He knew damn well that Jed is a better director than me, too!

So that's how come we decided to produce *A Prince At Heart* and we get going quick. The play was there (although I thought it was lousy); the script was there (although I thought it was awful); the money was there (although I couldn't lay my hands on more than a couple of bucks of it every now and then); and actors—well, Broadway's lousy with actors. So why stall?

I picked out a bunch of hams and we got going.

There was practically no trouble from there on. Well, there was just a little. I suppose, for you to really get the scenario, I should really give you all of it. It wasn't much, but still, maybe you should get the whole thing.

When I started casting, there was one part, the part of the femme lead, that I picked Estelle Winter for. Estelle was a nice kid and I knew her for a long time and she never put out but she always made nice with the eyes. Well, here was a part that was pretty good and she was looking for a break and I figured that if I gave it to her maybe she'd come through. So I called her in and gave her the part.

And, naturally, of course, Nate jammed up the works.

"Not only is she a punk actress," Nate said. "Not only does she not know the first thing about acting. Not only is she a cheap looking, cross-eyed bum. Not only is she the wrong type. Not only doesn't she fit the character. Not only do I hate her personally because of something she once said to me that I wouldn't even repeat to you. Not only do I not want her. Not only all of them things, but on top of it all, I got the very actress for the part, the very one the play was practically written for, Helen James."

I groaned.

"That horse!" I said. "That giraffe! What are you trying to do? Ruin every chance you got?"

"Say, listen," Nate said. "I am still the producer of this play. And if Mr. Winwood is got confidence enough in my judgment to let me play with his money I certainly got judgment enough to know what kind of actresses I want.

"Besides I was out to a party with Miss James last night and I told her she could have the part.

"And what's more, Miss James and I are practically engaged to be married.

"So don't let me hear any more of this kind of talk from you about horses and giraffes!"

Well, after all, a dame's just a dame, so that's one thing I didn't argue about. I let it go. I figured it's only a play. It's only a few weeks' work. Am I going to get gray hair over it or something? The hell with it.

But I'm telling you about it to give you an idea what I was up against all the way through.

Well, it went on like that and the play finally opened and the critics gave it a once-over lightly —but good! Atkinson said it's atrocious and Winchell raised him to it stinks. And Gabriel doubled the ante. And Garland began reciting his early home life in Baltimore.

We didn't even get a full count. Three performances and out.

All right. So it was all over. And Winwood blew on us, and we were all back in the city, all three of us.

Okay.

What I'm trying to get at is this.

The whole thing could have been avoided by one lousy nickel.

If I had had a nickel and wouldn't have had to leave the office that morning to bum a nickel somewhere outside to call up my uncle Max, everything would have been fine. If I didn't have to go out I wouldn't have had to turn Winwood over to Nate. I would have talked to Winwood myself and I would have been the producer. In the first place, I would have picked a play that really meant something, not just a bunch of paper with some writing on it. I would have picked a director who knew his business—I admit it, I'm a punk director, where should I all of a sudden know how to direct a play? I would have put a guy out front who knew all the ropes and who was on the take and knew what kickbacks mean. I would have picked a leading actress who knew how to act standing up. I wouldn't have allowed a director to put a dame like Estelle Winter in the second lead. (I know I put her in myself, but it wasn't my play, what the hell did I care?) I wouldn't have rushed into rehearsal and production, I would have taken my time and seen that everything was ready. I would have, well, I would have made a production out of it and it would probably have been a hit and I wouldn't have to be sitting around like this year after year telling stories instead of counting up my bankroll.

But I didn't have the nickel so that's what happened.

That's how much difference one lousy nickel can make. #

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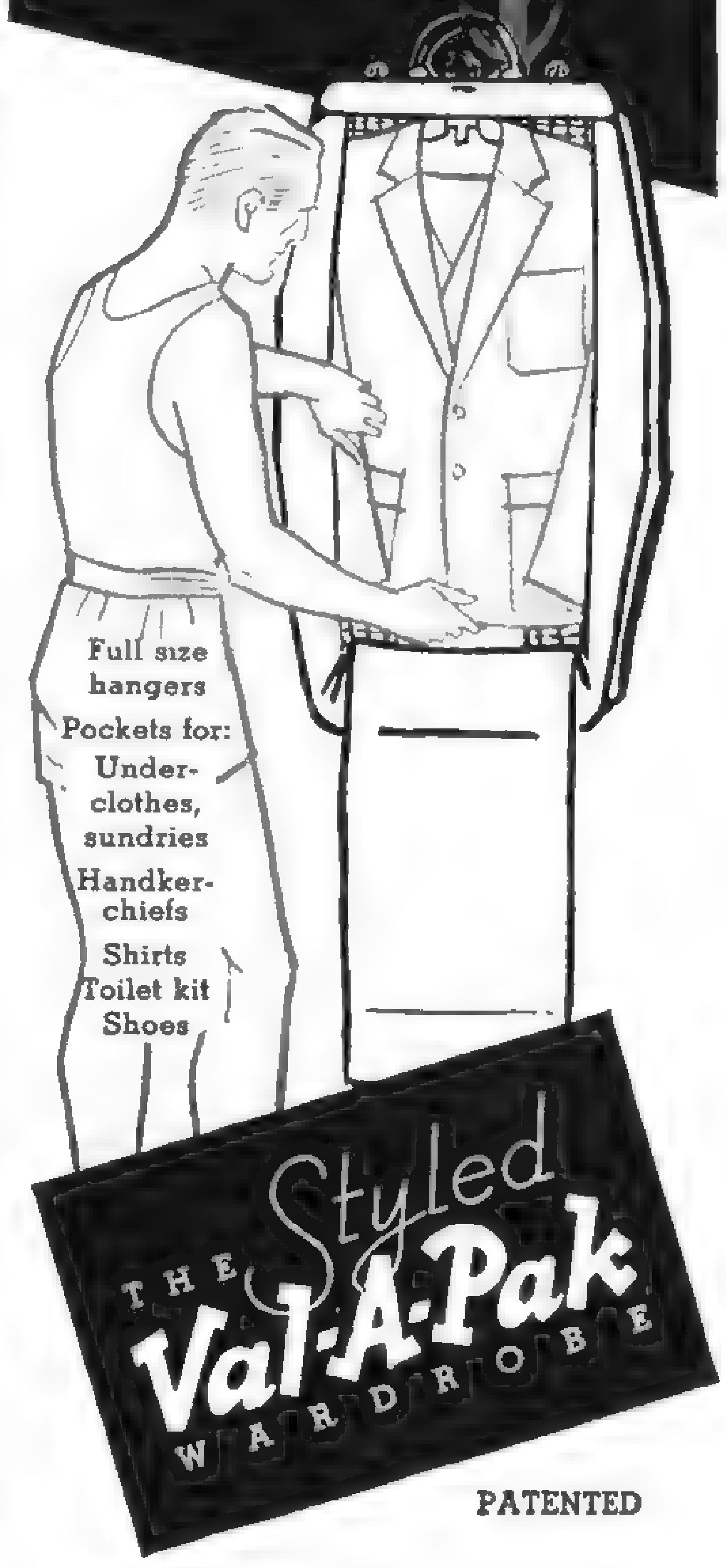

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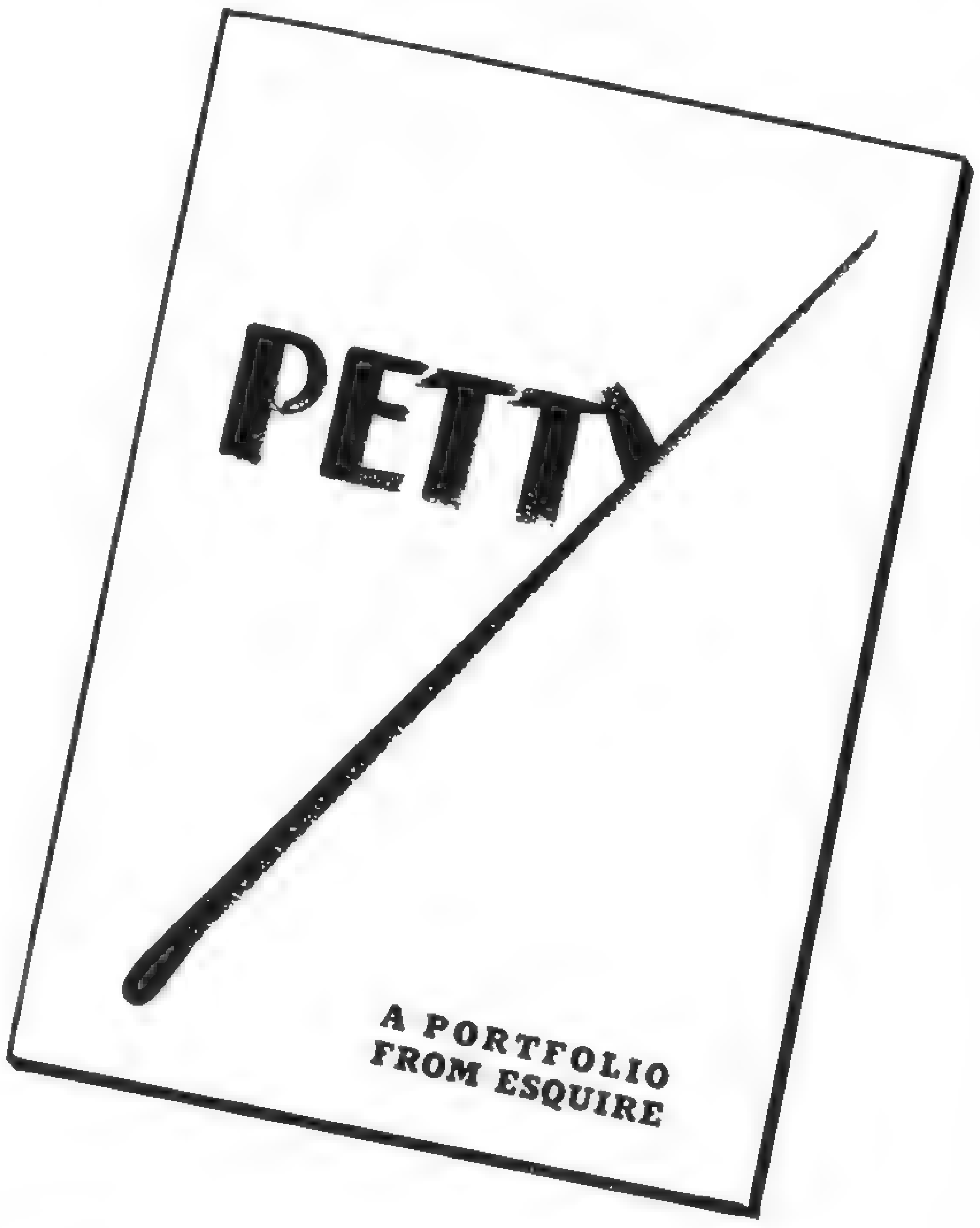

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Deaf But Not So Dumb

Continued from page 54

in his hearing when I knew him twelve years ago, and, even so, became captain of the University of Arizona football team and was picked as all-Southwestern tackle. He used to see that his team's signals were bootlegged to the rival centre the night before a game, and when he saw the centre shift he knew where his own team's play was going and went right ahead and took everybody concerned out of the play.

When he traveled and questions were asked of him he put everything in his original request and so took all questions out of the play too.

He didn't say I want a ticket for Los Angeles. He said, "I want a round trip ticket from Tucson to Los Angeles and an upper on the train that leaves at eight o'clock tonight. If you haven't an upper I'll take a lower."

All a Whispering Smith in the ticket office could say to that was "Yessir," and even if La Shelle missed *that* it hardly mattered.

Had Kirke been born in Japan he would have been looked on as a curse from God and if well off his parents would have sold him down the river. If not so well off he would have been thrown in it.

But I don't believe the Japs need be taken so seriously in this matter of impaired senses. After all, hearing is only *one* of the five senses and if an impaired sight, or impaired sense of touch, or taste, or smell isn't considered a proof of imbecility, why should deafness be so definitely in the doghouse?

If Walter Lippmann has to build a sound-proof room to hear himself think and Joseph Pulitzer, who was blind, and Thomas Carlyle, who was nuts, had to do the same thing, why cry to high heaven if nature has saved you all that expense? I grant that in the case of Beethoven and Grieg it's a little tough not to be able to hear your own compositions, but then you don't have to hear the other fellow's either. Besides, your own are all in your head. They have to be, or you couldn't have written them.

I admit it would have been terrible for young Thomas Edison when he was a young telegraph operator to be as deaf as he was when he was an old inventor. Certainly if he couldn't have heard the telegraphic clicks, or had missed half the instructions, it would have been an easy matter for him, in those days, to have sent two trains into a head-on collision. But in his later years, when to be free from all outside distraction was what he wanted most, the fact that he couldn't hear certainly helped his concentration, and by the same logic, his inventions.

Deafness has other compensations. Not only don't you hear the radio in the apartment to the left of you, nor the kids crying in the suite to the right of you, you don't hear *any* off-stage noises. The birds may sing at dawn, when you week-end in the country, but you sleep on till noon.

Fortunately for most persons, deafness begins in their middle ear and in their middle years, and by that time a man should have sopped up about all that's worth hearing. From then on, if his eyes hold out, he can become a philosopher and read all that's worth reading.

As a philosopher he could cure the public of assuming that the hard of hearing are not quite bright either. He could show them their error comes from remembering that there are deaf and dumb schools and further confusing dumbness, through the aid of our American slanguage, with stupidity.

He could ask them why when they see a person trot out an aid to hearing, people who previously whispered and ought to go on whispering after one puts on an instrument, begin to shout the moment the gadget is adjusted. The result is that the poor guy's tin ear is almost cracked beyond repair.

Oddly, when the manufacturers of hearing aids try to sell you one of their instruments they dwell on the fact that with the aid to hearing you'll be able to hear lectures, sermons and so on. That, of course, is the worst possible argument. The greatest peace I get out of going to Mass on Sundays is that I can't hear the sermon. I read the gospel and the Mass, and the sermon can't be too short or too soft for me.

As for amusements, the good plays these days are printed and the bad ones are better if not seen, and best of all, if not heard. In the matter of motion pictures and radio, these have sound tracks which can be stepped up and many of the theatres have hearing aids attached to certain seats.

The only man I knew who was genuinely handicapped in his youth by deafness was Palmer Smith. He was determined to be a newspaper man in New York, and after graduating from Columbia worked on the *Evening World*. He found his niche by becoming the newspaper's movie critic, but when silent pictures gave way to sound he felt that the new invention had licked him, and retired to a government post in Washington where he could dig up valuable data in the archives as long as his eyes held out. It was just a coincidence that the *World* folded shortly after firing him.

Oddly, the same invention bilked me out of a job. I was catching pictures abroad when the addition of sound tracks to picture reels stopped me dead, too. But instead of going into a government bureau, I dived headlong into the very sea of sound that seemed determined to drown me. Instead of committing suicide, I went to Hollywood.

If I couldn't hear other people's

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dialogue at least, I decided, I could write my own.

How I did it is simpler than it sounds. I didn't say to a producer, 'Here, I've been catching pictures for years. What about letting me pitch for some? I can't hear any more but I can *see* as well as ever. Why not hire me to read scripts before you shoot them so I can tell you what scenes won't film, get by censors, or are lousy anyway?'

My solution wasn't as simple (and as sensible) as that, but it was fairly simple, even so. What I did was to put my name on a couple of best-sellers. I had "ghosted" best-sellers in the past, but picture-producers don't go that deeply when scouting for talent. When, however, they saw my name on the best-seller lists, money (theirs, I mean) was no object.

Now, the funny part of all this was that by that time I had become so deaf I couldn't hear even their terms or conditions. If I had trotted out a hearing aid I'm sure it would have killed the deal right in New York. So I said "yes" to everything, even when I didn't hear it.

At all subsequent conferences in Hollywood, the Scandinavian flapper who bills herself as Mrs. Scully, sat in. They thought it was because she had to carry my brief case or take my crutches when I sat down (I have only one leg, remember), but the real reason was so that she could tell me, later, what the conference was about, what kind of story they wanted, how they wanted it treated and for which of their stars they wanted it pointed.

Except at such business conferences, it isn't very tragic not to hear what's being said. As ninety per cent of what passes for conversation is, as I say, nonsense, it can't be a tragedy not to hear it. The real grief of the deaf is that the person talking usually whispers the ten per cent of value but heaves at the top of his voice the ninety per cent of manure.

And if such persons ever get the idea you can't hear, they not only shout, but shout in a way that indicates they don't believe you understand, let alone hear. They do the same thing when talking to foreigners, though it follows in this case that it's what they're saying, not how they're saying it, that leaves the foreigner's face so blank.

Thomas Edison once stumped me badly by the fact that he couldn't hear ordinary conversation, but I look on it now as a lucky break for me. His plant and laboratories had burned to the ground. It was a few days before Christmas in 1915. Thousands had been thrown out of work. That was in the days when unemployment was a novelty. I thought I would work up a swell sob-story, but to get a sobber, the mood and conversation must be soft. If you have to shout your questions, you're licked from the start. I had to switch to something less syrupy, and as a result got a story several cuts above what I started out for.

Edison's deafness happened late in life, like Samuel Johnson's, and had its humors because he was able to laugh at his frailties a little. A friend of Johnson's, a deaf doctor, long president of the Royal College of Physicians, was due to visit Johnson, but was struck with palsy. Johnson, in addition to his deafness, had a dozen other ailments, including asthma. He puffed his way to visit his sick friend.

As neither could hear the other, they amused themselves by carrying on a written conversation in Latin gags.

It must have been nice, quiet fun, but it would have failed if it were one-sided. I recall once not being able to talk for weeks in a hospital due to a throat infection. I used to write long notes in the hope of stimulating visitors to talk. They would read the notes and then nod yes or no. The silence was not only golden but contagious.

It went about like this:

Visitor: (*Boisterously*) Hello, Frank? How ya feelin', old timer?
Frank: (*Points to ice bag around throat and pantomimes*) Not so hot, won't you sit down? . . . .
Visitor: (*Softly*) Can't talk, hey?
Frank: (*Shakes his head*) No. . . . . . .
Visitor: (*In a whisper*). Gee!
Frank: (*Who wants to hear some news, grins*). . . . . ?
Visitor: (*Awed into silence*).
Frank: (*Signals for pencil and paper*) . . . .
Visitor: (*Tip-toes for pencil and pad.*)
Frank: (*Writes*) What's new? . . . . ?
Visitor: (*Grins and shakes his head negatively*) . . . .
Frank: (*Writes*) Is everything all right in the office? . . . . ?
Visitor: (*Shakes his head positively*) . . . . !
Frank: . . . . ?
Visitor: . . . . ?
Frank: . . . . !
(One hour later. Curtain descends on both asleep, bored and exhausted from under-talking).

I've had the best specialists in America and Europe go over those tin ears of mine. They've used all sorts of instruments to test my deafness and have come out with such sapient cures as, 'Your left ear is worse than your right.'

I had found that out myself years before. Since I was a kid my right ear with a punctured eardrum had more tin in it than a pie-plate. So always on telephoning I worked with my left ear to the receiver.

Then one day after finding it particularly hard to get what was being said I switched the receiver to my right ear and *voila*, I learned that my left ear had become my deaf ear! By comparison my right had become the watch dog of my surviving senses. As it was a catarrhal deafness and, in my case, congenital, for

Continued at top of page 206

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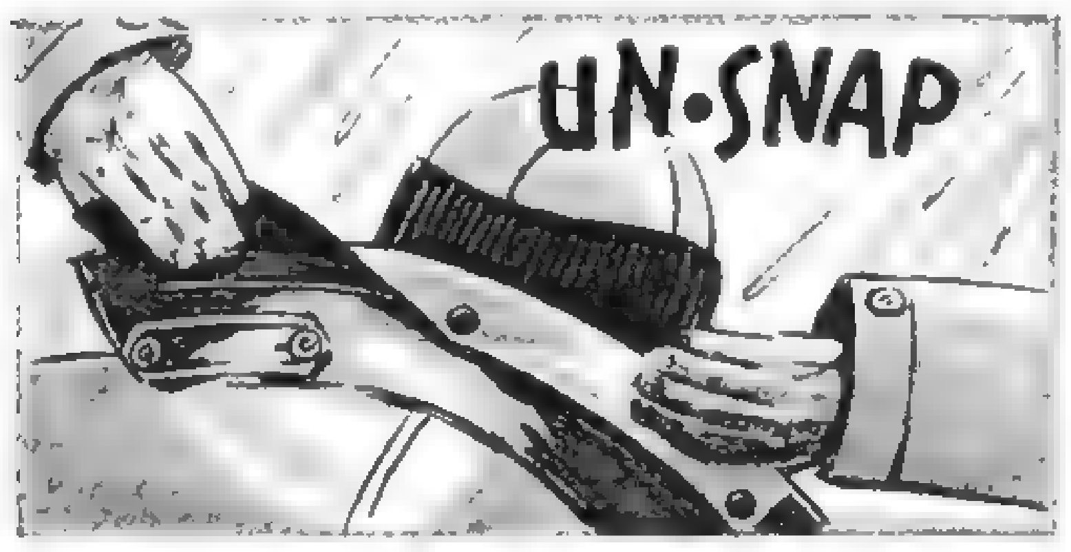
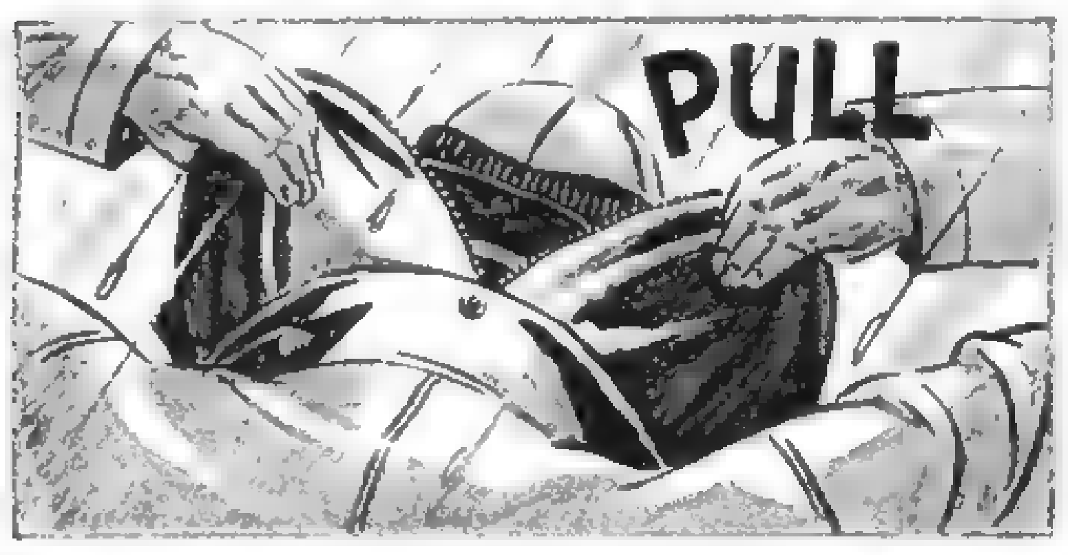


Up with the collar—unsnap! Open the slit! . . .



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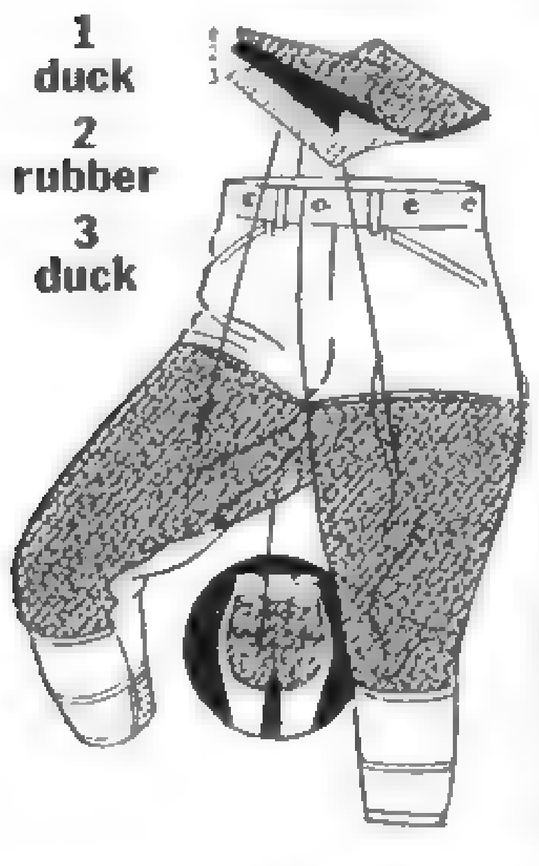

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Deaf But Not So Dumb

Continued from pages 54-205

my mother was hard of hearing too, the distressing discovery left me feeling down in my navel for an hour or two.

But all cases are not that hopeless. Some suffer from nothing more than wax in their ears. They're lucky. Gently syringing with warm water and sodium bicarbonate is almost sure to stop the ringing in their heads which causes the deafness. That is, if they haven't already punctured their ear drums by poking around with toothpicks, matches and hairpins.

There are really three ears to every ear — the outer, middle and inner ears. The middle ear seems to take the worst raps. If the inner ear is okay and you really *do* want to hear, you can, provided the auditory nerve is all right, and it usually is.

In the old days of ear-trumpets, horns and electrical wind machines which forced sounds through the ear, lesions were often made worse with such aids.

But Hugo Lieber perfected an oscillator about four years ago which made it possible to hear through the bones. The sound vibrations don't need to go through the ill or injured parts of the ear at all. In fact you can hear by placing the gimmick on your forehead, or cheek bones—though for convenience it's best worn directly behind the ear in the area of the mastoids—where modern mothers permit maiden aunts to kiss their babies.

The sound is picked up by a mike which is worn in a vest pocket or under the shirt. The microphone is wired to a pocket battery. That's all there is—there isn't any more to Sonotone or any modern hearing aid, even if they advertise that five members of the royal house of Great Britain use their special produce, which one does.

So if your deafness is due to a chronic catarrh, high blood pressure, or old age, and noise is what you want, hang a microphone in one vest pocket, a dry battery in another and an amplifier behind one ear. These can bring imperfect hearing within six per cent of perfection. Either that, or be your age and trail along with Edison. Enjoy your deafness, and, aided by this lack of distraction, become great before you're eighty. ##

Pianos for Two

Continued from page 94

kovsky and later turning out a one-act opera, *Aleko*.

When the publisher, Gutheil, was hunting talent, he was told, "A new Mozart has been born in our midst." He planned to capture Rachmaninoff, whose brilliant progress was interrupted only by periods in the dumps. Nothing, not even a visit to Tolstoy, brought him to rational acceptance of critical attacks on his *First Symphony*. It was then that he made the now famous visit to the psychiatrist, N. Dahl, who hypnotized him into a state during which he wrote his *Second Concerto in C minor*.

Rachmaninoff's success was speedy. His home in Moscow was a hang-out for the musical bigwigs, and he became chief conductor at the opera. He was the first director in Russia to face both orchestra and stage. Previously, it had been the custom for the maestro to sit between the actors and the musicians, with his back to the latter. Rachmaninoff changed all that.

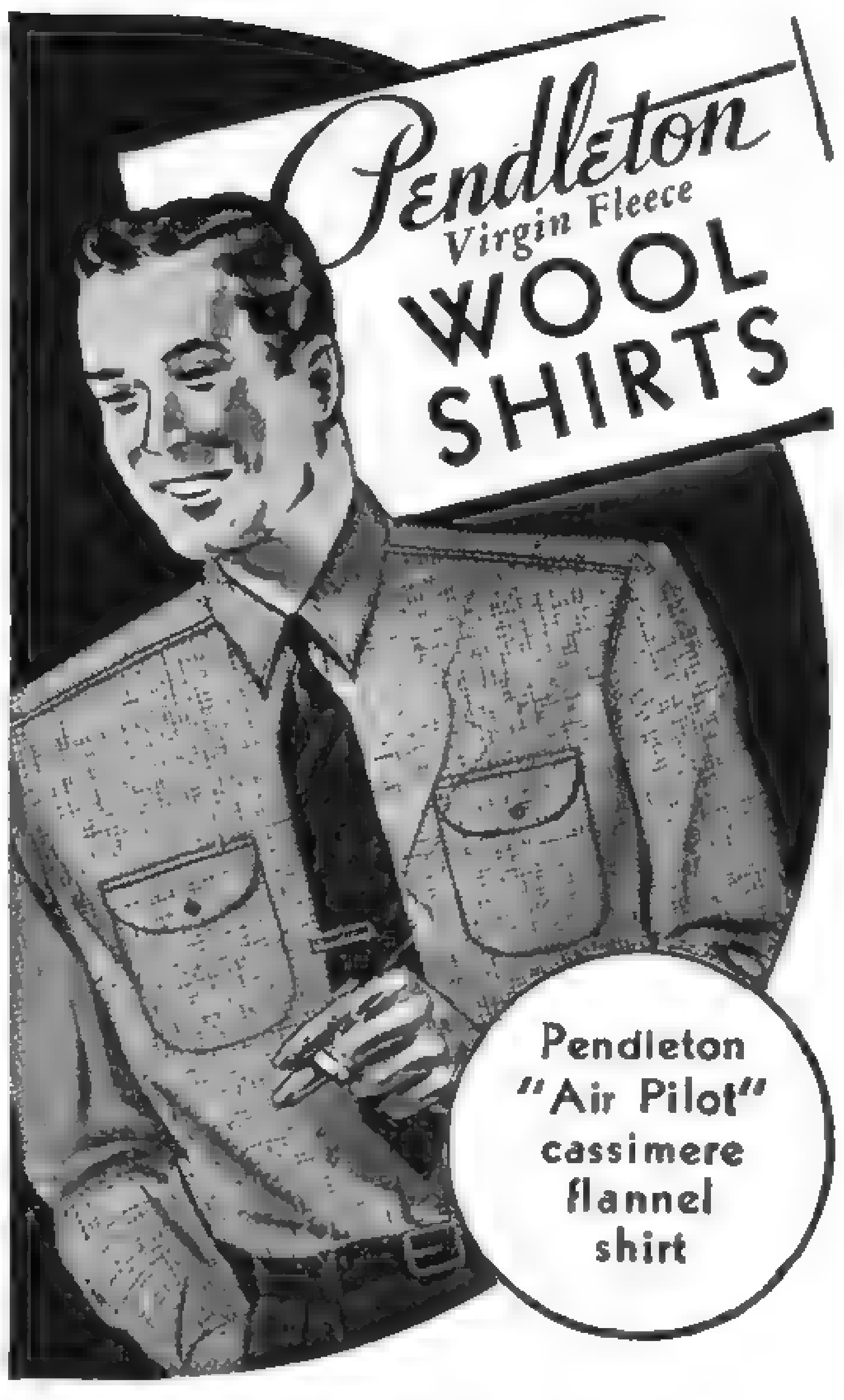
When his fame as a composer spread, he traveled, coming to America in 1909 and first playing a recital of his own compositions at Smith College.

During the World War, he toured the Russian cities raising funds for the wounded. Then in 1917 his own peasants, whom he had worked with and directed in the fields of his estate, turned against him. When his land was finally confiscated, he was permitted, as an artist the people had loved, to leave the country. He escaped through Scandinavia and prepared for a second concert tour here. But all was changed. He was, and remains "a man without a country." Since the Revolution he has seldom smiled. It is said that only Chaliapin, among all his friends, can lift the gloom that settled around him then. Rachmaninoff is bitter. He will not believe that anything good can ever come out of Soviet Russia. To him, the Revolution was not only a great drama. It was the end of life as he knew it.

For consolation, he turned to the piano, and today there are few technical feats he has not mastered. His hands, strangely enough, are too large for the piano, yet his playing is clear, cool, clean, and perfectly poised. He achieves his mastery at tremendous cost despite a fine mechanical equipment. Every fall before he starts on tour, you will find him in an undershirt spending day after day going monotonously over the same figure, first with one hand and then with the other.

He does not caress the keyboard, seeking glamorous soundats. At times, his touch approximates the metallic, is slightly thin, almost brittle. It reveals a musician's, as much as a poet's soul. Rachmaninoff is never the out-and-out romanticist. He prefers to sketch the design, the course, the structure of the music he plays. He slights neither the large lines nor the filigree detail; no modulation, no ornament escapes his clear vision.

The unfolding of a melody, the play and interplay of motives or



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fragments of motives, the beat of rhythms, the intricate designs, the contrasts and climaxes, the purely tonal content of the music . . . none are ever lost. And Rachmaninoff, uncommunicative as he is personally, can convey the passion, the fervor and the fantasy of the composer's imagination. But he will not fuse nor blend his own individuality into a performance. As a pianist, he is not a portrait painter, but a musical photographer.

When he came to this country after the Revolution, he was able to make a concert tour merely on the strength of one piece—his C sharp minor *Prelude*. Before that, he played only his own works. He had not, like most pianists, grown up playing Mozart, Beethoven and Chopin. So, of course, there was a stir when he, an established composer, played for the first time in public, compositions other than his own. And it was justified, for his playing combined a youthful enthusiasm and a mature mind. For him, the piano works he played for the first time were a revelation.

Much as it has done for him and though he often autographs a photo with its opening notes, Rachmaninoff dislikes playing his C sharp minor *Prelude*. Even more, he hates being quizzed about it. One lady asked him whether he had thought of any particular incident or scene when he composed it, since he has said a poem, a picture, or some definite image must be in his mind before musical ideas come to him. He answered soberly, "Yes, Madam, I had in mind a woman buried alive and knocking at the coffin to get out."

The story is told, also, of how he snubbed a Park Avenue dowager. Approaching him after a recital, she burbled, "You played so beautifully. You must come to dinner and meet my friends . . . and, of course, do bring your music . . ."

"Thank you," said Rachmaninoff. "I shall be delighted. My fee is $3,000."

Somewhat staggered, she recovered to say, "Oh, well, if you are going to charge your fee, then you need not come until after dinner. I just won't introduce you at all."

"Then I won't have to come to dinner?" said Rachmaninoff. "In that case, Madam, my fee is only $2,000."

* * *

He frequently makes sarcastic remarks to visitors, especially if they ask to shake hands with him during intermissions, when he wears large, dirty yellow gloves. Once, before a concert in a college town, when some students crowded into the elevator to ask for his autograph between floors, he said gruffly, "I abhor people!"

On this same occasion, students in the next room called the manager, said they had trigonometry problems to work, and asked to have the old woman who was banging the piano stopped. Told it was Rachmaninoff, they crowded around the door-panel and listened. They heard plenty, too, for he beats hell out of a piano. Every instrument needs tuning when he is finished with it.

He is the one guy that orchestra conductors fear, especially when they play his own concertos. He is a better musician than most of them. He himself has conducted, and smaller fry are afraid he is noticing mistakes they do not even hear.

About other pianists playing his compositions, he says, "To be quite honest, I have no objections. You see, when it comes to the average pianist, I am perfectly willing to let him play just as he chooses, particularly if I am not there to hear him."

Rachmaninoff's chief distinction is that for years he has high-hatted advertising agencies. He is the only big ivory-walloper not yet caught for a microphone sponsor. His is purely a business objection. Now people are paying plenty to hear him. He's not so sure they'd shell out if at home they could tune him in free! And so, tired as he is of doing his "turn" and bunking across a land that is not his own, he keeps on—alone to the end.

More serious than that, he is continuously beset with doubts about his own mission in life. Should he have remained only a composer and not tried to be a conductor and a pianist?

In recent times, few performers have been composers. Bach and Handel were brilliant virtuosi. Mozart and Beethoven were famous as players long before they became successful as composers. But, after Liszt, the public felt that an artist could do better if he had only one avenue of expression. The larger demands and distractions of public performance left little time for creative activity. And, for Rachmaninoff, the uprooting from his own soil sapped his creative vitality.

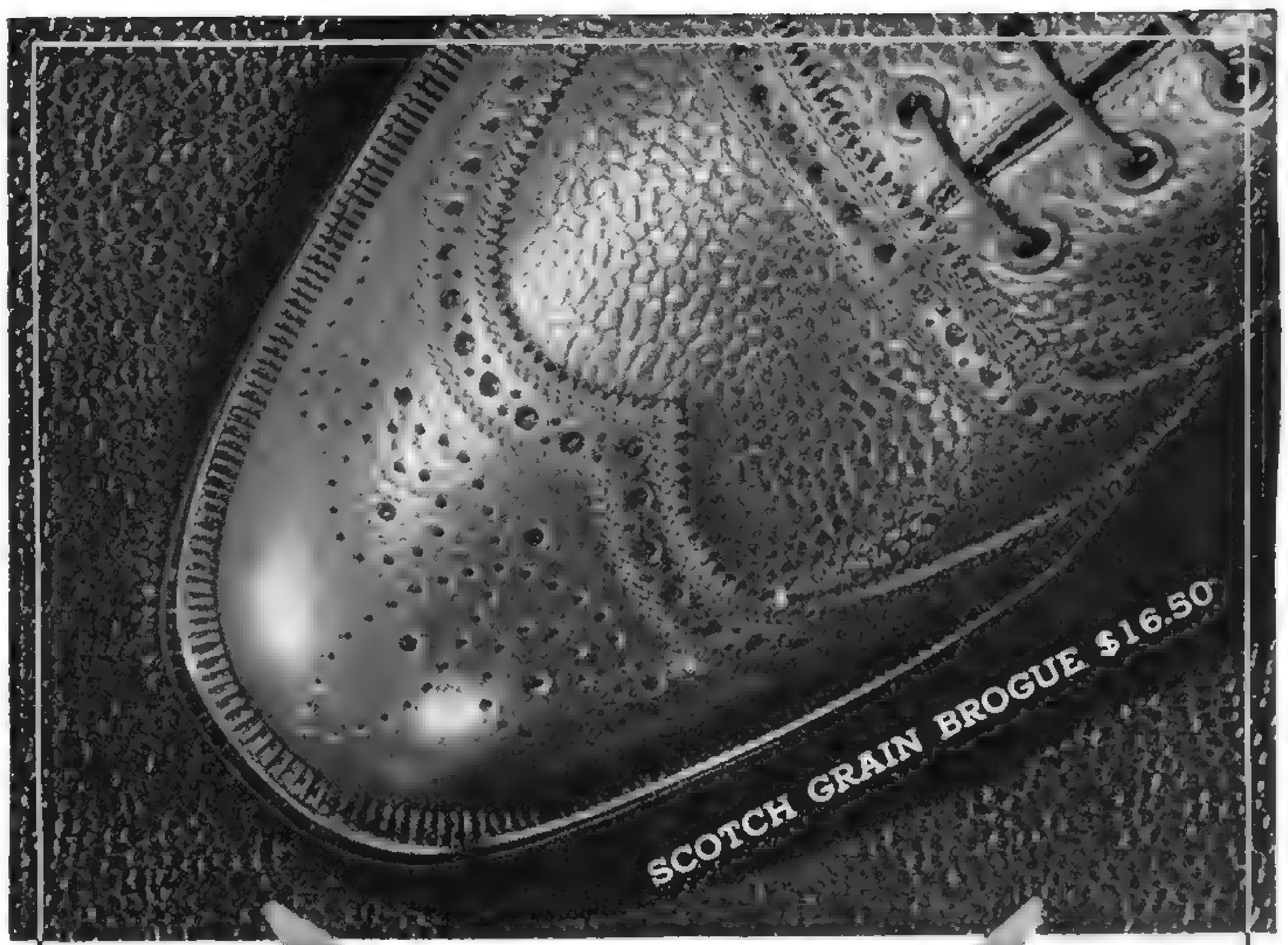
"Today, when the greater part of my life is over," he says, "I am constantly troubled by the misgiving that in venturing into too many fields I may have failed to make the best use of my life. In the old Russian phrase, I have 'hunted three hares.' Can I be sure that I have killed one of them?"

* * *

Josef Hofmann (Joe to his friends) is not so forbidding as he looks. He scowls most of the time, but that's not surprising in anyone who's been pounding the piano fifty years. It's not that Hofmann is a he-Garbo who won't talk, but people get that notion especially if they become too "sticky" after his recital. He is really human. If you hang around long enough, he may even trot out a picture of his attractive wife (once his pupil), and his two children, of whom he is as proud as any ordinary papa.

And he'll tell you about the newspaper "bull" printed in an enterprising Oklahoma sheet when

Continued on page 208



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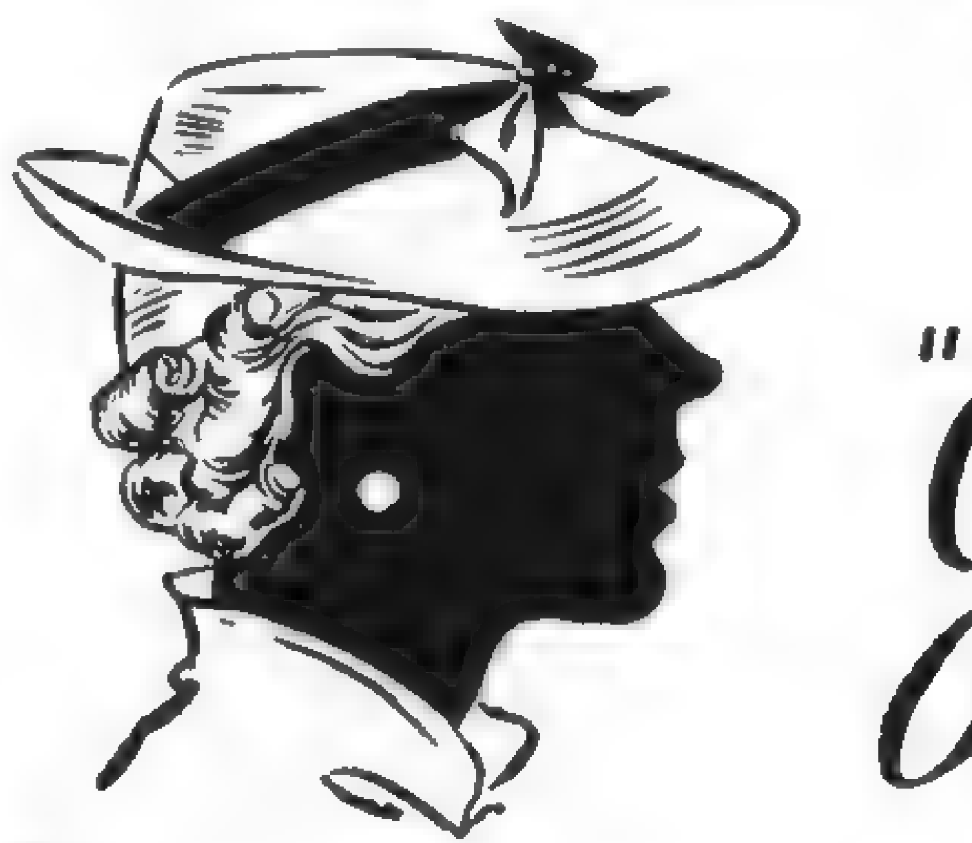

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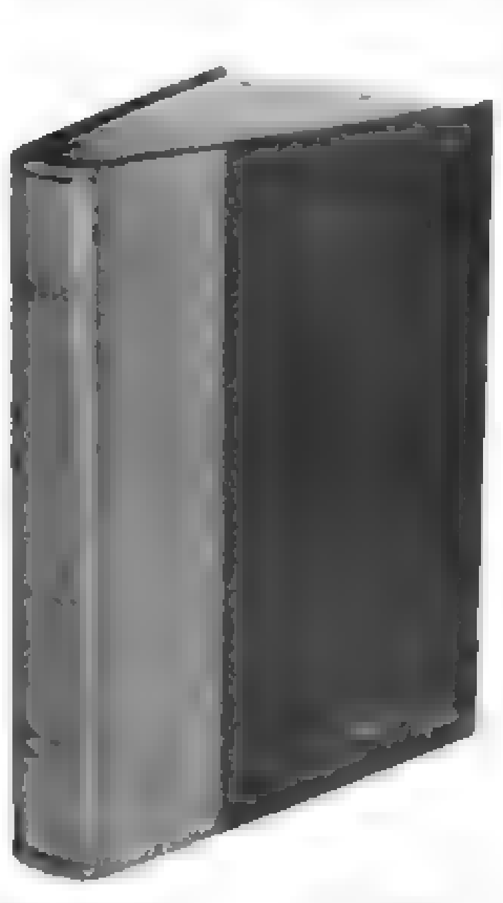

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Pianos for Two

Continued from pages 94-207

his second son came along. The item read:

"STORK VISITS AGED MOTHER

New York (A.P.)—A son was born last night to Mrs. Betty Short Hofmann, 93-year old wife of Josef Hofmann, concert pianist. It is his second son. The first is five years old."

Promptly, the mother offered to syndicate a column, *My Magnetic Power Over Storks.* The father agreed to conduct a magazine department, *Treatment of Wives Nearing the Century Mark.* Their friend, Leopold Godowsky, wrote, "Betty is as marvelously precocious in her old age as Josef was as a boy pianist."

Master Josef Hofmann started life in Cracow, Poland, and began making public demonstrations of his pianistic prowess at kindergarten age. He finds prodigies normal except for their lack of judgment in choosing parents. "Most of us have an aptitude for something," he says, "which shows early. It may be tennis, golf, mechanics, billiards, chess, or multiplication tables. Such talents need developing and maturing plus the guts to put it over.

"The natural way for a performing genius to grow is before the public," Hofmann figures. And he ought to know! No living performer has had more experience than he, and talks less about it.

So we thought you would like to know what he'd say if prodded: "Menuhin, Heifetz, Elman all began as child prodigies and continued playing. I made international concert tours before I was ten, but the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children stopped me. Those next seven years champing at the bit were my hardest. I was like a fish out of water. Public appearances furnish incentive for young artists. Otherwise, they lose interest and ambition and go stale."

Certainly, Hofmann never has. He launches into moth-eaten compositions with a verve and energy that hit listeners between their ears. Two guys near me at his last Carnegie Hall recital were amazed at his vitality. "At sixty, too," one said, nudging the other. "He's sure punishing that piano."

"That's all right," said the other, "it's not his."

When pianists are mentioned, Hofmann always toots Rachmaninoff's horn. "He is A Number One. It never happens with him that anything is wrong." Of his compatriot, Paderewski, he said, "His appearance was always impressive, yet he used no stage tricks. His extraordinary gift of speech affected his playing. Whenever he sat at the piano, Paderewski told a story and delivered a message.

"That is what young men are likely to forget," Hofmann continued, "Music is not alone for the ear. Something must come through the sound for the heart and the mind. The public is the best judge of that. Since success depends upon many more things than mere technical proficiency, it is mostly a waste of time for young people to play for me. They must try out their own wares. In practically every town an anxious parent brings up a 'prodigy' for me to hear. 'You must listen,' I am told. 'Everything depends on what you say.'

" 'Everything depends on what I say?' I inquire. 'If I say he has talent you will continue his training. But if I should say he has no talent, that he is uninteresting, will you stop giving him piano lessons?' They usually say goodbye at once.

"The younger pianists," Mr. Hofmann grunted, "offer mostly technique. Like all young men, they are conscious of their physical strength, their muscles; and, in showing them off, they forget what music is all about. It takes ripening to make a great artist."

And he points out what too few listeners realize: "The same artist often plays differently under different conditions. We are not always the same. For one performance we may have force and conviction, and for the next we may have none. We get excited in delivering our message and even play wrong notes rather than slow down and lose the thread of the thought. Also, there are pianists, as well as violinists, who exude a brilliant tone and passion and emotion for every composition. When you've heard one piece played by them, you might as well go home.

Another thing, "Music-lovers and critics frequently fail to differentiate between the styles of a single composer. They gauge what a performance should be by the composer label, and not by the piece at hand. Every composer has his own physiognomy, though his moods change. Beethoven may be mostly heroic but he is some times lyrical, as Chopin is occasionally wild and furious, though more often he is romantic, or melancholy or sweet. There are many mansions of the spirit of a composer. Yet you see statements to the effect that a performance was not in *the* spirit of Chopin or Beethoven."

Josef Hofmann has no desire to be a musical monogamist. He is not married to one composer. He admires and plays Bach, for instance, but he feels closer to Chopin. A musical specialist, he defines, is one who plays everything else worse. The public has it that a man who plays music by only one composer, must play it well. That is not necessarily true.

He told of the season when he had to play 136 concerts in 172 days and gave all-Schumann programs in New York, all-Chopin

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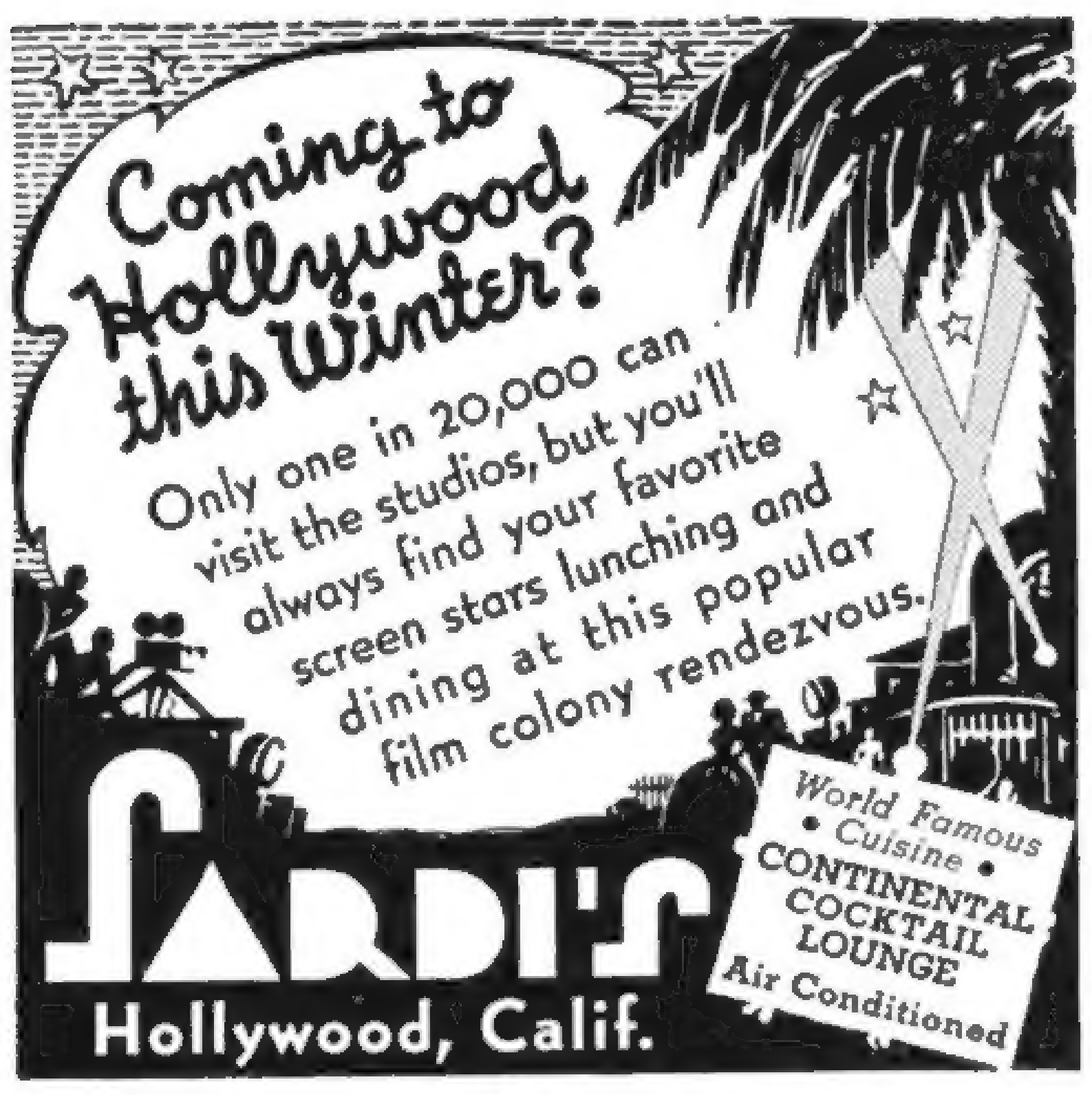

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in Chicago, and all-Beethoven in San Francisco. He said the scribes in New York began advising him to stick to Schumann, in Chicago to Chopin, and in San Francisco to Beethoven.

Mr. Hofmann is described often as a "miniature Rubinstein." He has his teacher's ability to suit his playing to the music. His eloquent tone is personal, but it can be heroic and richly clangorous or again fleet, light and glinting. It is through its shadings that he shows his imagination and feeling, and plays on the senses. Critics have likened the Hofmann tone to the voice of a superlative singer. "Now it is a rich baritone," they say, "now a full-blooded and magnificent contralto. The illusion of a singer's *legato* is always present, and there are moments when tones seem actually to dissolve into other tones."

Yet Mr. Hofmann has not been merely a stylist or a tone-colorist. He is a re-creator of the first order, logical and pure in intention, able to erect a towering monument of sound that reaches—but why go into that? It should be heard rather than described.

It is easier to tell about Hofmann's inventions. Steinway's say that most pianists demand a responsive and sensitive instrument with both action and tone perfectly suited to their needs, but they don't give a damn about how to get it. They never know what's wrong with a piano even when they don't like it. Blame themselves . . never! It's always the instrument.

Not so, Joe Hofmann! He knows more about pianos than their makers. He takes them apart, measures the weights of the keys, suggests new curved fulcrums to rest them on, and is never satisfied. For the past fifty years he has been giving the house of Steinway suggestions. Their last innovation, which made possible an accelerated action, in case you care, fourteen per cent faster in *fortissimo* passages and six per cent in *pianissimo* playing, came as a result of his inquiries. He wanted the keys to respond to his touch instead of having to be budged into action.

His own piano keyboard is shortened according to his specifications, to suit his short, stubby fingers. He refuses to play on any other piano, and two specially-built instruments sailed to South America with him last May.

Paderewski, for example, takes a day to choose the pianos for his concert tour. He goes over each instrument with painstaking care, playing different compositions, and sometimes he plays his whole program on one instrument, before deciding. Hofmann, on the contrary, merely puts his hand on the keys. He knows instantly what he wants from a piano, and whether he will get it.

In off-moments, he designs houses and workshops, builds automobiles and motor boats. He has patented air brakes, hydraulic snubbers, and many autos are equipped with his shock absorbers. His home on Philadelphia's "main-line" is equipped with a new style oil burner, and lately he has been working on collapsible roller skates and a model house that will revolve to meet the sun.

It was really to pursue his inventions that he retired to head the Curtis Institute of Music, for which his palms were well greased. Rumor had it that his annual salary was in six figures, but at that he was bored. Too many dubs and too few geniuses! The pupils complained, "He shows you what to do but not how to do it!"

This season he's on the road, six months here and three in Europe. He is not in the running as he once was, but the music-ladies will soon discover him again and then he'll trot. If an artist does not record, or broadcast, or play in public, he is soon forgotten and there is no dustier shelf than a music school. It is the limbo where dying celebrities await their reward. Hofmann is an exception, and he has come back in full possession of his powers.

Not many know the Dvorsky numbers on his programs are his own. In his early days he wrote piano solos and orchestral numbers with piano parts. He credited them to Michel Dvorsky, who he said was a decrepit Polish invalid living in an isolated village in Spain. All this made him easy to bump off in case of necessity. But the knavery came to light when some one took the time to translate Hofmann into Polish. It is—Dvorsky.

Hofmann doesn't mind telling a joke on himself. When he was going to Paderewski's last concert in Madison Square Garden several years ago, he noticed that his taxi-driver's name was Russian. Explaining that he was in a hurry to get to the affair, be asked the cabby to step on it.

"Certainly," responded the fellow. "I know what it is to be late to a concert."

"Well, well," said Hofmann, "you go to concerts? What do you like?"

"Pianists!"

"And whom have you heard?" asked Hofmann hopefully.

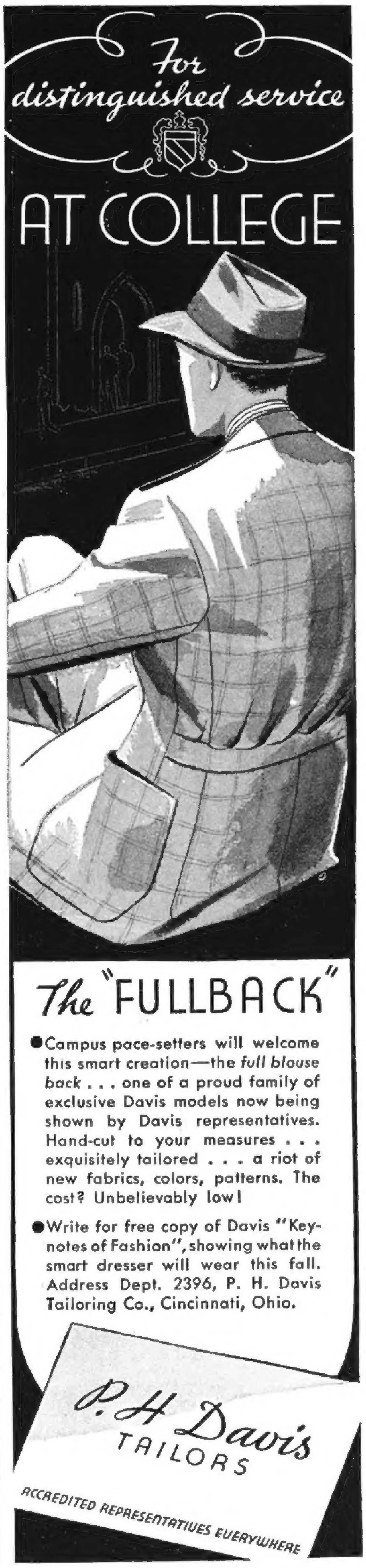
"Well, I like Paderewski. and I hear Rachmaninoff whenever I can."

"Hm," thought Mr. Hofmann. And, not being able to resist, he put the question: "What about Josef Hofmann?"

"Oh, Hofmann, sure he's fine, but he's not in their class."

* * *

Another story, Hofmann's favorite, is about the intoxicated Texan who was bluntly refused admission to his recital. When the money was refunded and an explanation made, the guy drawled, "You don't shuppose I would go to a piano recital unless I was drunk, do you?" ##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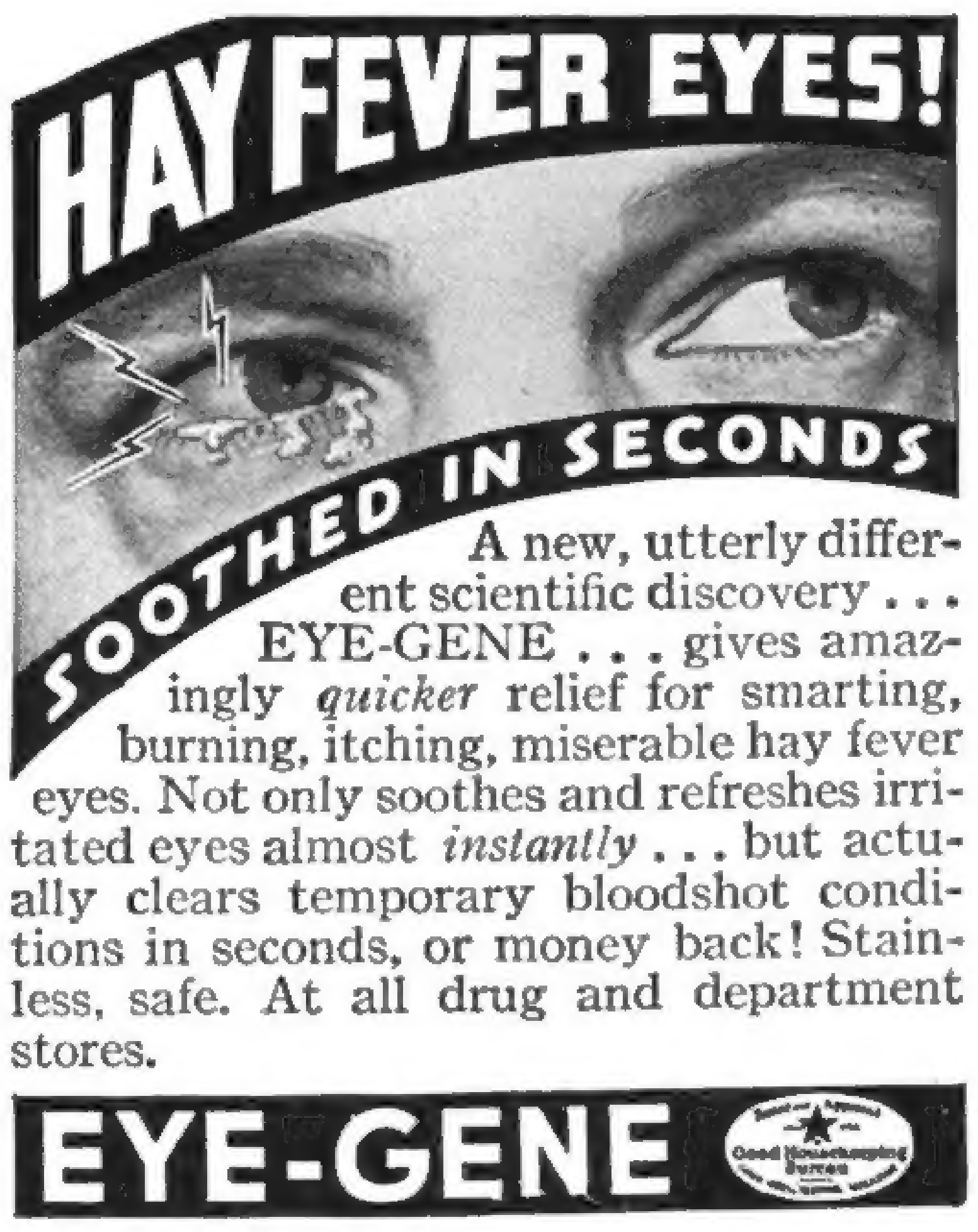

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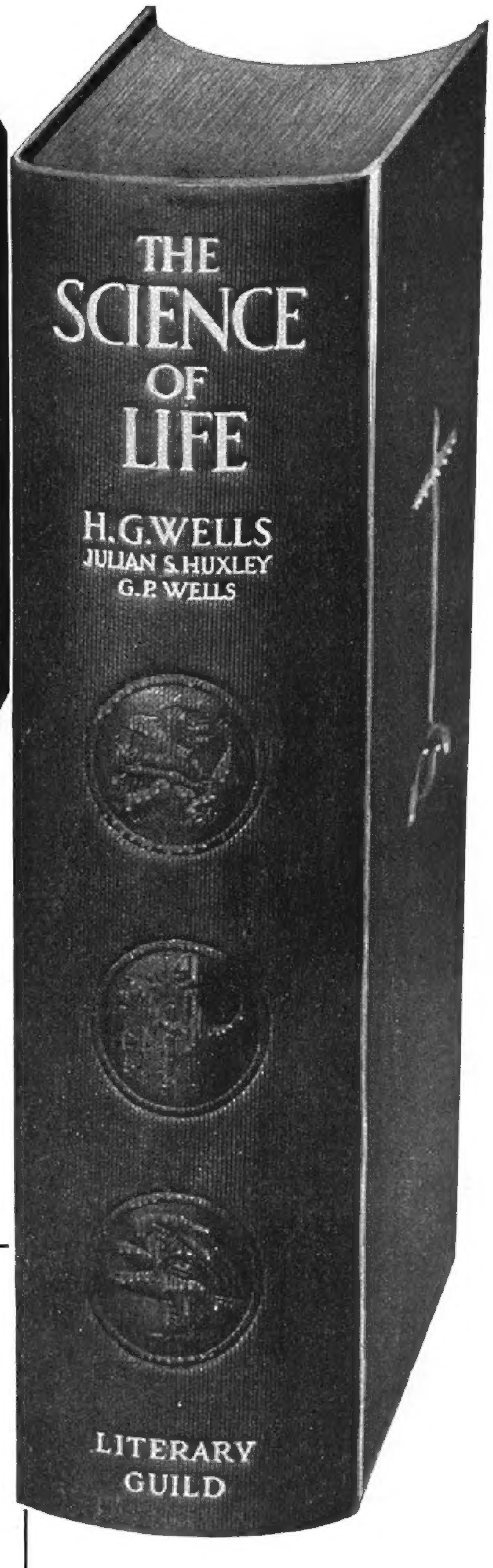

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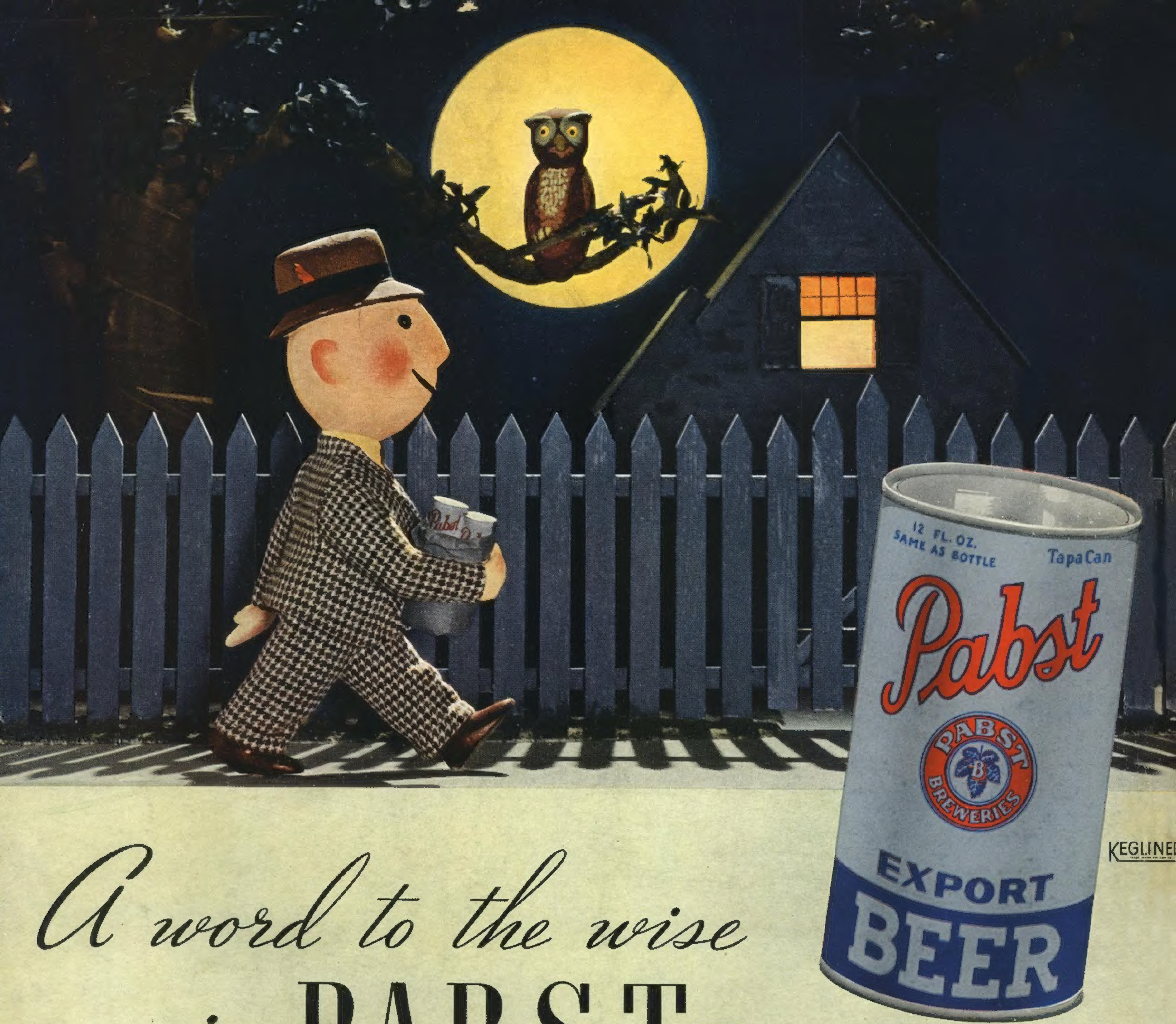

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